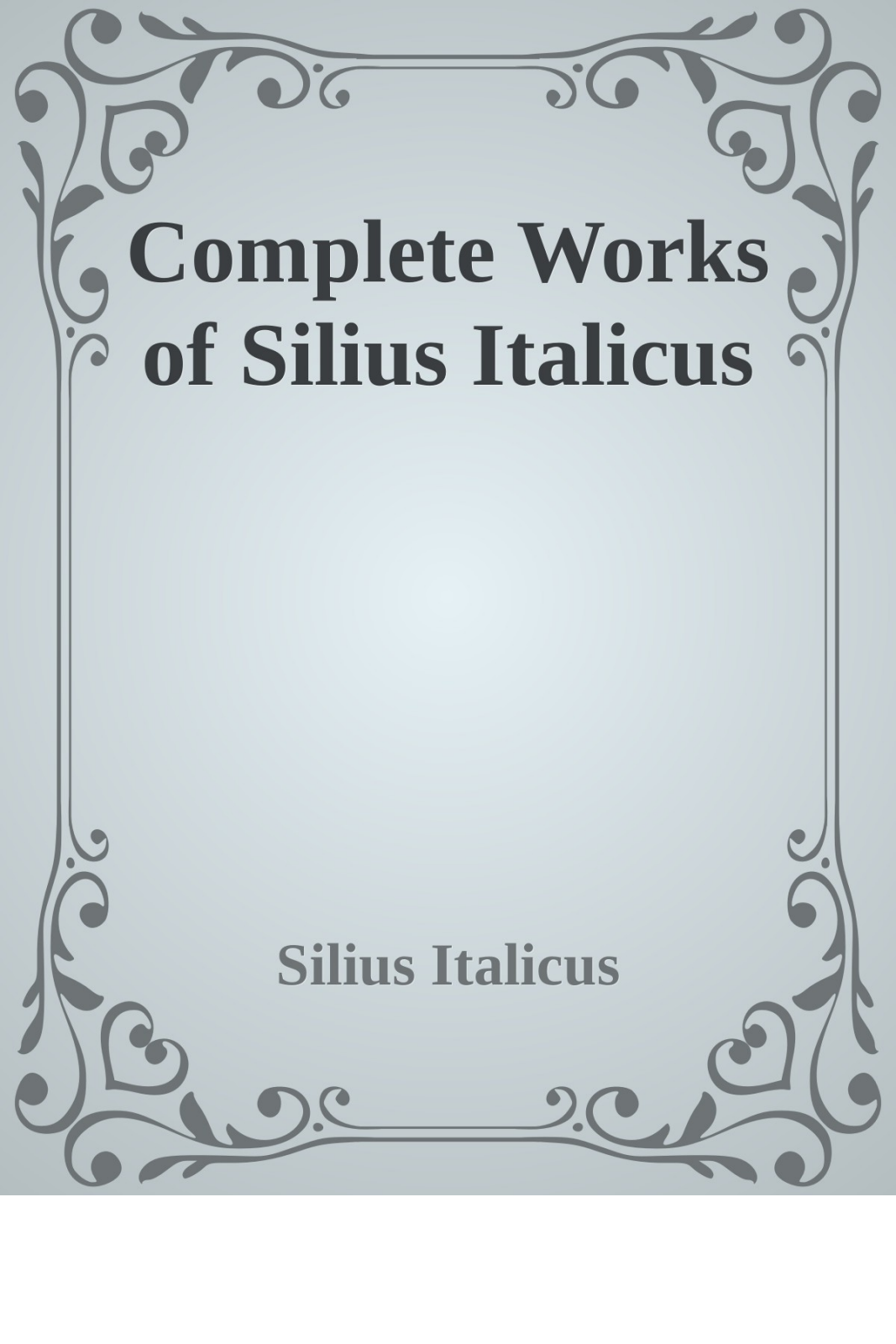


A decorative border with symmetrical floral and scrollwork patterns in a dark gray color, framing the central text.

Complete Works of Silius Italicus

Silius Italicus

VISIT...

LANZAROTE
Caliente.com



Silius Italicus
Complete Works

DELPHI  CLASSICS

Ancient Classics Series

The Complete Works of
SILIUS ITALICUS

(c. AD 28–c. 103)



Contents

The Translation

PUNICA

The Latin Text

CONTENTS OF THE LATIN TEXT

Biographical Pieces

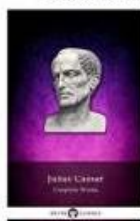
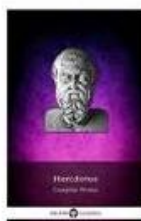
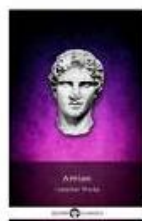
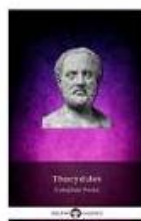
LETTER TO CANINIUS RUFUS by Pliny the Younger
EPIGRAMS CONCERNING SILIUS ITALICUS by Martial
INTRODUCTION TO SILIUS ITALICUS by J. D. Duff

The Delphi Classics Catalogue

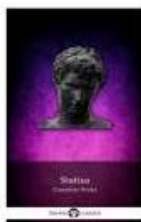
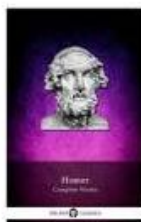
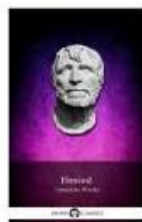
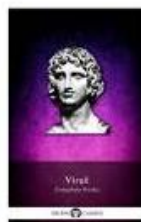


Own the wisdom of the ancients on your eReader...

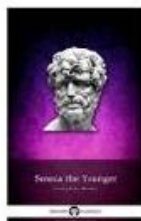
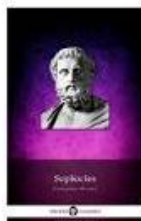
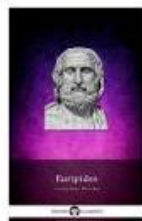
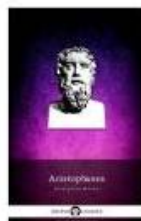
Historians



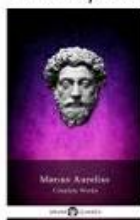
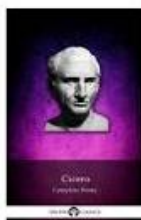
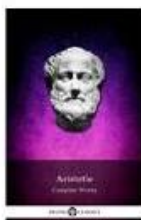
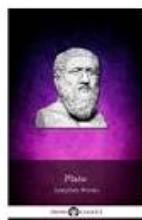
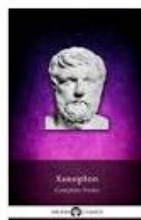
Epic Poets



Dramatists



Philosophers



www.delphiclassics.com

Free downloads and buy an entire series at a special discounted price

The Complete Works of
SILIUS ITALICUS



By Delphi Classics, 2015

COPYRIGHT

Complete Works of Silius Italicus

First published in the United Kingdom in 2015 by Delphi Classics.

© Delphi Classics, 2015.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means, without the prior permission in writing of the publisher, nor be otherwise circulated in any form other than that in which it is published.

Delphi Classics

is an imprint of

Delphi Publishing Ltd

Hastings, East Sussex

United Kingdom

Contact: sales@delphiclassics.com

www.delphiclassics.com

The Translation



Ancient remains at Italica, Roman province of Hispania, Spain — the reputed birthplace of Silius Italicus

PUNICA



Translated by J. D. Duff

Composed of seventeen books in dactylic hexameter, comprising some twelve thousand lines, the *Punica* is the longest surviving Latin poem from antiquity. Its theme is the Second Punic War and the conflict between the two great generals Hannibal and Scipio Africanus. The dates of the epic poem's composition are not entirely clear. An epigram by Martial, dated to AD 88, describes Silius' work on the *Punica*, mentioning Scipio and Hannibal as the subjects of the poem. Another epigram, 7.63, dated to AD 92, also describes Silius' work on the epic. Two passages of internal evidence also help date the epic. In Book III, during Jupiter's prophecy about the future of Rome, which describes significant events from the Flavian dynasty and the life of Domitian, such as the death of Vespasian, Titus' destruction of Jerusalem, Domitian's adoption of the title Germanicus (AD 83) and the burning of the Capitoline temple in AD 69. Therefore, composition dates for the poem are agreed to range from AD 83 to 96, although since those dates do not include the first two or final three books, they remain approximate.

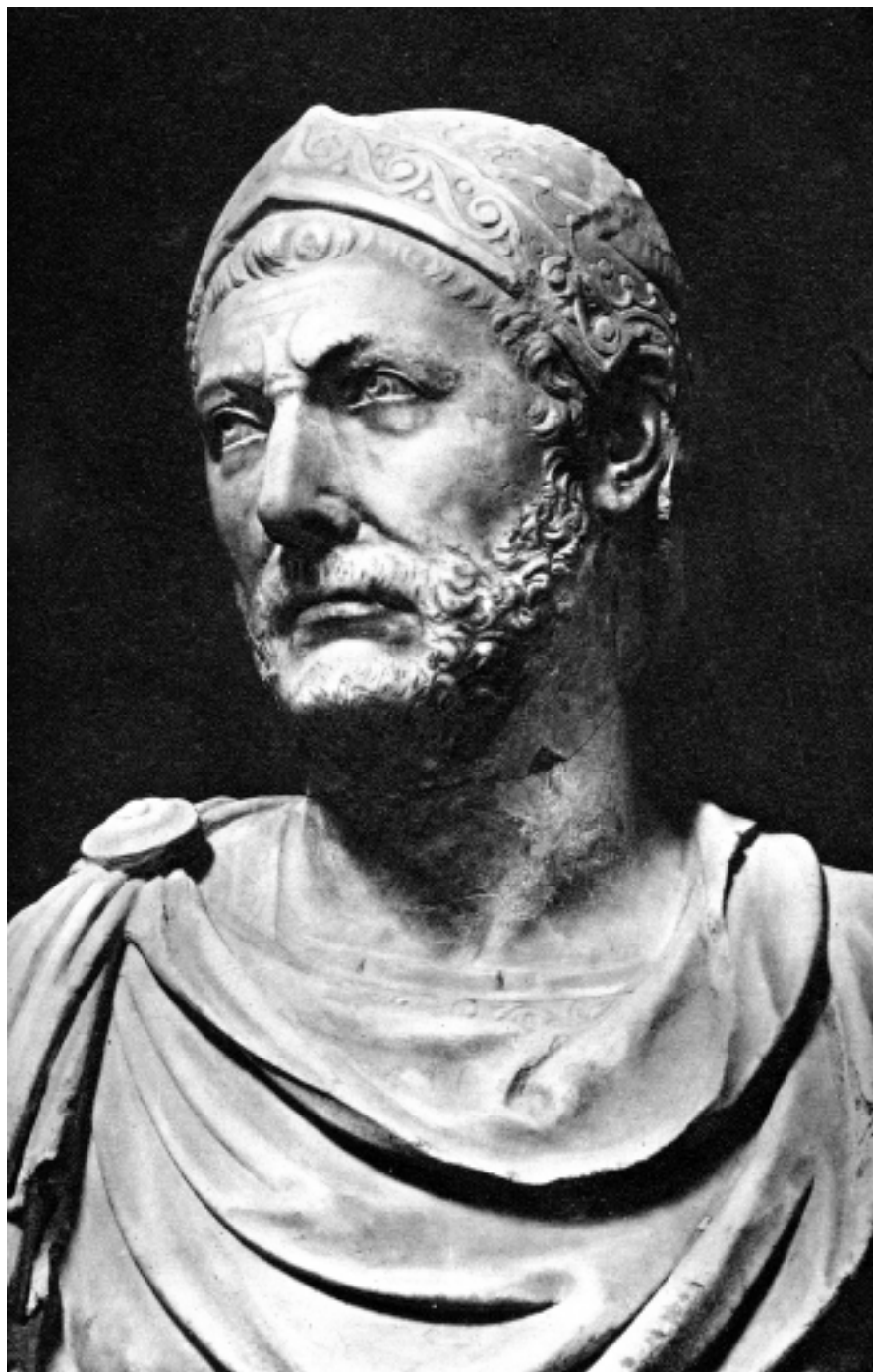
The poem is a work of Silius' old age and his time spent at his Campanian villas, while collecting antiques and giving recitations, presumably of the *Punica*. According to Martial's epigrams, the epic poem met with some success and was even compared with Virgil's *Aeneid*. As a poet of historical epic, Silius had to make use of both historical sources and poetic models. Livy is considered his single most important historical source, though the poem differs from Livy's writings by its grandiose tendencies, which are only briefly treated in Livy and Silius' occasional practice of changing the focus of his narrative. Nevertheless, Silius was not a superficial transmitter of historical sources, but was indeed an accomplished poet, writing more in the vein of Virgil than Livy.

From the time of Naevius onwards every great military struggle in which the Romans had been engaged had found its poet. Naevius' influence cannot be gauged because of the almost total loss of his poem on the First Punic War. Silius specifically names Virgil, Homer and Ennius as his main source of inspiration. Virgil is mentioned at 8.593-594, where Silius says of Virgil's home town Mantua that it was "home of the Muses, raised to the sky by immortal verse, and a match for the lyre of Homer." Indeed, Virgil is considered Silius' most omnipresent influence. His contemporaries Pliny the Younger and Martial discuss his almost zealous devotion to the spirit of Virgil, whom Silius is known to have worshipped as a god and whose tomb he

actually bought and repaired. Silius frequently employs Virgilian images, similes, tropes and elements in his poetry and the *Punica* abounds with constant allusions to the *Aeneid*. Lucan is another significant model for Silius, although the *Punica* differs dramatically from Lucan's historical epic by his use of the divine machinery. Silius is closest to Lucan in his treatment of historical description, especially geography and battlefields, his focus on stoicism, the macabre and violence.

The first book introduces the poet's theme of the Second Punic War, setting up the conflict between the Roman and Carthaginian nations for supremacy. The betrayal of Dido, familiar from the *Aeneid* and Juno's anger stir the goddess to prophesy the course of the war and choose Hannibal as her instrument of revenge. The childhood oath of Hannibal to his father Hamilcar at the Dido temple in Carthage is narrated, and his character is described as vindictive, cunning and daring. The priestess of the temple prophesies the war. Hasdrubal is slaughtered by Spanish Gauls in revenge for his crucifixion of their king and Hannibal succeeds him by the army's acclaim and attacks Saguntum the situation and Rutulian/Zacynthian history of which are described. The siege begins and Hannibal fights a duel with the Saguntine champion Murrus, who is slain. The Saguntine senate meets and requests that Rome send envoys to stop the siege.

Silius' epic poem was rediscovered in a manuscript, possibly at Constance, by Poggio, in c. 1416 and from this sole, now lost manuscript all existing manuscripts are derived. A valuable manuscript of the 8th or 9th century, found at Cologne by L. Carrion in the latter part of the 16th century, disappeared soon after its discovery. Two editiones principes appeared at Rome in 1471; the principal editions since have been those of Heinsius (1600), Drakenborch (1717), Ernesti (Leipzig, 1791) and L. Bauer (1890).



A marble bust, reputedly of Hannibal (247-181 BC), originally found at the ancient city-state of Capua in Italy



Bust of Scipio Africanus the Elder (236–183 BC) from the Pushkin Museum, Moscow



Map of Hannibal's route of invasion

CONTENTS

BOOK I
BOOK II
BOOK III
BOOK IV
BOOK V
BOOK VI
BOOK VII
BOOK VIII
BOOK IX
BOOK X
BOOK XI
BOOK XII
BOOK XIII
BOOK XIV
BOOK XV
BOOK XVI
BOOK XVII



A 3rd century AD depiction of Virgil on a mosaic from Hadrumetum. Virgil was Silius' greatest inspiration.



'Silius Italicus at the Tomb of Virgil' by Joseph Wright of Derby



'The Vision of a Knight' by Raphael is based on an episode in Book 15 of the 'Punica': The Choice of Scipio.

BOOK I

ARGUMENT

THE SUBJECT OF THE POEM IS THE SECOND PUNIC WAR (1-20). THE CAUSE OF THE WAR WAS JUNO'S HATRED OF ROME. SHE CHOOSES HANNIBAL AS HER INSTRUMENT (21-55). HANNIBAL'S CHARACTER, AND THE OATH HE SWORE IN BOYHOOD (56-139). HASDRUBAL SUCCEEDS HAMILCAR AS COMMANDER IN SPAIN: HIS CHARACTER, CONQUESTS, AND DEATH (140-181). HANNIBAL IS CHOSEN TO SUCCEED HASDRUBAL BY ALL THE ARMY IN SPAIN, BOTH CARTHAGINIANS AND SPANIARDS (182-238). CHARACTER OF HANNIBAL (239-267). HE RESOLVES TO ATTACK SAGUNTUM: POSITION AND HISTORY OF THE CITY (268-295). THE SIEGE OF SAGUNTUM (296-II. 695). THE SAGUNTINES SEND AN EMBASSY TO ROME: THE SPEECH OF SICORIS (564-671). IN THE SENATE CN. CORNELIUS LENTULUS AND Q. FABIUS MAXIMUS EXPRESS DIFFERENT VIEWS: ENVOYS ARE SENT TO HANNIBAL (672-694).

HERE I begin the war by which the fame of the Aeneadae was raised to heaven and proud Carthage submitted to the rule of Italy. Grant me, O Muse, to record the splendid achievements of Italy in ancient days, and to tell of all those heroes whom Rome brought forth for the strife, when the people of Cadmus broke their solemn bond and began the contest for sovereignty; and for long it remained uncertain, on which of the two citadels Fortune would establish the capital of the world. Thrice over with unholy warfare did the Carthaginian leaders violate their compact with the Senate and the treaty they had sworn by Jupiter to observe; and thrice over the lawless sword induced them wantonly to break the peace they had approved. But in the second war each nation strove to destroy and exterminate her rival, and those to whom victory was granted came nearer to destruction: in it a Roman general stormed the citadel of Carthage, the Palatine was surrounded and besieged by Hannibal, and Rome made good her safety by her walls alone.

The causes of such fierce anger, the hatred maintained with unabated fury, the war bequeathed by sire to son and by son to grandson — these things I am permitted to reveal, and to disclose the purposes of Heaven. And now I shall begin by tracing the origin of this great upheaval.

When Dido long ago fled across the sea from the land of Pygmalion, leaving behind her the realm polluted by her brother's guilt, she landed on the destined shore of Libya. There she bought land for a price and founded a new city, where she was permitted to lay strips of a bull's hide round the strand. Here — so remote antiquity believed — Juno elected to found for the exiles a nation to last for ever, preferring it to Argos, and to Mycenae, the city of Agamemnon and her chosen dwelling-place. But when she saw Rome lifting her head high among aspiring cities, and even sending fleets across the sea to carry her victorious standards over all the earth, then the goddess felt the danger close and stirred up in the minds of the Phoenicians a frenzy for war. But the effort of their first campaign was crushed, and the enterprise of the Carthaginians was wrecked on the Sicilian sea; and then Juno took up the sword again for a fresh conflict. When she upset all things on earth and was preparing to stir up the sea, she found a sufficient instrument in a single leader.

Now warlike Hannibal clothed himself with all the wrath of the goddess; his single arm she dared to match against destiny. Then, rejoicing in that man of blood, and aware of the fierce storm of disasters in store for the realm of Latinus, she spoke thus: "In defiance of me, the exile from Troy brought Dardania to Latium, together with his household gods — deities that were twice taken prisoners; and he gained a victory and founded a kingdom for the Teucrians at Lavinium. That may pass — provided that the banks of the Ticinus cannot contain the Roman dead, and that the Trebia, obedient to me, shall flow backwards through the fields of Gaul, blocked by the blood of Romans and their weapons and the corpses of men; provided that Lake Trasimene shall be terrified by its own pools darkened with streams of gore, and that I shall see from heaven Cannae, the grave of Italy, and the Iapygian plain inundated with Roman blood, while the Aufidus, doubtful of its course as its banks close in, can hardly force a passage to the Adriatic shore through shields and helmets and severed limbs of men." With these words she fired the youthful warrior for deeds of battle.

By nature he was eager for action and faithless to his plighted word, a past master in cunning but a strayer from justice. Once armed, he had no respect for Heaven; he was brave for evil and despised the glory of peace; and a thirst for human blood burned in his inmost heart. Besides all this, his youthful vigour longed to blot out the Aegates, the shame of the last generation, and to drown the treaty of peace in the Sicilian sea. Juno inspired him and tormented his spirit with ambition. Already, in visions of the night, he either stormed the Capitol or marched at speed over the summits of the Alps. Often too the servants who slept at his door were roused and terrified by a fierce cry that broke the desolate silence, and found their master dripping with sweat, while he fought battles still to come and waged imaginary warfare.

When he was a mere child, his father's passion had kindled in Hannibal this frenzy against Italy and the realm of Saturn, and started him on his glorious career. Hamilcar, sprung from the Tyrian house of ancient Barcas, reckoned his long descent from Belus. For, when Dido lost her husband and fled from a Tyre reduced to slavery, the young scion of Belus had escaped the unrighteous sword of the dread tyrant, and had joined his fortunes with hers for weal or woe. Thus nobly born and a proved warrior, Hamilcar, as soon as Hannibal could speak and utter his first distinct words, sowed war with Rome in the boy's heart; and well he knew how to feed angry passions.

In the centre of Carthage stood a temple, sacred to the spirit of Elissa, the foundress, and regarded with hereditary awe by the people. Round it stood yew-trees and pines with their melancholy shade, which hid it and kept away the light of heaven. Here, as it was reported, the queen had cast off long ago the ills that flesh is heir to. Statues of mournful marble stood there — Belus, the founder of the race, and all the line descended from Belus; Agenor also, the nation's boast, and Phoenix who gave a lasting name to his country. There Dido herself was seated, at last united for ever to Sychaeus; and at her feet lay

the Trojan sword. A hundred altars stood here in order, sacred to the gods of heaven and the lord of Erebus. Here the priestess with streaming hair and Stygian garb calls up Acheron and the divinity of Henna's goddess. The earth rumbles in the gloom and breaks forth into awesome hissings; and fire blazes unkindled upon the altars. The dead also are called up by magic spells and flit through empty space; and the marble face of Elissa sweats. To this shrine Hannibal was brought by his father's command; and, when he had entered, Hamilcar examined the boy's face and bearing. No terrors for him had the Massylian priestess, raving in her frenzy, or the horrid rites of the temple, the blood-bespattered doors, and the flames that mounted at the sound of incantation. His father stroked the boy's head and kissed him; then he raised his courage by exhortation and thus inspired him:

"The restored race of Phrygians is oppressing with unjust treaties the people of Cadmean stock. If fate does not permit my right hand to avert this dishonour from our land, you, my son, must choose this as your field of fame. Be quick to swear a war that shall bring destruction to the Laurentines; let the Tuscan people already dread your birth; and when you, my son, arise, let Latian mothers refuse to rear their offspring."

With these incentives he spurred on the boy and then dictated a vow not easy to utter: "When I come to age, I shall pursue the Romans with fire and sword and enact again the doom of Troy. The gods shall not stop my career, nor the treaty that bars the sword, neither the lofty Alps nor the Tarpeian rock. I swear to this purpose by the divinity of our native god of war, and by the shade of Elissa." Then a black victim was sacrificed to the goddess of triple shape; and the priestess, seeking an oracle, quickly opened the still breathing body and questioned the spirit, as it fled from the inward parts that she had laid bare in haste.

But when, following the custom of her ancient art, she had entered into the mind of the gods whom she inquired of, thus she spoke aloud: "I see the Aetolian fields covered far and wide with soldiers' corpses, and lakes red with Trojan blood. How huge the rampart of cliffs that rises far towards heaven! And on its airy summit your camp is perched. Now the army rushes down from the mountains; terrified cities send up smoke, and the land that lies beneath the western heavens blazes with Punic fires. See! the river Po runs blood. Fierce is that face that lies on a heap of arms and men — the face of him who was the third to carry in triumph choice spoils to the Thunder-god. Ah! what wild storm is this that rages with sudden downpour, while the sky is rent asunder and the fiery ether flashes! The gods are preparing mighty things, the throne of high heaven thunders, and I see Jupiter in arms." Then Juno forbade her to learn more of coming events, and the victims suddenly became dumb. The dangers and the endless hardships were concealed.

So Hamilcar left his design of war concealed in his secret heart, and made for Calpe and Gades, the limit of the world; but, while carrying the standards of Africa to the Pillars of Hercules, he fell in a hard-fought battle.

Meanwhile the direction of affairs was handed over to Hasdrubal; and he harried with savage cruelty the wealth of the western world, the people of Spain, and the dwellers beside the Baetis. Hard was the general's heart, and nothing could mitigate his ferocious temper; power he valued because it gave him the opportunity to be cruel. Thirst for blood hardened his heart; and he had the folly to believe that to be feared is glory. Nor was he willing to sate his rage with ordinary punishments. Tagus, a man of ancient race, remarkable for beauty and of proved valour, Hasdrubal, defying gods and men, fastened high on a wooden cross, and displayed in triumph to the sorrowing natives the unburied body of their king. Tagus, who had taken his name from the gold-bearing river, was mourned by the Nymphs of Spain through all their caves and banks; nor would he have preferred the river of Maenonia and the pools of Lydia, nor the plain watered by flowing gold and turned yellow by the sands of Hermus pouring over it. Ever first to enter the battle and last to lay down the sword, when he sat high on his steed and urged it on with loosened reins, no sword could stop him nor spear hurled from far; on he flew in triumph, and the golden armour of Tagus was well known throughout both armies. Then a servant, when he saw that hideous death and the body of Tagus hanging on the fatal tree, stole his master's favourite sword and rushed into the palace, where he smote that savage breast once and again. Carthaginians are cruel; and now', in their anger and grief, they made haste to bring the tortures. Every device was used — fire and white-hot steel, scourges that cut the body to ribbons with a rain of blows past counting, the hands of the torturers, the agony driven home into the marrow, the flame burning in the heart of the wound. Dreadful to see and even to relate, the limbs were expanded by the torturers' ingenuity and grew as much as the torment required; and, when all the blood had gushed forth, the bones still smoked and burned on, after the limbs were consumed. But the man's spirit remained unbroken; he was the master still and, despised the suffering; like a mere looker-on he blamed the myrmidons of the torturer for flagging in their task and loudly demanded to be crucified like his master.

While this piteous punishment was inflicted on a victim who made light of it, the soldiers, disturbed by the loss of their general, with one voice and with eager enthusiasm demanded Hannibal for their leader. Their favour was due to many causes — the reflection in him of his father's valour; the report, broadcast among the nations, that he was the sworn enemy of Rome; his youth eager for action and the fiery spirit that well became him; his heart equipped with guile, and his native eloquence.

The Libyans ° were first to hail him with applause as their leader, and the Pyrenean tribes and warlike Spaniards followed them. At once his heart swelled with pride and satisfaction that so much of land and sea had come under his sway. Libya lies under the burning sign of Cancer, and is parched by the south winds of Aeolus and the sun's disk. It is either a huge offshoot of Asia, or a third continent of the world. It is bounded on the rosy east by the

river of Lagos, which strikes the swollen sea with seven streams. But, where the land in milder mood faces the opposing Bears, it is cut off by the straits of Hercules, and, though parted from them, looks on the lands of Europe from its adjacent heights; the ocean blocks its further extension, and Atlas forbids its name to be carried further — Atlas, who would bring down the sky, if he withdrew his shoulders. His cloud-capt head supports the stars, and his soaring neck for ever holds aloft the firmament of heaven. His beard is white with frost, and pine-forests crown his brow with their vast shade; winds ravage his hollow temples, and foaming rivers rush down from his streaming open jaws. Moreover, the deep seas assail the cliffs on both his flanks, and, when the weary Titan has bathed his panting steeds, hide his flaming car in the steaming ocean. But, where Africa spreads her untilled plains, the burnt-up land bears nothing but the poison of snakes in plenty; though, where a temperate strip blesses the fields, her fertility is not surpassed by the crops of Henna nor by the Egyptian husbandman. Here the Numidians rove at large, a nation that knows not the bridle; for the light switch they ply between its ears turns the horse about in their sport, no less effectively than the bit. This land breeds wars and warriors; nor do they trust to the naked sword but use guile also.

A second camp was filled with Spanish troops, European allies whom the victories of Hamilcar had gained. Here the war-horse filled the plains with his neighings, and here high-mettled steeds drew along chariots of war; not even the drivers at Olympia could dash over the course with more fiery haste. That people reck little of life, and they are most ready to anticipate death. For, when a man has passed the years of youthful strength, he cannot bear to live on and disdains acquaintance with old age; and his span of life depends on his own right arm. All metals are found here: there are veins of electrum, whose yellow hue shows their double origin, and the rugged soil feeds the black crop of iron. Heaven covered up the incentives to crime; but the covetous Asturian plunges deep into the bowels of the mangled earth, and the wretch returns with a face as yellow as the gold he has dug out. The Durius and the Tagus of this land challenge the Pactolus; and so does the river which rolls its glittering sands over the land of the Gravii and reproduces for the inhabitants the forgetfulness of Lethe in the nether world. Spain is not unfit for corn-crops nor unfriendly to the vine; and there is no land in which the tree of Pallas rises higher.

When these peoples had yielded to the Tyrian ruler and he had received the reins of government, then with his father's craft he gained men's friendship; by arms or by bribes he caused them to reverse the Senate's decrees. He was ever first to undertake hardship, first to march on foot, and first to bear a hand when the rampart was reared in haste. In all other things that spur a man on to glory he was untiring: denying sleep to nature, he would pass the whole night armed and awake, lying sometimes upon the ground; distinguished by the general's cloak, he vied with the hardy soldiers of the Libyan army; or

mounted high he rode as leader of the long line; again he endured bare-headed the fury of the rains and the crashing of the sky. The Carthaginians looked on and the Asturians trembled for fear, when he rode his startled horse through the bolts hurled by Jupiter, the lightnings flashing amid the rain, and the fires driven forth by the blasts of the winds; he was never wearied by the dusty march nor weakened by the fiery star of Sirius. When the earth was burnt and cracked by fiery rays, and when the heat of noon parched the sky with its blazing orb, he thought it womanish to lie down in the shade where the ground was moist; he practised thirst and looked on a spring only to leave it. He would grasp the reins also and break in for battle the steed that tried to throw him; he sought the glory of a death-dealing arm; he would swim through the rattling boulders of an unknown river and then summon his comrades from the opposite bank. He was first also to stand on the rampart of a city stormed; and, whenever he dashed over the plain where fierce battle was joined, a broad red lane was left on the field, wherever he hurled his spear. Therefore he pressed hard upon the heels of Fortune; and, resolved as he was to break the treaty, he rejoiced meantime to involve Rome, as far as he could, in war; and from the end of the world he struck at the Capitol.

His war-trumpets sounded first before the gates of dismayed Saguntum, and he chose this war in his eagerness for a greater war to come. The city, founded by Hercules, rises on a gentle slope not far from the coast, and owes its sacred and famous name to Zacynthus, who is buried there on the lofty hill. For he was on the march back to Thebes in company with Hercules, after the slaying of Geryon, and was praising the exploit up to the skies. That monster was furnished with three lives and three right arms in a single body, and carried a head on each of three necks. Never did earth see another man whom a single death could not destroy — for whom the stern Sisters span a third lease of life when the thread had twice been snapped. Zacynthus displayed in triumph the prize taken from Geryon, and was calling the cattle to the water in the heat of noon, when a serpent that he trod on discharged from its swollen throat poison envenomed by the sun. The wound was fatal, and the Greek hero lay dead on Spanish soil. At a later time exiled colonists sailed hither before the wind — sons of Zacynthus, the island surrounded by the Ionian sea that once formed part of the kingdom of Laertes. These small beginnings were afterwards strengthened by men of Daunia in search of a habitation; they were sent forth by Ardea of famous name — a city ruled by heroic kings, and rich in the number of her sons. The freedom of the inhabitants and their ancestral glory were preserved by treaty; and by it the Carthaginians were forbidden to rule the city.

The Carthaginian leader broke the treaty and brought his camp-fires close and shook the wide plains with his marching host. He himself, shaking his head in fury, rode round the walls on his panting steed, taking the measure of the terrified buildings. He bade them open their gates at once and desert their rampart; he told them that, now they were besieged, their treaties and Italy

would be far away, and that they could not hope for quarter, if defeated: “Decrees of the Senate,” he cried, “law and justice, honour and Providence, are all in my hand now.” In eager haste he confirmed his taunts by hurling his javelin and struck Caicus through his armour, as he stood on the wall and uttered idle threats. Pierced right through the middle, down he fell; his body at once slipped down from the steep rampart; and in death he restored to his conqueror the spear warmed with his blood. Then with loud shouting the soldiers followed the example of their leader, and wrapped the walls round with a black cloud of missiles. Their prowess was seen and not hidden by their numbers; turning his face to the general, each man fought as if he were the only combatant. One hurled volleys of bullets with Balearic sling : standing erect, he brandished the light thong thrice round his head, and launched his missile in the air, for the winds to carry; another poised whizzing stones with strong arm; a third threw a lance speeded by a light strap. In front of them all their leader, conspicuous in his father’s armour, now hurls a brand smoking with pitchy flame, now presses on unwearied with stake or javelin or stone, or shoots arrows from the string — missiles dipped in serpent’s poison and doubly fatal — and exults in the guile of his quiver. So the Dacian, in the warlike region of the Getic country, delighting to sharpen his arrows with the poison of his native land, pours them forth in sudden showers on the banks of the Hister, the river of two names.

The next task was to surround the hill with a front of towers and blockade the city with a ring of forts. Alas for Loyalty, worshipped by former ages but now known on earth by name only! The hardy citizens stand there, seeing escape cut off and their walls enclosed by a mound; but they think it a death worthy of Italy, for Saguntum to fall with her loyalty preserved. Now they exert all their strength with increased ardour: — the catapult of Marseilles launches with a roar huge boulders from its tightened cords, and also, when the burden of the mighty engine is changed, discharges tree-trunks tipped with iron, and breaks a way through the ranks. Loud rose the noise on each side. They joined battle with as much fierceness as if Rome were besieged. Hannibal also shouted: “So many thousand men, people born in the midst of arms — why do we stand still before an enemy we have already conquered? Are we ashamed of our enterprise, or ashamed of our beginning? So much for splendid valour and the first exploit of your general! Is this the glorious news with which we intend to fill Italy? Are these the battles whose rumour we send before us?”

Fired by his words their courage rose high; the spirit of Hannibal sank deep into their hearts and inspired them; and the thought of wars to come ° spurred them on. They attack the rampart with bare hands and, when thrust down from the walls, leave there their severed limbs. A high mound was erected and placed parties of combatants above the city. But the besieged were protected and the enemy kept away from the gates by the *falarica*, which many arms at once were wont to poise. This was a missile of wood, terrible to behold, a

beam chosen from the high mountains of the snow-covered Pyrenees, a weapon whose long iron point even walls could scarce withstand. Then the shaft, smeared with oily pitch and rubbed all round with black sulphur, sent forth smoke. When hurled like a thunderbolt from the topmost walls of the citadel, it clove the furrowed air with a flickering flame, even as a fiery meteor, speeding from heaven to earth, dazzles men's eyes with its blood-red tail. This weapon often confounded Hannibal when it carried aloft the smoking limbs of his men by its swift stroke; and, when in its flight it struck the side of a huge tower, it kindled a fire which burnt till all the woodwork of the tower was utterly consumed, and buried men and arms together under the blazing ruins. But at last the Carthaginians retreated from the rampart, sheltered by the close-packed shields of the serried "tortoise," and sapped the wall unseen till it collapsed, and made a breach into the town.

The rampart gave way, the walls built by Hercules sank down with a fearful crash, and the huge stones fell apart, and a mighty rumbling of the sky followed their fall. So the towering peaks of the high Alps, when a mass of rock is torn away from them, furrow the mountain-side with the roar of an avalanche. With haste the ruined rampart was raised again; and nought but the prostrate wall prevented both armies from fighting on in the wreckage that divided them.

First of all Murrus sprang forward, conspicuous for his youthful beauty. He was of Rutulian blood, born of a Saguntine mother; but he had Greek blood too, and by his two parents he combined the seed of Italy with that of Dulichium. When Aradus summoned his comrades with a mighty shout, Murrus watched his forward movement and stopped him; and the spear-point pierced the gap that came between the breastplate and the helmet. Then pinning him to the ground with his spear he taunted him as well: "False Carthaginian, you lie low; you were to be foremost, forsooth, in mounting the Capitol as a conqueror; was ever ambition so presumptuous? Go now, and fight the deity of the Styx instead!" Next, brandishing his fiery spear, he buried it in the groin of Hiberus who stood before him; and, treading on the features already convulsed in death, he cried: "Terrible as is your host, by this path must ye march to the walls of Rome; thus must ye go to the place whither ye are hastening." Then, when Hiberus tried to renew the combat, Murrus evaded the weapon and snatched the shield of his foe, and pierced his unprotected side. Rich in land and rich in flocks but unknown to fame, Hiberus used to wage war against wild beasts with bow and javelin, happy, alas, in his forests and worthy of praise in his life of retirement, if he had never carried his arrows outside his ancestral woodlands. In pity for him Ladmus came up, intent to strike. But Murrus cried with a savage laugh: "Tell Hamilcar's ghost of my right arm, which, when the rabble are slain, shall send Hannibal to keep company with you all." Then, rising erect, he smote with his sword the crested brazen helmet and scattered the rattling bones of the skull right through their covering. Next, Chremes, whose unshorn brow was

surrounded and shaded by his hair, and who made a shaggy cap of his locks; then Masulis, and Kartalo, vigorous for war in green old age, who feared not to stroke the lioness with cubs; and Bagrada, whose shield was blazoned with the river's urn; and Hiempsal, one of the Nasamonians who plunder the devouring Syrtis and make bold to pillage shipwrecks; — all these were slain alike by that wrathful right hand; and so was Athyr, skilled to disarm serpents of their fell poison, to send fierce water-snakes to sleep by his touch, and to test a child of doubtful birth by placing a horned snake beside it. Slain too was Hiarbas, who dwelt near the prophetic groves of the Garamantes, and whose helmet was conspicuous for the horn that curved over his temples; in vain, alas, he blamed the oracle that had so often promised a safe return, and Jupiter for his breach of faith. By this time the rampart had grown higher with heaps of corpses, and the ruins smoked with horrid slaughter. Then with eager shout Murrus challenged Hannibal to combat.

But Hannibal was far away, where a band of defenders had issued unexpected from the gates. As if no missiles or swords could bring him injury or death, he mingled with both armies and raged far and wide, brandishing the sword which old Temisus from the shore of the Hesperides had lately forged with magic spells — Temisus the powerful enchanter who believed that iron was hardened by incantations. Mighty was Hannibal as Mars when he careers far and wide in his war-chariot through the land of the Bistones, brandishing the weapon that defeated the band of Titans, and ruling the flame of battle by the snorting of his steeds and the noise of his chariot. Already Hannibal had sent down to Hades Hostus and Pholus the Rutulian and huge Metiscus, and, with them, Lygdus and Durius and fair-haired Galaesus, and a pair of twins, Chromis and Gyas. Next came Daunus, than whom no man was more skilled to move assemblies by the charm of eloquence and to mould men's minds by speech; nor was any man a more sagacious guardian of the laws. He mingled taunts with his blows: "What madness, inherited from your father, brings you hither, man of Carthage? This is no Tyrian city built by a woman's hands or bought for money; this is not a shore with a measured space of sand conceded to exiles: you see here walls raised by gods, and allies of Rome." But even as he shouted such boasts over all the plain, Hannibal seized him with a mighty effort, and bore him from the centre of the fighting men, and bound his hands behind him, and reserved him to suffer the punishment of wrath deferred. Then, reproaching his men, he ordered the standards to be advanced, and right through the piled corpses and heaps of dead he pointed out the way in his frenzy, calling to each man by name, and boldly promising them as booty the still untaken city.

But when frightened messengers brought news that in a different quarter the fighting was fierce and they were losing the day, and that propitious gods had granted this day to Murrus, then Hannibal, abandoning his mighty exploits, flew off with frantic haste and the speed of a madman. The plume that nodded on his head showed a deadly brightness, even as a comet terrifies

fierce kings with its flaming tail and showers blood-red fire: the boding meteor spouts forth ruddy rays from heaven, and the star flashes with a dreadful menacing light, threatening earth with destruction. Weapons, standards, and men gave way before his headlong career, and both armies were terrified; the fiery point of his spear shed a dreadful light, and his shield flashed far and wide. So, when the Aegean sea rises to the stars, and all along the coast, with a mighty roaring of the North-west wind, the waves carry ashore the piled-up sea, the hearts of seamen turn cold and tremble; the wind roars far away, and with swelling blast and arching waves crosses the frightened Cyclades. Neither missiles from the walls, all aimed at him alone, nor smoking brands before his face, nor boulders hurled cunningly from engines, can arrest his course. As soon as he saw the glittering helmet on the head of Murrus, and his arms shining in the sunlight with blood-bedabbled gold, he began in his rage: "Behold Murrus! Murrus is the man to impede the prowess of Libya and our mighty enterprise, the man to hinder the war against Rome! Soon will I make you learn the power of your useless treaty and your river Ebro. Take with you loyalty unstained and observance of law; leave to me the gods whom I have deceived!" And Murrus addressed him thus: "I have longed for your coming; my heart has long been eager for battle and aflame with hope to take your life; take the deserved reward of your guile, and seek for Italy in the bowels of the earth. My right hand spares you the long march to Roman territory and the ascent of the snowy Pyrenees and the Alps."

Meanwhile, seeing his foe come close, and that he could trust the overhanging ground where he stood, Hannibal rent the rampart and seized a huge rock and hurled it down upon the head of the climber; and the stone fell swiftly with downward force. Smitten by the tough fragment of the wall, Murrus crouched down. But soon shame fired his heart; and conscious courage, though taken at a disadvantage, did not fail him. Grinding his teeth, he struggled on, and with difficult effort climbed up over the stones that barred his way. But when Hannibal shone closer with nearer light, and moved on in all his bulk, then the eyes of Murrus grew dark before his mighty foe; it seemed as if the whole Carthaginian army were moving to close round him, and as if all the host were attacking him. He seemed to see a thousand arms and countless flashing swords, and a forest of plumes waving on his foe's helmet. Both armies shouted, as if all Saguntum were on fire; Murrus in fear dragged along his limbs faint with the approach of death, and uttered his latest prayer: "Alcides, our founder, whose footprints we inhabit on hallowed ground, turn aside the storm that threatens us, if I defend thy walls with no sluggish arm."

And, while he prayed and raised his eyes to heaven in supplication, the other spoke thus: "Consider whether the hero of Tiryns will not far more justly assist us in our enterprise. If thou frownest not on rival valour, invincible Alcides, thou wilt recognize that I come not short of thy young years; bring thy power to help me; and, as thou art renowned for the

destruction of Troy long ago, so support me when I destroy the scions of the Phrygian race.” Thus Hannibal spoke; and at the same time, clutching his sword in fury, he drove it home till the hilt stopped it; then he drew back the weapon, and his dread armour was drenched with the blood of the dying man. At once the fighters rush forward, troubled by the great man’s fall, and defy the proud conqueror to take the famous armour and body of Murrus. Their numbers grow by mutual encouragement; they unite and charge in a serried mass. Now stones rattle on Hannibal’s helmet, and now spears on his brazen shield; they attack with stakes, and vie with one another in swinging and hurling weights of lead. The plume was shorn from his head, and the glorious horsehair crest that nodded over the slain was torn in pieces. And now streams of sweat started out and bathed his limbs, and pointed missiles stuck fast in the scales of his breastplate. No respite was possible and no change of armour, beneath the rain of blows. His knees shake, and his weary arms lose hold of his shield. Now too a constant steam comes smoking from his parched lips, with deep-drawn breaths, and men heard a groaning forced out with panting effort, and an inarticulate cry that broke against the helmet. So the furious wild boar, when pursued by baying hounds of Sparta, and when debarred from the forest by the hunters in his way, erects the bristles on his shaggy back and fights his last battle, champing his own foaming blood; and now with a yell he dashes his twin tusks against the spears. By courage Hannibal overcomes disaster; he is glad that valour is made brighter by hardship; and he finds an equivalent for danger in the reward of glory.

Now the sky was cloven, and a sudden earth-shaking crash burst forth among the thick clouds, and right above the battle the Father of heaven thundered twice with repeated bolt. Then, mid the blind hurricane of the winds, there sped between the clouds a spear to punish unrighteous warfare, and the well-aimed point lodged in the front of Hannibal’s thigh. Ye Tarpeian rocks, where the gods have their dwelling, and ye fires of Laomedon, altars of Troy, that burn for ever with a flame tended by Vestals, how much, alas, Heaven promised to you by the appearance of that deceptive weapon! If the spear had pierced deeper into the fierce warrior, the Alps had been for ever closed to mortal men, and Allia would not now rank after the waters of Lake Trasimene.

But Juno, surveying from the summit of the lofty Pyrenees his youthful prowess and martial ardour, when she saw the wound inflicted by the point of the flying spear, hastened thither through the sky, veiled by a dark cloud, and plucked forth the stout spear from the tough bone. He covered with his shield the blood that poured over his limbs, and went back from the rampart, dragging his feet one after the other slowly and gradually with uncertain effort.

Night at last buried land and sea in welcome darkness, and separated the combatants by robbing them of light. But resolute hearts kept watch, and they rebuilt the wall — their task for the night. The besieged were spurred on by

the extremity of their danger, and their last stand was more furious in their desperate plight. Here boys and feeble old men, and there women, strove valiantly to carry on the piteous task in the hour of peril, and soldiers with streaming wounds carried stones to the wall. And now the senators and noble elders were heedful of their special duty. Meeting in haste, they chose envoys, and urged them with entreaties to be active in this grievous plight and bring safety back, and to entreat the aid of Roman armies in their extremity. "Go with speed; urge on your ship with oar and sail, while the wounded wild beast is shut up in his camp; we must take advantage of the interruption of war, and rise to fame by danger. Go with speed; lament our loyalty and our crumbling walls, and bring us better fortune from our ancient home. This is our final charge — return before Saguntum falls." Then the men hasten to the nearest coast, and fly with swollen sail over the foaming sea.

The dewy spouse of Tithonus was banishing sleep, and her ruddy steeds had breathed on the mountain-tops with their first neighings, and tugged at their roseate reins. Now high on the walls the inhabitants, aloft on their finished work, point from the walls to their city, fenced in by towers that grew in the night. All activity was suspended; for the sorrowing Carthaginians relaxed the vigour of the blockade, and their martial ardour paused; it was to their leader in his great danger that their thoughts were turned.

Meantime the Rutulians had travelled far over the waters, and the hills of Hercules began to emerge from the sea, and to lift up from the range the cloud-capt cliffs of Monoecus. Thracian Boreas is the sole lord of these rocks, a savage domain; ever freezing, he now lashes the shore, and now beats the Alps themselves with his hissing wings; and, when he spreads over the land from the frozen Bear, no wind dares to rise against him. He churns the sea in rushing eddies, while the broken billows roar and the mountains are buried beneath water piled above them; and now in his career he raises the Rhine and the Rhone up to the clouds. Having escaped this awful fury of Boreas, the envoys spoke sadly one to another of the hazards of war succeeded by the hazards of the sea, and about the doubtful issue of events. "Alas for our country, the famous home of Loyalty! how do thy fortunes now stand? is thy sacred citadel still erect upon the hills? Or — alas, ye gods! — are ashes all that remain of so mighty a name? Grant us light airs, and send forth favouring breezes, if the Carthaginian fire is not yet triumphant over the tops of our temples, and if the Roman fleets have power to help us."

Thus night and day they mourned and wept, until their ship put in at the shore of Laurentum, where father Tiber, richer by the tribute of the Anio's waters, runs down with yellow stream into the sea. From here they soon reached the city of their Roman kinsmen.

The consul summoned the worshipful assembly — the Fathers rich in unstained poverty, with names acquired by conquests — a senate rivalling the gods in virtue. Brave deeds and a sacred passion for justice exalted these men; their dress was rough and their meals simple, and the hands they brought from

the crooked plough were ready with the sword-hilt; content with little, uncovetous of riches, they often went back to humble homes from the triumphal car.

At the sacred doors and on the threshold of the temple captured chariots were hung, glorious spoils of war, and armour taken from hostile generals, and axes ruthless in battle, and perforated shields, and weapons to which the blood still clung, and the bolts of city-gates. Here one might see the wars with Carthage, the Aegatian islands, and the ships' prows which testified that Carthage had been driven from the sea when her fleet was defeated on the water. Here were the helmets of the Senones and the insolent sword that decreed the weight of gold paid down, and the armour that was borne in the procession of Camillus on his return, when the Gauls had been repulsed from the citadel; here were the spoils of the scion of Aeacus, and here the standards of the Epirote, the bristling plumed helmets of the Ligures, the rude targets brought back from Spanish natives, and Alpine javelins.

But when the mourning garb of the suppliants made plain their calamities and sufferings in war, the Senate seemed to see before them the figure of Saguntum appealing for help in her last hour. Then aged Sicoris thus began his sorrowful tale: "O people famous for keeping of your oaths, people whom the nations defeated by your arms admit with reason to be the seed of Mars, think not that we have crossed the sea because of trifling dangers. We have seen our native city besieged and its walls rocking; we have looked on Hannibal, a man to whom raging seas or some union of wild beasts gave birth. I pray that Heaven may keep the deadly arm of that stripling far from these walls, and confine him to war against us. With what might he hurls the crashing beam! How his stature increases in battle! Scorning the limit of the Ebro, and crossing the range of the Pyrenees, he has roused up Calpe and stirs up the peoples hidden in the sands of the Syrtis, and has greater cities in his eye. This foaming billow, rising-in mid-ocean, will dash itself against the cities of Italy, if you refuse to stop it. Do you believe that Hannibal, frantic for the war he has sworn to wage, will be content with this reward of his great enterprise and his breach of treaty by force of arms — the conquest and submission of Saguntum? Hasten, ye men of Rome, to put out the flame in its beginning, or the trouble may recur too late when the danger has grown greater. And yet — ah me! — if no danger threatened you, if the hidden sparks of war were not at this moment smoking, would it be beneath you to hold out to your city of Saguntum a kindred hand? All Spain threatens us, all Gaul with her swift horsemen, and all thirsty Libya from the torrid zone. By the long-cherished origins of the Rutulian race, by the household gods of Laurentum, and by the pledges of our mother Troy, preserve those righteous men who were forced to leave the walls of Acrisius for the towers of Hercules. It was your glory to help Zancle against the armies of the Sicilian despot; you deemed it worthy of your Trojan ancestors to defend the walls of Capua and drive away the strength of the Samnites. I was once a dweller in

Daunia — bear witness, ye springs and secret pools of the river Numicius! — and when Ardea sent forth the sons in which she was too rich, I bore forth the sacred things and the inner shrine from the house of Turnus, my ancestor, and carried the name of Laurentum beyond the Pyrenees. Why should I be scorned, like a limb cut off and torn from the body? and why should our blood expiate the breach of the treaty?”

At last, when they ceased to speak, it was pitiful to see them dash their unkempt bodies down upon the floor, with their open hands held up and their garments torn. Next the Fathers held counsel and carried on anxious debate. Lentulus, as if he actually saw the houses of Saguntum burning, moved that they should demand the surrender of Hannibal for punishment, and that, if Carthage refused to give him up, her territory should be ravaged with instant war. But Fabius, peering warily into the future, no lover of doubtful courses, slow to provoke war, and skilful to prolong a campaign without unsheathing the sword, was next to speak. He said that in so grave a matter they must first find out whether the madness of Hannibal began the war, or the senate of Carthage ordered the army to advance; they must send envoys to examine and report. Mindful of the future and musing on the war to come, Fabius, prophet-like, uttered this advice from his lofty soul. Thus many a veteran pilot, when from his high poop he sees by tokens that the gale will soon fall upon his canvas, reefs his sails in haste upon the topmast. But tears, and grief mixed with resentment, made them all eager to hasten the unknown future. Senators were chosen to approach Hannibal; if he turned a deaf ear to his engagements and fought on, they must then turn their steps to the city of Carthage and declare war without delay against men unmindful of the gods.

BOOK II

ARGUMENT

THE ROMAN ENVOYS, DISMISSED BY HANNIBAL, PROCEED TO CARTHAGE (1-24). HANNIBAL ADDRESSES HIS MEN AND GOES ON WITH THE SIEGE (25-269). THE ROMAN ENVOYS ARE RECEIVED IN THE CARTHAGINIAN SENATE: SPEECHES OF HANNO AND GESTAR: FABIUS DECLARES WAR (270-390). HANNIBAL DEALS WITH SOME REBELLIOUS TRIBES AND RETURNS TO THE SIEGE: HE RECEIVES A GIFT OF ARMOUR FROM THE SPANISH PEOPLES (391-456). THE SUFFERINGS OF SAGUNTUM (457-474). THE GODDESS LOYALTY IS SENT TO THE CITY BY HERCULES, ITS FOUNDER, AND ENCOURAGES THEM TO RESIST (475-525). BUT JUNO SENDS A FURY FROM HELL WHO DRIVES THE PEOPLE MAD (526-649). THEY BUILD A GREAT PYRE AND LIGHT IT. HANNIBAL TAKES THE CITY (650-695). EPILOGUE BY THE POET (696-707).

AND now the Roman vessel, sailing forth over the blue water, carried leading senators with the stern behests of the high-souled Senate. Fabius, descended from Hercules, could tell of ancestors three hundred in number, who were swept away in a single day by the hurricane of war, when Fortune frowned on the enterprise of the patricians and stained the banks of the Cremera with their blood. With Fabius went Publicola, the Spartan descendant of mighty Volesus, and shared the duty in common with his colleague. Publicola showed by his name his friendship for the people, and the name stood first on the roll of Roman consuls, when his ancestor held office.

When word was brought to Hannibal that the envoys had lowered sail and were gaining the harbour, and that they brought a decree of the Senate demanding peace — a belated peace when war was already raging — and also the punishment of the general as laid down in the treaty, he quickly ordered squadrons in arms to display all along the shore menacing standards, shields newly dyed with blood, and weapons red with slaughter. ‘This is no time for words,’ he cried; ‘all the land is loud with the blare of the Tyrrhene trumpet and the groans of the dying. Let them, while they may, put to sea again, and not make haste to join the besieged Saguntines; we know the licence of passion and of weapons reeking with slaughter, and the boldness of the sword, when once unsheathed.’ Thus accosted by Hannibal, the envoys, driven away along the unfriendly shore, turned their course about and made for the Carthaginian senate.

Then Hannibal shook his fist at the vessel as she spread her sails: ‘Ye gods,’ he cried, ‘it is my head, even mine, which yonder ship seeks to carry across the sea! Woe be to minds that cannot see, and to hearts puffed up with prosperity! The unrighteous land demands Hannibal, sword in hand, for punishment. Without your asking, I shall come; you shall see enough of me before you expect me; and Rome, which is now protecting foreign households, shall tremble for her own gates and her own hearths. Though ye clamber a second time up the steep cliffs of the Tarpeian rock and take refuge in your lofty citadel, ye shall not again, when made prisoners, ransom your lives for any weight of gold.’

These words fired the courage of his troops, and they fought with fresh

fury. Instantly the sky was hidden with clouds of missiles, and the towers of Saguntum rattled under a thick hail of stones. Men were spurred on by their eagerness to wage war under the eyes of the retreating vessel, while she could still see the walls in her course. But their leader, conspicuous with his wound exposed to view, himself demanded of his excited soldiers the promised scapegoat, and shouted his repeated complaint with frenzied utterance: "Comrades, the Romans demand my surrender; and Fabius on the deck displays the fetters for me, and the wrath of the imperious Senate summons me. If you are weary of our enterprise, if the war we have begun is blameworthy, then make haste to recall the Roman ship from the sea. I am ready: hand me over to the torturers with fettered wrists. For why should I, though I trace my pedigree to Belus of the East, and am girt about by so many nations of Africa and Spain — why should I refuse to endure slavery? Nay, let the Roman rule for ever, and proudly spread his tyranny over the world for all generations: let us tremble at their nod and obey their bidding." His men groan aloud, and turn the evil omen upon the race of the Aeneadae, and increase their ardour by shouting.

Among the loosely-girt Libyans and the peoples of two tongues, Asbyte had come boldly to fight against Rome with troops from Marmarica. She was the child of Hiarbas the Garamantian; and he was the son of Ammon and ruled with extended sway the caves of Medusa, daughter of Phoreys, and the Macae who dwell by the river Cinyphs, and the Cyrenians whom the cruel sun scorches; he was obeyed by the Nasamones, hereditary subjects, by ever-parched Barce, by the forests of the Autololes, by the shore of treacherous Syrtis, and by the Gaetulians who ride without reins. And he had built a marriage-bed for the nymph Tritonis, from whom the princess was born; she claimed Jupiter as her forefather and derived her name from the prophetic grove. She was a maiden and ever lay alone, and had spent her early years in the forest-chase; never did the wool-basket soften her hands nor the spindle give her occupation; but she loved Dictynna and the woodlands, and to urge on with her heel the panting steed and lay low wild beasts without mercy. Even so the band of Amazons in Thrace traverse Rhodope and the high forests on the stony ridges of Mount Pangaeus, and tire out the Hebrus by their speed; they spurn all suitors — the Cicones and Getae, the royal house of Rhesus, and the Bistones with their crescent-shaped shields.

And thus conspicuous in her native dress — with her long hair bound by a gift from the Hesperides, with her right breast bared for battle, while the shield glittered on her left arm and the target of the Amazons protected her in battle — she urged on her smoking chariot with furious speed. Some of her companions drove two-horse chariots, while others rode on horseback; and some of the princess's escort had already submitted to the bond of wedlock, but the maidens of the troop outnumbered these. She herself proudly displayed before the line the steeds which she had chosen from the droves among distant native huts; keeping near the mound, she drove round the plain

in circles; and, hurling her whizzing missiles through the air, she planted them in the summit of the citadel.

Again and again she hurled her weapons within the walls; but old Mopsus resented it, and sped from the high walls Cretan arrows from his twanging bow, and launched through the clear sky deadly wounds with the winged steel. He was a Cretan, who had voyaged from the caverns of the Curetes that ring with brass. When young and nimble, he was wont to beat the coverts of Dicte with feathered shafts: oft did he bring down from the sky the wandering bird; from a distance he would strike and stay the stag that was escaping from the nets along the plain; and the beast would collapse, surprised by a blow unforeseen, before the bow had ceased to twang. Gortyna, though she rivals the arrows of the East, had more reason then to boast of Mopsus than of any other archer. But when, grown poor, he was unwilling to pass his whole life in hunting, and when his poverty drove him across the sea, he had come, a humble guest, with his wife Meroe and his sons; and destiny had led him to ill-fated Saguntum. From the young men's shoulders there hung quivers and their father's arrows and the winged steel that is Crete's weapon. Mopsus, between his sons, was raining arrows from his Cydonian bow of horn upon the Massylian warriors. Already he had laid low Garamus and bold Thyrsus, and Gisgo rushing on together with fierce Bagas, and Lixus, yet beardless, who did not deserve to meet an arrow so unerring; and he fought on with his quiver filled. Now he turned his eyes and his weapon against the face of Asbyte, and prayed to Jupiter; but his prayer found no favour with the god whom he had deserted. For Harpe, a Nasamonian maid, when she saw the fatal bow turned about, placed herself in the way of the distant danger, and anticipated the mortal blow; and even as she shouted, the flying arrow struck her open mouth and passed through; and her sisters first saw the point standing out behind her. But Asbyte, furious at the fall of her comrade, raised the prostrate body and wetted with her tears the swimming eyes with their failing light; and then, putting forth all the strength of sorrow, she hurled her deadly spear against the city walls. On it flew and pierced with sudden blow the shoulder of Dorylas, as he strove to launch the steel into the air with loosened thumb — the ends of the bow already met, and the arrow filled the space left by the expanded string. Then he fell down headlong towards his sudden wound from the high bastions of the wall, and beside his falling body the arrows poured forth from his upset quiver. His brother, Icarus, armed alike and standing near him, cried aloud and sought to avenge that pitiable death. But, as he put forth his weapon in haste for battle, Hannibal hurled a great stone and stopped him with its whirling mass. His limbs collapsed, stiff with icy cold, and his failing hand returned to the quiver the arrow that belonged to it.

But Mopsus, when both his sons were slain, caught up his bow in his grief and rage, and bent it thrice; but thrice his hand fell, and sorrow robbed him of his accustomed skill. Too late, alas! he regrets to have left the land he loved.

Eagerly he clutched the stone that had felled Icarus; but, when the old man felt that his feeble blows on his own breast were vain, and knew that his arm could not help him to end his sore grief by death, he threw himself headlong from the top of the huge tower; and, falling heavily down, laic! at full length his dying limbs on his son's body.

While the Cretan stranger fell thus in foreign war, Theron, who guarded Hercules' temple and was priest at his altar, urged on the fighters and attempted a fresh effort. Unbarring a gate, he sent out a force to surprise the Carthaginians, and the fighting was fierce. He bore no spear in his hand nor helmet on his head; but, trusting in his broad shoulders and youthful strength, he laid the enemy low with a club, and craved no sword. The skin stripped from a lion was laid on his head, and raised the terrible open mouth aloft on his tall figure. He bore likewise on his shield a hundred snakes and the monster of Lerna — the hydra that multiplied when the serpents were cut in two. Juba and his father Thapsus; Micipsa, famous for the glory of his ancestor, and Saces the Moor — all these he had driven from the walls and pursued headlong to the shore as they fled in disorder; and his unaided arm made the sea foam with blood. Not satisfied with the death of Idus and the death of Cotho of Marmarica, nor with the slaughter of Rothus and the slaughter of Jugurtha, he raised his ambition to Asbyte's chariot, the glittering mantle that covered her, and her bright jewelled target; and all his mind was fixed on the warrior maiden. When the princess saw him rushing on with bloodstained weapon, she made her horses swerve aside; and thus, evading him by wheeling to the left, she cleaves the plain and flies like a bird over the curving field, showing him the back of her chariot. And, while she vanished from his sight, and the hoofs of her horses, galloping swifter than the wind, raised a cloud of dust on the field, her crashing wheels crushed the opposing ranks far and wide; and the maiden launched spear after spear upon them in their confusion. Here Lycas fell, and Thamyris, and Eurydamas of famous name, the scion of a noble stock. His ancestor, poor fool! had dared long ago to covet a splendid marriage with the wife of the Ithacan; but he was taken in by the trick of the chaste wife, who unravelled every night the threads of her web. He had declared that Ulysses was drowned at sea; but the Ithacan inflicted death upon the prater — real death and no fiction; and funeral took the place of marriage. Now his latest descendant, Eurydamas, was slain by the hand of the Numidian queen: the fatal chariot thundered over his broken bones and kept its course.

And now Asbyte came back to the place, when she saw Theron busy with battle; and, aiming her fierce battle-axe at the centre of his brow, she vowed to Dictynna a glorious spoil from it, even the lion-skin of Hercules. Nor did Theron hang back: eager for so great a prize, he rose up right in front of the horses and held before them the shaggy head of the tawny lion and thrust it in their frightened faces. Frantic with fear unfelt before — fear of the menacing open jaws — the coursers upset the heavy car and turned it over. Then, as

Asbytte tried to flee from the fight, he sprang to stop her, and smote her between the twin temples with his club; he spattered the glowing wheels and the reins, disordered by the terrified horses, with the brains that gushed from the broken skull. Then he seized her axe and, eager to display his slaughter of her, cut off the head of the maiden when she rolled out of her chariot. Not yet was his rage sated; for he fixed her head on a lofty pike, for all to see, and bade men bear it in front of the Punic army, and drive the chariot with speed to the town. Blind to his doom and deserted by divine favour, Theron fought on; but death was near him. For Hannibal came up, with wrath and menace expressed in every feature; with frenzied heart he raged at the slaughter of Asbytte, and at the horrid trophy of her head borne aloft. And, as soon as his shield of glittering brass shone out, and the armour on his swift limbs, rattling afar, thundered forth doom, the enemy were suddenly stricken with fear and fled in haste towards the town. So, in the late twilight, evening sends the birds on their light wings back from their feeding-ground to their familiar roosts; or so, when Cecropian Hymettus scares with menace of a rain-cloud the swarms scattered over the flowers, the bees, heavy with honey, hasten back to their luscious combs and hives of fragrant cork; they fly in a close pack, and unite in a deep humming noise outside the hives. Thus panic drove the frightened soldiers headlong, and they rushed on blindly. Ah! how sweet is the light of heaven! Why do men shun with such terror the death that must some day come, and the sentence pronounced against them at birth? They curse their design, and lament their sally from the protection of the gates and the wall. Theron can hardly stop their flight, using force sometimes and sometimes loud threats: "Stand fast, my men; you enemy belongs to me; stand fast — victory in a mighty combat is coming to me. My right hand shall drive away the Carthaginians from the wall and houses of Saguntum: do your part as mere spectators; or, if urgent fear drives you all into the city — a sorry sight — then shut your gates against me alone."

But Hannibal was hastening with headlong speed towards the walls, while the besieged were in fear, trembling for their safety and despairing of life; his purpose was to attack the city first through its open gates, deferring the slaughter of his foe. When the bold guardian of the temple of Hercules saw this, he sprang forward and, urged to speed by his fears, outstripped the foeman. The wrath of the Tyrian leader waxed yet fiercer: "You, worthy keeper of the city's gates, shall first suffer death at my hands, and by your death throw open the walls." Rage prevented further speech, and he whirled round his flashing sword; but the Daunian warrior was before him and swinging his club with mighty force threw it at Hannibal. Beneath that heavy blow his armour rang with a hollow sound; and the weighty knotted club, crashing upon the hollow metal, rebounded high. Then, unarmed and betrayed by his unsuccessful stroke, Theron urged his limbs to hasty flight and ran round the walls, seeking to escape by his speed. The conqueror pursued fiercely and taunted the back of the fugitive. The matrons cried out together,

and their voices, together with wailings, rose up from the lofty summit of the wall; now they address Theron by his familiar name, and now, too late, they wish for power to open the gate to him in his extremity; but, even as they encourage him, their hearts are shaken by the fear that, together with him, they may admit within the walls their mighty foe. Hannibal struck the weary runner with his shield and sprang upon him as he fell; then, pointing to the citizens watching from the walls, "Go!" he cried, "and comfort hapless Asbyte by your speedy death!" and at the same time buried his fatal sword in the throat of a victim who was fain to lose his life. Then the conqueror drove off with joy the horses taken from Asbyte, carrying them off from before the very walls, where the body of fugitives had used them to block the entrance of the gate; and off he sped in the chariot through the triumphant lines.

But the band of Numidians, frantic with grief, made haste with the sad office of burial, and gave Asbyte the tribute of a pyre, and seized the dead man's body and carried it thrice round her ashes. Next they cast into the flames his murderous club and his dreadful head-dress; and, when the face and beard were burnt, they left the unsightly corpse to the Spanish vultures.

Meanwhile the rulers of Carthage took counsel concerning the war and the answer they must send to the Italian people; and the formidable approach of the envoys made them uneasy. On the one hand they were swayed by loyalty to the treaty, by the gods who witnessed it, and by the compact to which their fathers swore; and on the other by the popularity of the ambitious young leader; and they nursed a hope of victory. But Hanno, hereditary foe and constant assailant of Hannibal, with these words rebuked their zeal and heedless partiality: "Senators, all things indeed intimidate me from speaking; for the angry threats of my opponents have proved unable to restrain themselves. Yet I shall not flinch, not even though I must soon die by violence. I shall appeal to the gods, and I shall tell Heaven, ere I die, the measures demanded by the safety of the state and of our country in its extremity. Not now only, when it is too late, when Saguntum is besieged and burning, do I prophesy these evils: I made a clean breast of my fears: I warned you before and, while I live, shall go on warning you, not to suffer that instrument of destruction to be bred up in camps and in war; for I marked the poison of his nature and his hereditary ambition, even as the watcher of the starry heavens foretells, not in vain, to hapless seamen the coming fury of the sea and the approaching blasts of the North-west wind. Hannibal has taken his seat on a throne and seized the reins of government; and therefore the treaty is broken by the sword, and by the sword every obligation is broken; cities are shaken, and the distant Aeneadae are alert to attack Carthage, and peace has been thrown to the winds. The young man is driven mad by the ghost and evil spirit of his father, by that fatal ceremony, by the gods who have turned against the breaker of faith and treaties, and by the Massylian priestess. Blinded and dazzled by new-gained power, he is overthrowing cities; but are they foreign cities? It is not Saguntum that he is attacking — so may he atone

for this crime in his own person and not involve his country in his punishment — now, even now, I declare, he is attacking the walls of Carthage and besieging us with his army. We drenched the valleys of Henna with the blood of the brave, and could hardly carry on the war by hiring the Spartan. We filled Scylla's caverns with shipwrecks; and, when our fleets were borne away by the tide, we saw Charybdis whirling the rowers' benches round and spouting them forth from her depths. Madman, with no fear of God in your heart, look at the Aegatian islands and the limbs of Libya drifting far away! Whither are you rushing? Do you seek fame for yourself by the ruin of your country? The huge Alps will sink down, forsooth, at sight of the stripling warrior; and the snowy mass of the Apennines, that raise their summit as high as the Alps, will sink down also. But suppose, vain pretender, that you reach the plains; that nation has a spirit that never dies; sword and flame can never wear them out. You will not find yourself fighting there against the stock that came from Neritus. Their soldiers grow to manhood in the camp, and their faces rub against the helmet before they are marked by the golden down. Nor is rest known to them in age; even old men, who have shed their blood in long service, stand in the front rank and challenge death. My own eyes have seen Roman soldiers, when run through the body, snatch the weapon from their wound and hurl it at the foe; I have seen their courage and the way they die and their passion for glory. From how much bloodshed does Hanno save Carthage, if she sets her face against war and does not wantonly confront the conquerors!" To this speech Gestar replied. Harsh and impatient, he had long been nursing bitter wrath, and twice had he tried to raise a disturbance and silence Hanno in the middle of his speech. "Ye gods!" he cried: "is this a Roman soldier, seated in the council of Libya and the Carthaginian senate? Arms he has not yet taken up; but in all else the foeman stands declared before us. Now he threatens us with the twin ranges of Alps and Apennines, now with the Sicilian sea and the waves on Scylla's shore; he is not far from fearing the very shades and ghosts of the Romans: such praise does he heap upon their wounds and deaths, and exalts the nation to the sky. But, though his cold heart trembles with base fear, take my word for it, that the foe whom we are engaging is mortal. I was looking on, when Regulus, the hope and pride of Hector's race, was dragged along amid the shouts of the populace to his dark dungeon, with both hands bound fast behind his back; I was looking on, when he hung high upon the tree and saw Italy from his lofty cross. Nor again do I dread the brows that wear the helmet in early boyhood, nor the heads that carry the steel cap before their time. The temper of our people is not so sluggish. Look at the Libyan squadrons: how many of them vie in exertions beyond their years, and go to war on bare-backed horses! Look at Hannibal himself. When he was first able to utter speech from his childish lips, he pledged himself to war and the clarion's sound, and swore to consume the Phrygian people with fire, and fought in fancy the campaigns of his father, Hamilcar. Therefore, let the Alps soar to heaven, and the Apennines lift their

glittering peaks to the stars: through rocks and snows — I will say it, that even an idle boast may sting a traitor's heart — through the sky itself our pioneer will find a way. Shameful is it to shun a path that Hercules trod and to shrink back from repeating his exploit. Hanno exaggerates the defeats of Libya and the conflagration of our first war with Rome, and forbids us to bear hardship again in defence of freedom. Let Hanno still his agitation and fears, and keep his sobbing breath, like an unwarlike woman, behind the walls of his house. But we shall march against the foe — we who are determined, even if Jupiter is not on our side, to drive foreign rulers far from Tyrian Byrsa. But, if Fate fights against us and Mars has already condemned Carthage and departed from her, I shall choose rather to fall; I shall not hand over my glorious fatherland to eternal slavery, and I shall go down free to Acheron. For, ye gods! what are the demands of Fabius?— ‘Lay down your arms at once and depart from the captured citadel of Saguntum. Next, your picked troops must pile their shields and burn them; your ships must be burnt, and you must withdraw altogether from the sea.’ Ye gods, if Carthage never deserved such punishment, prevent the abomination, and keep the hands of our general unfettered.” Then he sat down, and the senators were permitted to vote according to custom. But Hanno insisted that the spoils of war should be at once given up, and also the first breaker of the treaty. Then indeed the senate, as excited as if the enemy were bursting into the temple, sprang up and prayed the gods to turn the evil omen against Latium. But when Fabius perceived the division of opinion, and that their disloyal minds were inclining to war, he could master his resentment no longer; and he demanded a swift decision. When the senate was summoned, he began thus: “I carry war and peace here in my lap; choose which ye will have, and cheat me not by an ambiguous answer.” The angry senators said they would accept neither. Then, as if he were pouring out battle and war enclosed in his arms, “Take war,” he cried, “a fatal war for Libya, and like in its issue to the last” — and therewith he shook loose the folds of his gown. Then he returned to his native city, a harbinger of war.

While this debate went on in the kingdom of the exile, Elissa, Hannibal swiftly despoiled those tribes whose loyalty was waxing faint as the war dragged on; then, loaded with plunder, he took his army back to the walls of Saguntum.

But behold! the peoples who dwell by the Atlantic brought gifts to the general. They gave him a shield that glittered with cruel sheen, the work of Gallician craftsmen; a helmet wreathed with flashing plumes, on the height of whose white crest snowy feathers nodded and waved; a sword and a spear that, though it was but one, was to slay its thousands. There was also a cuirass wrought with triple bosses of gold, a defence that no weapon could pierce. This armour was wrought throughout of bronze and tough steel, and covered richly with the gold of the Tagus; and Hannibal surveyed each part of it with joy and triumph in his eyes, and he delighted to see there depicted the

beginnings of Carthage.

Dido was shown building the city of infant Carthage; her men had beached their ships and were busily engaged. Some were enclosing a harbour with piers; to others dwellings were assigned by Bitias, a righteous and venerable old man. Men pointed to the head of a warhorse which they had found in the soil when digging, and hailed the omen with a shout. Amid these scenes Aeneas was shown, robbed of his ships and men and cast up by the sea; with his right hand he made supplication. The hapless queen looked eagerly upon him with unclouded brow and with looks already friendly. Next, the art of Gallicia had fashioned the cave and the secret tryst of the lovers; high rose the shouting and the baying of hounds; and the mounted huntsmen, alarmed by a sudden rainfall, took shelter in the forest. Not far away, the fleet of the Aeneadae had left the shore and was making for the open sea, while Elissa was calling them back in vain. Then Dido by herself was standing wounded on a huge pyre, and charging a later generation of Tyrians to avenge her by war; and the Dardan, out at sea, was watching the blazing pile and spreading his sails for his high destiny. On another part of the shield Hannibal prayed at the altars of the nether gods, and, with the Stygian priestess, made a secret libation of blood, and swore to fight against the Aeneadae from his youth up. And old Hamilcar was there, riding proudly over the Sicilian fields; one might think that he was alive and rousing breathless conflict — fire shines in his eyes and his image is grim with menace.

The left side also of the shield was filled with Spartan warriors, carved in high relief; they were led in triumph by victorious Xanthippus, who came from Amyclae, the city of Leda. Near them hung Regulus, glorious in suffering, beneath a picture of his punishment, setting to Saguntuma noble example of loyalty. Hard by was a happier scene — herds of wild beasts chased by hunters, and African huts, carved in shining metal. Not far away the savage sunburnt sister of a blackamoor soothed lionesses, her companions, with her native speech. The shepherd roamed free over the plains, and his flock, unforbidden, made their way into pastures without limit; the Punic guardian of the herd took all his possessions with him, according to the custom of his country — his javelins, his barking Cretan hound, his tent, his fire hidden in the veins of flint, and the reed-pipe which his steers know well. Conspicuous on the shield was Saguntum, rising on its lofty eminence; and round it swarmed countless hosts and serried ranks of fighters, who assailed it with their quivering spears. On the outer rim of the shield flowed the Ebro, enclosing the vast circuit with its curves and windings. And there was Hannibal; having broken the treaty by crossing the river, he was summoning the Punic nations to battle against Rome. Proud of such a gift, the leader fitted the new armour to his broad shoulders with a clang. Then, with head held high, he spoke thus: "Ah! what torrents of Roman blood will drench this armour! How great a penalty shall the Senate, the disposer of war, pay to me!"

By now the beleaguered enemy was growing feebler, and time sapped the

strength of the citizens, while they looked in their extremity for the eagles and troops of their ally. At last they turned their gaze away from the delusive sea, and gave up the shore as hopeless, and saw their doom at hand. Inward pangs, piercing to the marrow, had long been fixed there, utterly consuming the starving people. Famine, long concealed, devoured their much-enduring flesh with slow and secret poison, and burnt up their bloodless veins; by now their eyes sank back from the emaciated cheeks; the bones, a hideous sight when the flesh was gone, stuck out, covered only by the yellow skin and ill-joined by the shaking arteries. They tried to ease their suffering by the moist dews and damp soil of night, and with useless toil squeezed; in vain the sap from dry wood. They shrank from no pollution; their fierce hunger forced them to eat strange food; they stripped their shields bare and gnawed the loosened coverings of their bucklers.

Hercules looked down from high heaven and beheld these things and wept over the calamities of the stricken town; but he was helpless, and respect for the bidding of his mighty sire hindered him from opposing the decrees of his cruel stepmother. Therefore, hiding his intent, he took his way to the abode of sacred Loyalty, seeking to discover her hidden purpose. It chanced that the goddess, who loves solitude, was then in a distant region of heaven, pondering in her heart the high concerns of the gods. Then he who gave peace to Nemea accosted her thus with reverence: "Goddess more ancient than Jupiter, glory of gods and men, without whom neither sea nor land finds peace, sister of Justice, silent divinity in the heart of man, canst thou look on unmoved at the awful doom of thine own Saguntum, and watch the city while it suffers so many penalties in thy defence? For thy sake the people die; the matrons, conquered by famine, call on thee alone; the pitiful cries of the men invoke thee; thy name is heard in the first utterance of their little ones. Bring help from heaven, and grant that the fallen may rise."

Thus spoke Alcmena's son, and the goddess made answer: "I see it indeed, and the breaking of treaties is not disregarded by me: the day is fixed that shall hereafter punish such evil deeds. But, when I hastened to leave the sin-stained earth, I was forced to settle here and change my habitation, because the human race was so fertile in wickedness; I fled from wicked kings, who themselves fear as much as they are feared, and the frenzy for gold, and the rich rewards of wickedness. I fled also from nations hateful in their customs and living by violence like wild beasts, where all honour is undermined by luxury, and where shame is buried in deep darkness. Force is worshipped, and the sword usurps the place of justice, and virtue has given place to crime. Behold the nations! no man is innocent; fellowship in guilt alone preserves peace. But, if thou desirest the walls built by thy hand to keep a manhood worthy of thee by a noble ending, and not, worn out as they are, surrender themselves as prisoners to the Carthaginian, I will grant the only boon now allowed by fate and by the chain of coming events: I will prolong the renown of their death and send it down to posterity; and I myself will follow their

glorious spirits to the nether world.”

Then the austere goddess sped down the light ether and, burning with anger, made for Saguntum and found it struggling with doom. Taking possession of their minds and pervading their breasts, her familiar habitation, she instilled her divine power into their hearts. Then, piercing even to their marrow, she filled them with a burning passion for herself. They call for arms and put forth their feeble efforts in battle. Strength beyond their hopes is forthcoming; to honour their loved goddess, and to die nobly in her defence — this purpose comes still closer to their hearts. An unspoken resolve fills the triumphant hearts of the sufferers — to endure things even worse than death, to imitate the diet of wild beasts, and make their meals an abomination. But stainless Loyalty forbids them to prolong a life defiled by crime, and to stay their hunger with the flesh of fellow-creatures.

It chanced that Saturn’s daughter was repairing to the Carthaginian camp; and, soon as she saw the maiden, Loyalty, in the citadel of the hated people, she rebuked her eagerness to stir up war, and, stumbling in her rage, summoned at once dark Tisiphone who drives with her scourge the spirits in the depths of hell. Stretching out her hands she said: “Daughter of Night, use your power to overthrow yonder walls, and lay the proud people low by their own hands. This is Juno’s bidding; I myself shall keep near and watch from a cloud your handiwork and your zeal. Take up the weapons that confound the gods and even supreme Jupiter, and that make Acheron tremble — flame and hideous serpents and that hissing which belongs to you alone and makes Cerberus shut his mouths for fear; take frothing venom mixed with gall; take all the crime and punishment and wrath that are nursed in your teeming breast, and heap them headlong upon the Rutulians, and send all Saguntum down to Erebus. Let this be the price they pay for Loyalty’s descent from heaven.”

With these words the angry goddess spurred on the ruthless Fury, and hurled her with her own hand against the walls; and suddenly the mountain shook all round, and the waves along the shore made a deeper sound. Upon the Fury’s head and round her swollen neck a brood of scaly-backed serpents glittered and hissed. Opening wide his hollow jaws, Death stalked abroad and gaped for the doomed citizens; and round him stood Mourning and Wailing with blackened breast and Grief and Pain; and all the Avengers were there; and the sleepless guardian of the dismal dwelling bayed from his triple throat. At once the Fiend changed her shape and took the likeness of Tiburna and her gait withal and the sound of her voice. Tiburna, robbed of her husband, Murrus, was mourning for her marriage-bed made empty by war and the fierce blast of battle; she was of noble birth and derived her name from the blood of Daunus. The Fury assumed her likeness and then, with hair dishevelled and cheeks torn in sign of mourning, rushed wildly into the midst of the crowd. “How long?” she cried. “We have done enough for the sake of Loyalty and our forefathers; my own eyes have seen the bleeding form of my loved Murrus, have seen him startling my nights with his mangled body, and

speaking fearful words: 'Save yourself, dear wife, from the calamities of this hapless city; and, if the victory of the Carthaginian leaves no land for refuge, seek safety, Tiburna, with my ghost. Our gods are overthrown, we Rutulians are undone, the Punic sword is master of all.' My heart quakes with fear, and his ghost is still before my eyes. Shall I then see the dwellings of Saguntum vanish utterly? Fortunate Murrus, to die and leave his country still alive! But as for us — we shall be carried off to wait on the women of Carthage; and, after the calamities of war and the dangers of the great deep, victorious Carthage will behold us; and at last, when the final darkness of death comes, I shall be laid a captive in the lap of Libya. But you, young men, whose conscious valour has denied that you can ever be taken captive, you who have in death a mighty weapon against misfortune, rescue your mothers from slavery with your swords. Steep is the path that makes virtue seen. Hasten to be the first to snatch a glory that few can attain to, a glory unknown till now!"

When she had stirred up her hearers' troubled minds with this appeal, next she sought the mound which Amphitryon's son had built on the topmost peak of the mountain, as a sea-mark for sailors and a welcome tribute of honour to the dead. Then — dreadful to behold — a snake burst forth at her summons from its abode in the depths of the mound; its body was dark-green and rough with spots of gold; its fiery eyes glittered with blood-red flame; and the mouth with its flickering tongue made a loud hissing. Between the terrified groups its coils moved on through the centre of the city, and swiftly it glided down from the high walls; then, as if escaping, it made its way to the shore near the town, and plunged headlong into the waves of the foaming sea.

Then indeed men's reason tottered: it seemed that the dead were fleeing forth from abodes no longer safe, and that their ghosts refused to lie in conquered soil. They were sick with disappointed hope of deliverance; they refused food; the disguised Fury possessed them. To postpone the date of death is as grievous as Heaven's refusal to pity their suffering; in their frenzy they find existence a burden and long to snap the thread of life instantly. Built by many hands, a pyre whose height rose to heaven was erected in the centre of the city. Hither they dragged or carried the wealth of a long peace, the prizes won by valour, robes embroidered with Gallician gold by their matrons, weapons brought by their ancestors from Dulichian Zacynthus, and the household gods that came across the sea from the ancient city of the Rutulians. They throw on the pile all that the conquered still possess, and their shields too and swords that could not save; and they dig up from the bowels of the earth hoards buried in time of war, and with joy and pride consign the conqueror's booty to the all-devouring flames.

When the fatal Fury saw this pile, she brandished the torch that was dipped in the fiery waves of Phlegethon; and she hid the gods above with the darkness of Hell. Then the people, ever unconquered, began a work, which glory in defeat keeps famous for ever throughout the world. First Tisiphone, resenting a father's half-hearted stroke, pushed the hilt forward in triumph and

drove in the reluctant sword, and cracked her hellish scourge again and again with hideous noise. Against their will men stain their hands with kindred blood; they marvel at the crime they have committed with loathing, and weep over the wickedness they have wrought. One man, distraught with rage and the madness of disaster and extreme suffering, turns a sidelong glance at the breast of his mother. Another, snatching an axe and aiming it at the neck of his loved wife, reproaches himself and curses his unfinished crime, and, as if paralysed, throws his weapon down. Yet he is not suffered to escape; for the Fury repeats her blows, and breathes black passion into him with her hissing mouth. Thus there is an end of all wedded love: the husband has forgotten the joys of his marriage-bed, and remembers his bride no more. Another, exerting all his strength, throws a suffering body into the flames where the crest of the dark-rolling fire sends up thick smoke and pitchy blackness.

Again, in the midst of the crowd, ill-starred Tymbrenus, distraught with love assuming strange disguise, and eager to rob the Carthaginian of his father's death, mutilates the features that resemble his own, and desecrates a body that is the image of himself. Twin brethren also, alike in every point, Eurymedon and Lycormas, each an exact likeness of the other, were slain there in their prime. To their mother it had been a sweet perplexity to name her sons aright, and to be uncertain of her own children's features. The sword that pierced the throat of Eurymedon, while the poor old mother lamented, had already cleared him of guilt; and while she, distraught with sorrow and mistaking whom she saw, cried out, "What mean you, madman? Turn your sword against me, Lycormas," lo! Lycormas had already stabbed himself in the throat. But she cried aloud: "Eurymedon, what madness is this?" — and the mother, misled by the likeness of the twins, called back her dead sons by wrong names; at last, driving the steel through her own quivering breast, she sank down over the sons whom even then she could not distinguish.

Who could command his tears when recounting the dreadful fate of the city, the crimes that deserve praise, the penalty paid by Loyalty, and the piteous doom of pious souls? Even the Punic army, enemies incapable of pity, could scarce have refrained from weeping. A city, that was long the abode of Loyalty and that claimed a god as the founder of her walls, is falling now, disregarded by the injustice of Heaven, amid the treacherous warfare of Carthaginians and horrors committed by her own citizens; fire and sword run riot, and any spot that is not burning is a scene of crime. The pyre sends up aloft a sable cloud of black smoke. On the high top of the lofty mountain the citadel that former wars had spared is blazing — from this point the citizens were wont to see the Punic camp and the shore and the whole of Saguntum, — the temples of the gods are blazing. The sea is lit up by the reflection of the fire, and the conflagration quivers on the restless water.

Lo! in the midst of madness and murder, unhappy Tiburna was seen. Her right hand was armed with her husband's bright sword, and in her left she brandished a burning torch; her disordered hair stood on end, her shoulders

were bare, and she displayed a breast discoloured by cruel blows. She hurried right over the corpses to the tomb of Murrus. Such seems Alecto, when the palace of the Infernal Father thunders doom, and the monarch's wrath troubles and vexes the dead; then the Fury, standing before the throne and terrible seat of the god, does service to the Jupiter of Tartarus and deals out punishments. Her husband's armour, lately rescued with much bloodshed, she placed on the mound with tears; then she prayed to the dead to welcome her, and applied her burning torch to the pile. Then, rushing upon death, "Best of husbands," she cried, "see, I myself carry this weapon to you in the shades." And so she stabbed herself and fell down over the armour, meeting the fire with open mouth.

Unhappy in their death, half-consumed by the fire, without distinction or order, the bodies of the people lay pell-mell, one upon another. Even so, when a lion, driven by hunger, has at last prevailed and stormed the sheepfold with parched gorge, he roars with gaping jaws and devours the helpless sheep, and streams of blood are vomited forth from his vast gape; he couches down on dark heaps of victims half-devoured, or, gnashing his teeth with panting and roaring, stalks between the piles of mangled carcasses. Around him in confusion lie the sheep with the Molossian dog that guarded them, and the band of shepherds with the owner of the flock and fold; and their huts are utterly destroyed and their dwellings demolished. The Carthaginians rushed into the citadel which so many disasters had left undefended. And then at last the Fiend, her duty done, returned, with thanks from Juno, to the nether world, proud and triumphant that she carried with her to Tartarus a multitude of victims.

But you, ye star-like souls, whom no succeeding age shall ever match — go, glory of the earth, a worshipful company, and adorn Elysium and the pure abodes of the righteous. Whereas he, who gained glory by an unjust victory — hear it, ye nations, and break not treaties of peace nor set power above loyalty! — banished from his native land he shall wander, an exile, over the whole earth; and terrified Carthage shall see him in full retreat. Often, startled in his sleep by the ghosts of Saguntum, he shall wish that he had fallen by his own hand; but the steel will be denied him, and the warrior once invincible in earlier years shall carry down to the waters of Styx a body disfigured and blackened by poison.

BOOK III

ARGUMENT

AFTER THE TAKING OF SAGUNTUM, BOSTAR IS SENT TO AFRICA TO CONSULT JUPITER AMMON (1-13). HANNIBAL GOES TO GADES, WHERE HE IS SHOWN THE FAMOUS TEMPLE OF HERCULES AND MARVELS AT THE TIDES OF THE ATLANTIC (14-60). HE SENDS HIS WIFE, HIMILCE, AND HIS INFANT SON TO CARTHAGE (61-157). HE DREAMS OF THE COMING CAMPAIGN (158-213). HE SETS OFF: A CATALOGUE OF HIS FORCES (214-405). HE CROSSES THE PYRENEES (406-441). HE CROSSES THE RHONE AND THE DURANCE (442-476). THE ALPS ARE DESCRIBED (477-499). AFTER FRIGHTFUL HARDSHIPS HE PITCHES A CAMP ON THE SUMMIT OF THE MOUNTAINS (500-556). VENUS AND JUPITER CONVERSE CONCERNING THE DESTINY OF ROME (557-629). HANNIBAL ENCAMPS IN THE COUNTRY OF THE TAURINI (630-646). BOSTAR BRINGS BACK FROM AFRICA THE RESPONSE OF JUPITER AMMON (647-714).

AFTER the Carthaginians had broken faith, and the walls of faithful Saguntum, frowned on by the Father of Heaven, had been overthrown, the conqueror at once visited the peoples who dwell at the limit where the world ends, and Gades, the home of a race akin to Carthage. Nor did he omit to consult the wisdom and foresight of prophets concerning the struggle for power. Bostar was ordered to set sail at once and to inquire into the future before it came. From early times men have always trusted the shrine where horned Ammon sits on high, a rival of the Delphian caves, and reveals future ages in his prophetic grove among the thirsty Garamantes. From there Hannibal sought a good omen for his enterprise; he sought to know coming events before their date and to learn the changing fortunes of the war.

Thereafter he worshipped at the altars of the god who bears the club, and loaded them with offerings lately snatched by the conqueror from the fire and smoke of the citadel of Saguntum. Men said — and it was no idle tale — that the timber, of which the temple was built at first, never decayed, and for ages never felt the handiwork of any others than the first builders. Hence men take pleasure in the belief that the god has taken up his abode there and defends his temple from decay. Further, those who are permitted and privileged to have access to the inner shrine forbid the approach of women, and are careful to keep bristly swine away from the threshold. The dress worn before the altars is the same for all: linen covers their limbs, and their foreheads are adorned with a head-band of Pelusian flax. It is their custom to offer incense with robes ungirt; and, following their fathers' rule, they adorn the garment of sacrifice with a broad stripe. Their feet are bare and their heads shaven, and their bed admits no partner; the fires on the hearth-stones keep the altars alight perpetually. But no statues or familiar images of the gods filled the place with solemnity and sacred awe.

The doors displayed the Labours of Hercules. The Hydra of Lerna lay there with her snakes lopped off, and the strangled head of the Nemean lion was carved there with jaws agape. There too the doorkeeper of the Styx, who terrifies the dead by his savage barking, raged at his bonds, when dragged for the first time from his everlasting cavern; and Megaera stood by, fearing to be fettered too. Near by were the Thracian horses, and the bane of Erymanthus,

and the antlers of the brazen-footed stag that rose above tall trees. And the child of the Libyan land, no easy conquest when he stood upon his mother, lay low, and low lay the ungainly race of Centaurs, half men and half horses, and the river of Acarnania, now robbed of one horn. Amid these figures Oeta shines with sacred fires, and the flames carry the hero's soul up to Heaven.

When Hannibal's eyes were sated with the picture of all that valour, he saw next a marvellous sight — the sea suddenly flung upon the land with the mass of the rising deep, and no encircling shores, and the fields inundated by the invading waters. For, where Nereus rolls forth from his blue caverns and churns up the waters of Neptune from the bottom, the sea rushes forward in flood, and Ocean, opening his hidden springs, rushes on with furious waves. Then the water, as if stirred to the depths by the fierce trident, strives to cover the land with the swollen sea. But soon the water turns and glides back with ebbing tide; and then the ships, robbed of the sea, are stranded, and the sailors, lying on their benches, await the waters' return. It is the Moon that stirs this realm of wandering Cymothoe and troubles the deep; the Moon, driving her chariot through the sky, draws the sea this way and that, and Tethys follows with ebb and flow.

Hannibal viewed these things in haste; for he had much to trouble him. His first anxiety was to remove from war the sharer of his bed and their little son, an infant at his mother's breast. She was a maiden and he a youth, when they first were wedded; and she clung to him with a love full of memories. But the child, born in front of besieged Saguntum, had not yet completed twelve circuits of the moon. When he had resolved to send off mother and child and remove them from the army, Hannibal addressed them thus: "O my son, hope of high Carthage, and dread, no less, of the Aeneadae, may you, I pray, be more glorious than your father and make a name for yourself by works of war which shall surpass your grandsire's. Rome, sick with fear, already reckons up your years — years that shall make mothers weep. If my prophetic soul does not deceive my feeling, vast suffering for the world is growing up in you; I recognize my father's countenance, and the defiant eyes beneath a frowning brow; I note the depth of your infant cries and the beginnings of a fierceness like my own. If haply some god shall check my great career and nip my glory in the bud by death, then be it your task, my wife, to keep safe this pledge of war. And, when he is able to speak, lead him through the scenes of my childhood: let him lay his baby hands on the altar of Elissa, and vow to his father's ashes that he will fight against Rome. Then, when his riper age shall put on the down of youth, let him rush forth to war, treading the treaty under foot; and let him, when victorious, demand a tomb for me upon the Capitoline hill. But you, whose love deserves my worship, you who can look forward to the glory and happiness of so mighty a son, depart from the dangers and uncertainty of war, and turn away from hardship. We men must face heights barred by snow, and crags that reach the sky; we must face the labour that brought the sweat to the brow of Alcides and made his stepmother marvel; we

must face the Alps, a sharper ordeal than war. But, if Fortune withhold her promised favour and frown on my enterprise, I should wish you long life and peaceful old age; your youth deserves that the unhasting Fates should prolong your threads beyond my span.”

Thus he spoke, and Imilce answered him. She was descended from Castalius, a man of Cirrha, who named his city, Castulo, after his mother, and it still keeps the name of Apollo’s priest. Thus Imilce traced her pedigree to a sacred stock. When Bacchus was conquering the Spanish peoples and attacking Calpe with the staves and spears of his Maenads, Milichus was born of a lustful Satyr and the nymph Myrice, and had held wide dominion in his native land; and horns, like those of his father, grew upon his forehead. From him Imilce drew her nationality and noble blood; but the name of Milichus had suffered a slight corruption in the native speech. Thus she then began with slowly dropping tears: “Do you forget that my life depends on yours? Do you reject me as a partner of your enterprise? Does our union, do our first nuptial joys, make you believe that I, your wife, would fall back when climbing with you the frozen mountains? Doubt not a woman’s hardihood; no danger is too great for wedded love to face. But if you judge me by sex alone, and are determined to leave me, I yield indeed and will not stay the course of destiny. I pray God to bless you.

Go and prosper! Go with favouring gods and prayers! And amid the battles and the blaze of arms, remember to keep in mind the wife and child whom you leave behind. For I fear the Romans, with their weapons and their firebrands, less than I fear you: you rush fiercely right upon the swords, and expose your life to the missiles, nor does any successful feat of arms content you; your ambition, unlike that of other men, knows no bounds; and you think a peaceful death an inglorious end for a soldier. Trembling takes hold of my limbs; and yet I dread no man who shall meet you in single combat. But thou, O Father of battles, have pity, and turn away evil from us, and preserve that life from all assaults of the Trojans!”

And now they had gone forth and stood upon the shore-line. The ship, rowed forward, was slowly trimming her sails to the wind, and the sailors dangled from the mast, when Hannibal, eager to allay her fears and relieve her mind, sick with frantic anxieties, thus began: “Have done with forebodings and with tears, my faithful wife. In war, as in peace, the end of each man’s life is fixed, and the first day leads but to the last; few there are whom a soul of fire permits to be for ever famous on the lips of men; and such the Divine Father marks out to dwell in heaven. Shall I endure the yoke of Rome, and not resent the slavery of Carthage? I am driven on by the spirit of my father that rebukes me in the darkness of night; that altar and that dreadful sacrifice stand clear before my sight; and my brief and changeful span forbids me to defer the date. Am I to sit still, in order that Carthage alone may know my name? And is all the world to be ignorant of my quality?

Am I, from fear of death, to abandon the heights of glory? How little does

an obscure life differ from death! Yet fear not rashness in my ardour for renown: I too value life, and the hero finds pleasure in old age, when he is famed for great deeds in the autumn of life. You too may look for great rewards from the war now begun: if only Heaven favours us, all Tiber and the Roman women and the Dardans, rich in gold, shall be at your feet.” While they conversed together thus and mingled their tears, the steersman, feeling that he could trust the sea, hailed the unwilling wife from his high seat on the stern. Torn’ from her husband’s arms she is carried away. Her eager eyes still cling to him and watch the shore, until the sea made sight impossible and the land fell back, as the swift ship sped on its watery way.

But Hannibal sought to drown his love in the business of war: he went back quickly to the walls of Gades; and, while he went round them and surveyed every part again and again, the ceaseless toil proved too much at last for that strong heart, and he was able to rest his warlike mind in sleep.

Then the Almighty Father, purposing to test the Roman people by peril, to raise their fame to heaven by victory in fierce warfare, and to repeat their ancient ordeal, urged on Hannibal’s design by breaking his peaceful rest and sending terrors to disturb his sleep. Quickly the god of Cyllene, flying through the dewy darkness of the night, carried the message of his sire. At once he accosted Hannibal, where he lay at ease in untroubled sleep, and upbraided him with sharp reproof: “Ruler of Libya, it becomes not a leader to pass the whole night in slumber: war prospers when the commander wakes. You will see ships swarm forth ere long to plough the sea, and Roman warriors speeding all over the deep, while you, slow to begin, stand idle in the land of Spain. Is it glory enough for you, and a memorable feat of arms, to have overthrown Greek Saguntum with so great an effort? Arise! and if aught in your heart is capable of bold action, then go quickly along with me and accompany my summons (I forbid you to look back: such is the command of Jupiter) and I will set you victorious before the lofty walls of Rome.”

And now he dreamed that Mercury laid a hand upon him and drew him in joy and haste to the land of Saturn, when he was startled by a sudden noise about him and a hissing of fierce tongues behind him that hurtled through the sky. Stricken with intense fear, he forgot the divine command, and looked behind him in his dismay. Behold! a black serpent, sweeping along in its huge embrace woods, and forest-trees torn from the hills, and rocks dragged along a pathless track, was hissing with deadly blast. Huge as the Serpent which moves with its coils round the Great and Little Bear and encompasses both constellations in its course, so huge it parts its jaws with cavernous yawn, and raises its crest to the height of rain-swept mountains. And the fury of the bursting heavens redoubled the noise and discharged a storm of rain mixed with hail. Terrified by this portent (for his sleep was not real sleep, and the power of night was waning, because the god whose rod dispels darkness had mingled night with day) Hannibal asked what this terrible monster was, and whither it was bearing that body which weighed down the earth, and what

nations were demanded by its open jaws. The god who was born in the cold caverns of fostering Cyllene made reply: "You see the war you have prayed for: mighty wars follow in your train, and falling forests, and fierce storms in an angry sky, and slaughter of men, with mighty destruction and doleful doom to the people of Ida. All this is your doing. As that huge serpent with scaly hide laid waste the mountains and hurled the uprooted forests over the plains and wetted the whole earth with its foaming slaver, so you, as huge, will rush down from the conquered Alps and wrap Italy in a black cloud of war; and with a noise like the serpents you will shatter the walls of towns and root out cities and dash them to the ground."

The god and slumber then left him, disturbed by these incitements. A cold sweat broke out on his body, while he turned over the promises of the dream with a fearful joy and reviewed the night once more. Soon was honour paid to the King of Heaven and Mars, because of the favourable omen; and first of all the god of Cyllene, in reward for his counsel, was propitiated with the sacrifice of a snow-white bull. At once Hannibal ordered that the standards should be plucked up, and a sudden shout shook the camp filled with a babel of discordant tongues.

Hand down to fame, Calliope, the peoples summoned forth by this fell enterprise and borne against the realm of Latinus! Name the cities of warlike Spaniards whom Carthage armed, and the squadrons that she mustered on the shore of Africa, when she dared to claim for herself the reins of government, and to give a new ruler to mankind. Never at any time did a fiercer tempest rage, driven on by furious winds; not even that dreadful war that swept along a thousand ships raged with more violence or appalled more utterly a terror-stricken world.

Foremost in the ranks were the soldiers from Tyrian Carthage. Light of limb were they, and the glory of lofty stature was denied them; but they were readily taught to deceive, and never slow to lay secret traps for the enemy. They carried then a primitive shield, and fought with a short sword; their feet were bare, nor was it their custom to wear a belt; their dress was red, and they had skill to hide under its covering the blood shed in battle. Their leader was Mago, Hannibal's brother, and his purple-clad figure overtopped them all while he drove his chariot along, rejoicing in its clattering noise and bold as his brother in the fray.

Next to the men of Carthage, Utica poured forth her people — Utica hoary with age, that was founded before the citadel of ancient Byrsa. Next came Aspis, which borders the sea with a wall built by the Sicilian, and whose ramparts form a crescent in the shape of a shield. But all eyes were turned upon their leader, Sychaeus, a son of Hasdrubal, who was filled with vainglory on the score of his mother's blood; and the name of his uncle, Hannibal, came ever proudly from his lips.

The warlike sons of Berenicis by the sea were present; nor was Barce backward, a dry land of thirsty springs, whose men are armed for battle with

long smooth pikes; and Cyrene too roused to arms the sons of Battus, treacherous men, descendants from a Peloponnesian stock. They were led by Ilertes whom old Hamilcar praised long ago, active still in council but slow in war.

Then Sabratha and Phoenician Leptis sent their Tyrian folk, and Oea sent Sicilian colonists mixed with Africans, and the river Lixus sent the men of Tingis from the stormy shore. Next came Vaga, and Hippo dear to kings of old, and Ruspina, which guards herself by distance against sea-floods; and, with Zama, Thapsus, now made more fertile by Roman blood. All these peoples were led by Antaeus, a giant in giant armour; by his deeds as by his name he kept alive the fame of Hercules, and towered above the heads of his soldiers.

The Ethiopians came, a race whom the Nile knows well, who dig the loadstone from the earth; they alone have the power to attract the iron of the mine without the use of tools by placing the stone beside it. Together with them came the burnt-up Nubae, whose bodies show the fierce heat of their sun; they wear no helmet of brass nor tough cuirass of steel; nor do they bend the bow. It is their custom to protect their heads with many folds of linen, and with linen to cover their bodies, and to throw javelins steeped in noxious juices, thus disgracing the steel with poison. Then first the Macae, from the river Cinyps, learned how to pitch tents in their camp in Phoenician fashion — shaggy bearded men, whose backs are covered with the bristling hide of a wild goat, and the weapon they carry is a curved javelin. But the Adymachidae bear a target of many colours, and a sword fashioned by the smith in the shape of a sickle, and wear greaves on the left leg. Rough was this people's fare, and scanty their diet; for their sorry meals are roasted on the burning sand. The Massyli also brought thither their glittering standards, the most remote inhabitants of earth, coming from the groves of the Hesperides. Fierce Bocchus was their leader; from his head the hair fell down in close curls; and he had seen the sacred trees beside the sea, and the glittering gold among the green leaves.

The Gaetulians also, who are wont to live among packs of wild beasts, and by their speech to allay the fierceness of untamed lions, left their settlements for the camp of Hannibal. Houseless men, they dwell in wagons; their custom is to stray from place to place and to carry with them their moving household gods. Of these a thousand wing-footed squadrons came speeding to the camp; their horses are swifter than the wind and taught to obey the switch. So, when the speedy Spartan dog fills the thickets with his roving bark, or the Umbrian hound by his keen scent drives wild beasts forth from a mountain path, the flying deer in their terror rush headlong in their herds far and wide. Acherras led the Gaetulians; but his face was not joyful, nor his brow serene; for he was the brother of Asbyte so lately slain.

Then came the Marmaridae with a sound of clashing arms, a people of magical powers, at whose spells the snake forgot its poison, and at whose

touch horned serpents lay still and harmless. Next came the hardy warriors of Baniura; having little iron they are content to harden their spear-points over a scanty flame; eager for battle they uttered wild cries together with fierce speech. The Autololes also came, a fiery race of nimble runners: no horse nor flooded river could match their pace, so great their speed. They vie with the birds; and, when they have scoured the plain in their flight, you would look in vain for their footprints. There were seen also in the army the people who feed on the tree famous for its juices — on the sweet berries of the lotus, too friendly to the stranger. The Garamantes were there, who dread the furious serpents that pour out black venom in their boundless deserts. Legend tells that, when Perseus slew the Gorgon and carried off her head, the horrid gore dripped over Libya, and from that time the land has abounded with the snakes of Medusa. These thousands were led by Choaspes, a proved warrior, native of Meninx, an Ithacan island; his right arm, swift as the lightning, ever bore a javelin, his renowned weapon. Hither came the Nasamones from the sea, men who fear not to attack wrecked ships upon the water, and to snatch their booty from the deep; and hither came the dwellers by the deep pools of Lake Tritonis, where the Maiden Warrior sprang, as legend tells, from the water and anointed Libya, before other lands, with the olive-oil which she herself had discovered.

Moreover, all the West with its remote nations was present too. First of all were the Cantabrians, proof against cold and heat and hunger, and victorious over every hardship. This people, when disabled by white old age, find a strange pleasure in cutting short the years of weakness by an instant death, and they refuse life except in arms. For war is their only reason for living, and they scorn a peaceful existence.

Then Astyr, the ill-starred squire of Eastern Memnon, came; wetted by Aurora's tears, he had fled far from his native land to the opposite quarter of the world. The horses of the Astyrians are small and not notable in battle; yet they amble without shaking their rider, or with docile neck can draw a carriage with speed in time of peace. They were led by Cydnus, eager to scour the heights of the Pyrenees in the chase, or to fight from a distance with Moorish javelin.

The Celts who have added to their name that of the Hiberi came also. To these men death in battle is glorious; and they consider it a crime to burn the body of such a warrior; for they believe that the soul goes up to the gods in heaven, if the body is devoured on the field by the hungry vulture.

Rich Gallicia sent her people, men who have knowledge concerning the entrails of beasts, the flight of birds, and the lightnings of heaven; they delight, at one time, to chant the rude songs of their native tongue, at another to stamp the ground in the dance and clash their noisy shields in time to the music. Such is the relaxation and sport of the men, and such their solemn rejoicings. All other labour is done by the women: the men think it unmanly to throw seed into the furrow and turn the soil by pressure of the plough; but

the wife of the Gallician is never still and performs every task but that of stern war. These men, and the Lusitanians drawn forth from their distant forests, were led by the young Viriathus — Viriathus, whose name was to win fame from Roman disasters at a later day.

The Cerretani, who once fought for Hercules, were not slow now to bear arms; nor the Vascones, unused to wear helmets; nor Ilerda, that witnessed later the madness of Romans; nor the Concanian, who proves by his savagery his descent from the Massagetae, when he opens a vein of his horse to fill his own belly. Now Phoenician Ebusus rises in arms; and the Arbacians, fierce fighters with the dart or slender javelin; and the Balearic islanders, whose sire was Tlepolemus and Lindus their native land, waging war with the sling and flying bullet; and the men sent forth by the town of Oene and Aetolian Tyde, called Gravii by corruption of Graii, their former name. Carthago, founded by Teucer of old, supplied men; and also Emporiae, colony of Massilia, and Tarraco, the land of vines, which allows precedence to no vintage but that of Latium. Conspicuous among these by the sheen of their cuirasses were the Sedetanian soldiers, who came from the icy waters of the Sucro and the lofty citadel of their mother city, Saetabis — Saetabis which dares to despise the looms of the Arabs and to match her webs against the linen of Egypt. These peoples were commanded by Mandonius and by Caeso, famous tamer of horses; and their joint exertions kept the host together.

The squadrons of the Vettones were reviewed on the open plain by Balarus. In that country, when spring is mild and airs are warm, the drove of mares stand still, mating in secret, and conceive a mysterious progeny begotten by the wind. But their stock is short-lived: old age comes quick upon them, and the life of these horses lasts but seven years at the longest.

Less nimble on their feet are the horses from Uxama, a city whose walls are Sarmatian; but her steeds that came to war were tenacious of life; their lusty youth found it hard to endure the bit or obey the commands of the rider. These men were led by Rhyndacus and armed with spears; they add terror to their helmets by decking them with the open jaws of wild beasts; they pass their lives in hunting, or support themselves, as their fathers did, by violence and rapine.

Bright beyond the rest shone the ensigns of Delphian Castulo; and of Hispalis, famous for commerce and for the ebb and flow of its tides; and of Nebrissa which knows the thyrsi of the Nysaeon god — Nebrissa haunted by nimble Satyrs and nightly Maenads, who wear the sacred fawn-skin and the mystic vine-leaf. Carteia sent to war the children of Arganthonius; king over their ancestors, he surpassed all mankind in length of days and waged war for the space of three hundred years. Tartessus, that sees the sun to rest, sprang to arms; and likewise Munda, doomed to produce for Italy the suffering of Pharsalia; nor did Corduba hang back, the pride of a land rich in gold. These men were led by fairhaired Phorcys and by Arauricus whose arms were terrible to the corn-bearing lands; the two were of equal age, and were born on

the fertile banks where the Baetis shelters his horns under the branches of the tree of Pallas.

Such was the host which the Carthaginian captain led on at speed over the dust-darkened plains; he reviewed their glittering ensigns in the field, as far as the eye could see, and rode on in triumph, leaving a shadow on all the land he traversed. Even so, when Neptune glides over the deep in his chariot and drives his bitted coursers to the outermost Ocean where the sun sinks to rest, all the train of Nereids issue from their caves and, as is their wont, swim in rivalry, tossing their white arms in the transparent water.

But now Hannibal, throwing a peaceful world into confusion, made for the leafy summits of the Pyrenees. From the eminence of their rain-swept peaks they command a wide prospect and divide Spain from Gaul, making an eternal barrier between two great countries. These mountains took their name from Pyrene, daughter of Bebryx and victim of Hercules. For Hercules, in the course of his appointed Labours, was travelling to the distant land of threebodied Geryon, when he was mastered by wine in the savage court of Bebryx, and left Pyrene robbed of her maidenhood; her beauty was a cause for mourning. The god (if it is not sinful to believe it), the god was the cause of the poor maiden's death. For when she gave birth to a serpent she fled at once from the home she loved, in horror and dread of her father's wrath. Then in lonely caves she mourned for the night when she lay with Alcides, and told his promises to the dark forests; till at last, as she mourned the ingratitude of her ravisher, and stretched forth her hands, imploring the aid of her guest, she was torn in pieces by wild beasts. When! Hercules came back victorious, he wetted the mangled limbs with his tears; and when he found the head of the maid he had loved, he turned pale, distraught with grief. Then the high mountain-tops, smitten by his cries, were shaken; with loud lament he, called Pyrene by name; and all the cliffs and haunts of wild beasts echoed the name of Pyrene. Then, with a last tribute of tears, he laid her body in the grave. And time shall never eclipse her fame; for the mountains retain for ever the name that caused such grief.

And now, marching through hills and dense pine-woods, Hannibal had crossed the territory of the Bebrycian king. Thence he boldly forced his way through the land of the inhospitable Volcae, and ravaged it, till he came with rapid march to the formidable banks of the swollen Rhone. That river, taking its rise in the Alpine heights and snow-covered rocks, flows into Gaul, expanding into a mighty stream, cleaving the plains with its foaming waters, and rushing with utmost speed into the sea in a broad estuary. The Arar, whose noiseless stream seems to stand still, joins the Rhone and swells it; and the Rhone, embracing the reluctant Arar with its restless waters, plunges it into the sea, and forbids it, as it is hurried through the land, to carry its own name to the neighbouring shore. The river will bear no bridges, and the soldiers eagerly plunged in; some protect their weapons by holding their head and shoulders high, while others in keen rivalry stem the flood with stout

arms. The horses were haltered and taken across in barges; nor did the terror of the Libyan beasts delay or hinder the crossing; for they contrived to throw rafts over the stream and to conceal the line of rafts beneath a covering of soil; then they led the elephants out on to the deep, loosing little by little the cables on the high bank. Scared by this invasion of trumpeting elephants, and fearing the dusky monsters, the Rhone turned back his stream and sent up ominous rumblings from his sandy depths.

Now Hannibal moved on through the territory of the Tricastini, and made an easy march through the land of the Vocontii. But here the Druentia, rough with rocks and trunks of trees, turned his pleasant march to rack and ruin; for, rising in the Alps, it carries along with a roar uprooted ash-trees and boulders washed away from the mountains, and rushes on with raging waters, often shifting its channel, and changing its deceitful fords. The foot-passenger cannot trust it; no broad ship is safe upon it. Now, swollen by recent rains, it seized many of the armed men, and whirled them round in its foaming eddies, and buried in its depths their mutilated bodies and mangled limbs.

But now all memory of past hardships was dispelled by terror, when they saw the Alps close at hand. All that region is covered with rime and hail that never thaws, and imprisons the ice of ages; the steep face of the lofty mountain rises stiffly up, and, though it faces the rising sun, can never melt its hardened crust in his rays. Deep as the chasm that divides the upper world from the pale kingdom of Tartarus, and descends to the dead below and the pools of the black marsh, so high does the earth here rise towards heaven and shut out the sky by its shadow. There is no spring anywhere and no beauty of summer; unsightly winter alone inhabits the gruesome heights and dwells for ever there; from every quarter winter drives hither black clouds and rain mixed with hail. All winds and storms, moreover, have set up their furious dominion in the Alps. The gaze turns giddy on the high cliffs, and the mountains are lost in the clouds. Athos added to Mount Taurus, Rhodope united to Mimas, Pelion piled on Ossa and Othrys on Mount Haemus — all these must bow before the Alps. Hercules was the first to set foot on these virgin fortresses; he was a sight for the gods as he cleft the clouds, mastered the steep ascent, and with main force tamed the rocks that no foot had ever trodden during the long ages that followed their birth.

The soldiers moved slow with lagging steps, thinking that they were marching over the world into a forbidden land, in defiance of Nature and in opposition to Heaven. But their general would have none of it — *he* was not terrified by the Alps or all the horror of the place; and his words raised the courage of his men and revived their energy when they were faint with fear. "Shame on you," he cried, "to grow weary of success and Heaven's favour, and, after glorious victories in the field, to retreat now before snow-clad mountains, cowed and beaten by cliffs! Now, comrades, now — believe that you are even now scaling the walls of imperial Rome and the lofty hill of Jupiter. Our present toil shall make Italy and the Tiber our prisoners."

Straightway he led the army uphill, persuading them by his rich promises. He ordered the troops to abandon the track beaten by great Hercules, to march over fresh ground, and climb up by a path of their own. He forced a passage where no man had passed; he was the first to master heights and from the crag's top called on his men to follow. Where the ascent was stiff with frozen ice and the slippery path over the snow-slopes baffled them, he cut steps with the steel in the resisting ice. When the snow thawed, it swallowed down the men in its opened jaws, and, as it rushed down from a height, buried whole companies beneath an avalanche. At times the North-west wind, menacing with dark wings, drove the snow, packed tight by the opposing gale, full in their faces; or again, the fury of the raging storm stripped the men of their shields, and, rolling them round and round, whirled them aloft into the clouds with its circling blast. The higher they climbed in their struggle to reach the top, the harder grew their toil. When one height had been mastered, a second opens and springs up before their aching sight; and from it they cared not even to look back at the difficulties they had already mastered by their sweat; with such dread did the monotonous even landscape strike their sight; and, as far as their eyes could reach, the same scene of frozen snow forced itself upon them. So the sailor in mid-ocean, when he has left behind the land he loves, and the flapping sails on his idle mast can find no wind, looks forth upon a boundless waste of water, and turns wearily to the sky, to refresh his eyes that cannot endure the sight of the deep any longer.

And now, on the top of the disasters and difficulties of the ascent, half-savage men peeped out from the rocks, showing faces hideous with filth and with the matted dirt of bristling locks. Pouring forth from caves in the hollow rock, the natives of the Alps attacked them; with the ease of habit they sped through thorn-brakes and their familiar snow-drifts and pathless places; and soon the army was hemmed in and assailed by the nimble mountaineers. And now the place bore a different aspect. For here the snow turned red, deeply dyed with blood; and here the ice, unwilling to give way, yielded by degrees, when the hot blood thawed it; and where the horse stamps his horny feet, the hoof sticks fast in the ice he has bored through. Nor is a fall the only danger; for men leave arms and legs behind, severed by the frost, and the cruel cold cuts off the limbs already broken. Twelve days and as many dreadful nights they spent in such suffering, before they rested on the longed-for summit, and hung their camp aloft on precipitous cliffs.

But now Venus, her heart shaken with doubt and fear, addressed her sire and broke into sorrowful complaint. "What limit of their punishment will the Aeneadae ever reach, I ask, or what end to their destruction? When wilt thou grant them a fixed abode, after all their wanderings over land and sea? Why does the Carthaginian essay to drive my descendants from the city which thou didst grant them? He has planted Libya upon the Alps and threatens an end to Roman power. Rome now dreads the fate of Saguntum. Grant us a resting-place, O Father, whither we may bear at last the ashes and sacred relics of

fallen Troy, with the house of Assaracus and the mysteries of Vesta. Grant us safety in our overthrow. Is it not enough that we have wandered over the whole earth, seeking a place of exile? Or shall Rome be taken and the doom of Troy be repeated once more?"

Thus Venus spoke, and then her sire made answer thus: "Fear not, Cytherea, nor be disturbed by the ambition of the Tyrian people. Your descendants hold the Tarpeian rock and long shall hold it. But I mean to test their manhood by this great conflict and to try them in war. A people, once steadfast in battle and triumphant over hardships, are forgetting by degrees the ancient glory of their sires. Then they never spared their blood in honour's cause, and ever thirsted for fame; but now they pass their time in obscurity and inaction, and spend their lives amid inglorious silence, though my blood is in their veins; and their manliness is slowly sapped and weakened by the seductive poison of indolence. But it is a mighty enterprise that must cost intense effort, to claim power for themselves alone among so many nations. Thou shalt see a time come, when Rome, mistress of the world, shall be more glorious for her calamities. Thus suffering shall produce famous men, worthy to dwell with us in heaven; thou shalt see a Paulus, a Fabius, and a Marcellus who has pleased me by honourable spoils. These men, by their defeats, will gain for Latium an empire so great, that their descendants will be unable to overthrow it, for all their luxury and degenerate hearts. Already the man is born who shall drive Hannibal back from Latium to his own land, and strip him of his arms before the walls of his native Carthage. Thereafter thy descendants, Cytherea, shall reign for ages. Later still, godlike excellence shall come from Cures and soar to heaven; and a warrior family, reared on the berry that grows in the Sabine land, shall increase the fame of the deified Julii. The father of that family shall give Rome victory over Thule, unknown till then, and shall be the first to lead an army against the Caledonian forests; he shall set banks to restrain the Rhine, he shall rule Africa with vigour, and, in his old age, he shall subdue in war the palm-groves of Idume. Nor shall he descend to the pools of the Styx and the realm deprived of light; but he shall attain to the habitation of the gods and the honours we enjoy. Then his son, unrivalled in mighty strength of mind, shall take up his father's task and move on in majesty, raising his head as high as his power. While yet a youth, he shall put an end to war with the fierce people of Palestine. But thou, Conqueror of Germany, shalt outdo the exploits of thy father and brother; even in boyhood thou wert dreaded by the yellow-haired Batavians. The burning of the Tarpeian temple cannot alarm thee; but in the midst of the impious flames thou shalt be saved, for the sake of mankind; for in the distant future thou shalt share with me the kingdom of the sky. The people of the Ganges shall one day lower their unbent bows before him, and Bactra' display its empty quivers. He shall drive the triumphal car through Rome after conquering the North; he shall triumph over the East, and Bacchus give place to him. When the Danube refuses a passage to the Roman legions, he shall be

victorious and retain the river in the land of the Sarmatians. Moreover, his oratory shall surpass all the sons of Romulus who have gained glory by their eloquence; the Muses shall bring him offerings, and Phoebus shall marvel at his song — a sweeter strain than his whose music made the Hebrus stand still and Mount Rhodope move on. He shall also erect a golden Capitol on the Tarpeian rock, where, as thou seest, my ancient palace now stands, and raise the summit of the temple to reach our abode in the sky. Then, O son of gods and father of gods to be, rule the happy earth with paternal sway. Heaven shall welcome thee at last, in thy old age, and Quirinus give up his throne to thee; thy father and brother shall place thee between them; and hard by the head of thy deified son shall send forth rays.”

While Jupiter thus revealed the sequence of future events, the Carthaginian leader, descending the dangerous heights, tried with uncertain effort to get a firm foothold, as he slid down pathless slopes and trod on dripping rocks. No hostile army detained him; but he was troubled by the dreadful steepness of the descent and by rocks confronting cliffs. The men stand still, as if shut in, and lament the obstacles and difficulties of the way. Nor can they sleep and so revive their frozen bodies; but they work on all night in haste, forced to carry wood on their shoulders and to tear up ash-trees from the hills. Then after stripping the mountain where the trees grew thickest, they piled the timber in a heap; and the rock, set on fire all round, was melted by the devouring flames. Then demolished by the axe, the heavy mass crumbled and parted asunder with a rumbling sound and opened up to the weary soldiers the land of old Latinus. At last, after all these The name given to Romulus when deified. sufferings, Hannibal crossed the untrodden Alps and pitched his camp on the plains of the Taurini.

Meanwhile Bostar arrived, bearing the oracular response of Jupiter. He came with joy, after traversing the deserts of the Garamantes, and encouraged Hannibal, as if he had seen the Thunder-god with his own eyes: “Mighty son of Belus, whose right arm defends your native walls from slavery, we made our way to the shrine of Libya. The Syrtis, which spatters the stars with its foam, bore us on towards the gods; and the land, more furious than the sea, almost swallowed us up. From the centre of earth to the limit of the sky the barren plains stretch out. Nowhere in that boundless tract does Nature suffer the level to rise, save where a whirlwind, thick with accumulated sand, and driving the hollow clouds along, has raised up a mound. Or sometimes the South-west wind breaks its prison and devastates the earth; and then a blast from the North-west, scattering the sea over the sky, falls fiercely on the plain that is large enough for their battle; and the two winds, blowing against each other, raise mountains of heaped-up sand. We steered our course across these hollows by observation of the stars; for daylight confuses the tracks, and the Little Bear, which never deceives the Phoenician mariner, guides the traveller, as he strays over the sandy depths and ever sees the waste all round him. But when we came, weary travellers, to the groves and tree-clad abode and

shining temple of Jupiter who has horns on his forehead, Arisbas welcomed us as guests and took us to his house. Beside the temple is a wondrous marvel — a spring, whose water is lukewarm at morning and at evening, but cold when the midday sun kindles the sky; and the same water boils again in the darkness of night. Then that old man showed us the places which the god fills with his presence, and the fields that bear crops without the plough; and thus he addressed us with cheerful heart: ‘Bostar, bow down in prayer before these shady woods, this roof that soars to heaven, and these groves where Jupiter has trodden. For who upon earth has not heard of the gift of Jupiter — the two doves that perched on the lap of Thebe? One of these flew to the land of Chaonia and there fills the oak of Dodona with prophetic utterance; but the other bird of Venus sailed through the sky over the Carpathian sea, and flew on dusky wings to the dusky people of Libya, and founded here the site for a temple. Here, where now you see the altar and the shady groves, the dove — marvellous to tell — chose out a leader of the flock, and stood between the horns of his fleecy head, and prophesied to the people of Marmarica. Later, trees sprang suddenly from the earth, and a grove of ancient oaks; and, as the branches now reach the skies, so they grew on their first day. Hence the grove is sacred and awful from ancient times, and is worshipped with steaming altars.’ While we marvelled at his words, the doors suddenly flew open with a terrible crash, and a brighter light suddenly struck upon our eyes. Before the altar stood the priest, conspicuous in his snow-white robe, and the people thronged eagerly to the doors. Then when I had uttered the message with which I was charged, behold! the god suddenly entered the breast of the prophet. The trees clashed against one another, and a deep humming noise passed through the resounding grove; and then a voice, louder than any we know, burst forth into the air: ‘Men of Libya, ye move against Latium, and prepare to make war against the seed of Assaracus. I see a perilous enterprise; I see fierce Mars even now mounting his chariot; I see his furious steeds breathing forth black flame against the Western land, and the blood that streams down from his reins. And thou, who seekest to know the issue of battle and the fated end, and boldly spreadest thy sail for the glorious adventure, advance against the Iapygian plain of the Aetolian leader : thou shalt glorify thy Phoenician ancestors, and no man after thee shall be able to pierce deeper into the vitals of the Ausonian race, so long as the Dardan realm shall tremble beneath thy conquests. Nor shall the race of Saturn ever be free from fear, so long as Hannibal draws breath in the upper world.’”

Such was the welcome oracle that Bostar brought back; and he filled the army with desire for instant battle.

BOOK IV

ARGUMENT

ROME IS GREATLY ALARMED BY THE NEWS THAT HANNIBAL HAS REACHED ITALY: BUT THE SENATE DOES NOT LOSE HEART (1-38). HANNIBAL COURTS THE GAULS OF N. ITALY. SCIPIO HURRIES BACK FROM MARSEILLES (39-55). BOTH GENERALS ADDRESS THEIR SOLDIERS AND PREPARE FOR BATTLE (56-100). AN OMEN PRECEDES THE BATTLE (101-134). THE BATTLE OF THE TICINUS (135-479). SCIPIO WITHDRAWS TO THE TREBIA, AND IS JOINED BY AN ARMY UNDER TI. SEMPRONIUS LONGUS (480-497). HANNIBAL FORCES THE ROMANS TO FIGHT (498-524). THE BATTLE OF THE TREBIA (525-704). THE CONSUL G. FLAMINIUS LEADS A FRESH ARMY INTO ETRURIA (705-721). INSTIGATED BY JUNO, HANNIBAL CROSSES THE APENNINES AND ENCAMPS BY LAKE TRASIMENE (722-762). ENVOYS FROM CARTHAGE INQUIRE WHETHER HE CONSENTS TO THE IMMOLATION OF HIS INFANT SON: HE REFUSES (763-829).

RUMOUR, spreading through the dismayed cities of Ausonia, told that cloud-capped mountains and heaven-threatening peaks had been conquered, that the Carthaginians had passed over trackless wilds, and that Hannibal had descended from the Alps, boasting an exploit that rivalled the labour of Hercules. Mischievous Rumour prophesied dread commotions, and, growing as she went, and moving swifter than the wings of the wind, shook the panic-stricken cities with alarming reports. Then fear, quick to feed the talk of the populace with falsehood, exaggerated what it heard. Men turned quickly to the fierce business of war, and Mars suddenly raised a clamour throughout Italy, summoning arms and men. They refashion their javelins; the steel is cleansed of rust and puts on its cruel glitter; and helmets, long laid by, renew the beauty of their snowy plumes; the spear is strengthened by a thong, and axes are brought back reforged from the furnace. The cuirass that must parry many a thrust and unsuccessful blow is fitted together, to form a protection for the body that nothing can pierce. Some sit late, to mend the bow; some tame the panting steed with the whip and make him wheel about; and others whet the sword upon the stone. Nor are men slow to repair the walls that time has attacked; they bring up stone in wagons and refashion the hollow towers eaten away by age. The citadels too are stored with missiles; men hasten to bring from the forest oak-timber for their gates and trusty bars, and dig moats around. Fear, an active taskmaster, speeds all the work; and terror is rife in the deserted fields. Men leave their homes; panic-stricken, they carry ailing mothers upon their shoulders and drag along old men whose span of life is almost ended; they drive their wives with dishevelled hair in front of them; behind them come the little children with shorter steps, clinging to their father's right hand and left. Thus the people flee, handing on their fear to one another; and no man asks the origin of the reports. But the Senate, though alarmed by the enemy at their doors and by his enormous enterprise, and disappointed by his passage over the Alps, nevertheless opposed the danger with unbroken spirit and high courage. They rejoice to march through peril to glory, and to build by strength of arm such a monument of fame as Fortune has never granted to prosperity.

But Hannibal nursed his army behind the protection of a camp, while the

men were weary of marching and their muscles were stiff with continued frost; and, by way of consolation, he pointed out that the rest of the march to Rome was over level ground, and that the city was at their mercy. But he did not approve of any pause in his own survey of affairs and plan of campaign; and he alone could not endure inaction. Once before, in ancient days, armed tribes had invaded the happy land of Italy and caused terror by their might; and soon the Tarpeian Father and the conquered Quirites felt the shock of sacrilegious warfare. But, while he was tempting the Gauls with bribes, working on the folly and fickleness of that people, and making an alliance with them, the consul Seipio was returning from the land of the Phoeaeans, sailing with speed along the coast. Each mighty chief had completed his hard task, one on land and the other by sea; and now a more instant danger brought their camps together; and the beginnings of a great disaster were present. For when the consul arrived and the armies faced each other, and Fortune put an end to delays, the soldiers, roused by the sight of the enemy, demanded the signal for the furious assault. Then Hannibal's voice rose in a great shout over his mighty host: "We have subdued all that distant land that bears the name of Spain; the Pyrenees and the proud Rhone have obeyed our bidding; Rutulian Saguntum has gone up in smoke; we forced a passage through Gaul; and, where Hercules found it hard to tread, the soldiers of Carthage have marched in arms; our horsemen have ridden up the heights and trampled on the peaks, and the Alps have echoed with the snorting of our steeds." On the other side the consul summoned his men to danger and to glory: "Soldiers, your foes are enfeebled and frost-bitten by the Alpine snows, and drag their benumbed limbs with difficulty. They have crossed inviolate mountains and rocky chasms: well, let them learn how high our rampart rises above the citadel of Saguntum, and which is the harder task — to climb hills or to break your ranks. Let them boast of their useless exploit — I care not, if only the Alps oppose them, when they have been routed in a great battle and are rushing back the way they came. Heaven brought them hither and led them over the heights, that they might dye the land of Latium with their blood and lay their bones in a hostile soil. I would fain know whether this war is launched by a new and different Carthage or by the same power which sank beneath the waves and now lies buried in the boundless deep near the Aegatian islands."

Thus he spoke, and turned his march aside to the river Ticinus. That crystal river keeps its pools of blue water free from all stain above its shallow bed, and slowly draws along its fair stream of greenish hue. One would scarce believe it was moving; so softly along its shady banks, while the birds sing sweet in rivalry, it leads along in a shining flood its waters that tempt to sleep.

And now night was ending and the darkness departing; dawn was near and Sleep had completed his allotted hours, when the consul made ready to examine the ground and ascertain the character of the neighbouring hill and plains. Hannibal had the same intention, and the same anxiety filled his heart. So the two came near, escorted by speedy squadrons of horsemen.

But when the rising cloud of dust showed that the enemy were on the march, and the earth rang with the sound of hoofs coming ever nearer, and at the same time the trumpet was drowned by the eager neighing of the horses, then both leaders called upon their troops: "To arms, my men! to arms with speed!" Each had the same restless valour, and the same thirst for glory, and they were kindred spirits in their passion for war and battle.

There was no delay. Soon the combatants were separated only by as much ground as a lance sped by a thong can cover, when suddenly all eyes and thoughts were turned to the sky by a portent appearing in the clear and cloudless heavens. A hawk, flying from the sun in his meridian, was fiercely assailing a flock of the birds that are dear to Venus and owe their fame to the favour of Dione; now with talons, now with beak, and now with fierce buffeting of his wings, he had cruelly wounded and slain fifteen victims. Nor did he stop, satisfied: his eagerness for a fresh victim grew, and he pressed hard on the last dove, while she wavered in her flight with flagging wing, terrified by the slaughter of the rest. But now an eagle, coming up from the East, forced the hawk at last to fly for refuge to the unsubstantial clouds. Then the undefeated dove turned and flew gladly towards the Roman standards and the place where the general's son, Scipio, was brandishing shining weapons with his childish strength; then, when she had uttered her note thrice and pecked at the plume of the boy's glittering helmet, she went back to the sky.

A cry came from Liger — he was skilled to perceive the warnings of heaven and to foretell the future by watching the birds:—"Hannibal, you, like that bold bird, for twice eight years shall pursue the men of Rome in the land of Italy, and shall carry off much booty and shed much blood. But restrain your threats; for, lo! the armour-bearer of Jupiter withholds from you the realm of Daunus. I recognize thy hand, O mightiest of the gods. Be present, O Father, and confirm the omen of thy bird! For, unless the eagle is false to the gods and his flight means nothing, it is reserved for this boy to seal the fate of conquered Libya, and to gain a name greater than that of Carthage."

Bogus, on the other hand, prophesied good fortune to Hannibal: the hawk was a favourable sign, and the slaughter of birds in the sky foretold disaster to the Aeneadae, the descendants of Venus. Then, to suit his words, he hurled the first spear against the foe, as if prompted by heaven and aware of coming events. The weapon flew far over the empty space of the spreading plain, and distance would have robbed it of its effect, but for the desire of Catus to reap glory in the first battle. He galloped forward with loosened rein and drove his horse's head to meet it; and so the spear, when flagging in its course and ready to fall, found the mark it sought and received from the enemy power to kill; it lodged between the temples of the brow that courted death.

The armies advance at speed, and a mighty noise spreads over the field when all the riders raise their horses' heads high with the bridle and then urge them forward; rearing aloft, the chargers then rush on and in their stormy flight over the plain leave hardly a trace of their hoof-prints on the dusty

surface. A swift squadron of Boii, commanded by Crixus, takes the lead, dashing against the front rank of Romans, and blocking the way with their giant bodies. Crixus himself, proud of his ancestry, claimed descent from Brennus, and the taking of the Capitol was one of his titles to fame. Poor fool! he displayed on his shield the Gauls weighing the gold on the sacred eminence of the Tarpeian hill. A golden collar glittered on his snow-white neck; his garments were striped -with gold, with gold his gauntlets were stiff, and his helmet-crest sparkled with the same metal.

Their fearful charge struck and overthrew the men of Camerium in the front rank, and the Boii rushed over the close-packed spears like crowding waves; and the accursed Senones joined them and swelled their ranks; and men's bodies, shattered by the chests of the horses, tumble over all the plain. The ground is drenched; pools of blood, from men and horses, swallow up the slippery footprints of the fighting squadron. The heavy hoof kills outright those who are half-dead already; and the horses, as they ride round, scatter on the ground a hideous dew of blood, and the armour of the poor wretches is drenched with their own gore. The first victorious javelin was thrown by proud Pelorus, and stained by the red life-blood of young Tyrrhenus. For, while he blew his horn, to stir the soldiers' hearts and kindle their courage for battle, and to make them face fresh wounds by his music, the barbarian's weapon stuck fast in his windpipe and stopped with a deadly wound the hoarse murmur of the horn. Yet the last music that came from his dying lips trickled through the curved instrument, after the lips themselves were dumb. Crixus slew Picens and Laurus, but not both from a distance; for Laurus fell by the sword, but Picens was slain by a polished spear, once cut on the banks of the Po. For, when Picens tried to turn aside and sought to elude his foe by wheeling to the left, the terrible spear pierced at the same time the rider's thigh and the unprotected belly of the flying steed, inflicting a double death. Crixus also plucked his weapon from the gory neck of Venulus and, while it was still warm, laid low Farfarus with it, and Tullus who was reared near cold Velinus — a proud boast of Italy he would have been and a famous name, if the Fates had granted him longer life or the Carthaginians had adhered to the treaty. Next Crixus slew Remulus, and warriors whose names were once famous in arms — the Magii of Tibur, Metaurus of Hispellum, and Clanius, — and aimed his blow with a spear which doubted whom to strike.

The Carthaginians had no room for fighting, because the furious Gauls filled all the field; not one of them hurled his weapon in vain; every missile was planted in the body of a foe. And now Quirinius, to whom flight was a thing unknown, and whose dauntless heart chose death with wounds in front, when the battle went against them, showed mighty daring, while those around him trembled. He spurred his horse with his spear-point and hurled javelins with his strong arm, hoping to clear a passage and burst his way by the steel to Crixus. Assured of death, he sought with might and main the glory he could never hope to enjoy. Teutalus, pierced in the groin, fell before him, and the

earth shook under his huge weight; and Sarmens next, who vowed, if victorious, to offer to Mars his yellow locks — the hair that rivalled gold — and the ruddy topknot on the crown of his head. But his vow was unheard, and the Fates drew him down to the shades below with his locks unshorn; the steaming blood drenched his white limbs, and the soaked earth turned red. But now Ligaunus, undeterred by the javelin that met him, rushed on and whirled his sword full in face of Quirinius, rising to his full height as he struck; and the left arm, where the tough muscles attach the limb to the shoulder, was cut off by the blow; for a space it hung dying over the slackened reins, and the quivering hand, while it felt again with feeble effort for the bridle, imitated unwittingly the familiar gesture of the horseman. Then Vosegus cut off his head from behind, and carried off the helmet hanging by its plume with the dead man's head inside it, and hailed his gods with the war-cry of his nation.

While the Gallic tribes dealt death thus over the field, the consul summoned his troops in hot haste from their camp, and charged foremost against the foe, borne aloft on his white steed. Behind him came the soldiers, chosen from every part of fertile Italy — Marsians and men of Cora, the pride of Laurentum and the Sabine throwers of javelins, the hill-dwellers of Tuder who worship Mars, and with them the men of Falerii who wear the flaxen stuff of their country; the men who were bred by the orchards of Catillus, dwellers by the Anio, where the stream runs silent under the walls of Hercules; and the men sent forth by the misty fields of Casinum and by the Hernician rocks, where the people are made hardy by their icy streams. Thus the children of the ruling land went forth to battle; but heaven had condemned them, Italy. and the army was doomed never to return. Scipio urged his steed to where the central whirlpool of battle was swallowing up the fighters; then, infuriated by the carnage of his men, he slaughtered, as offerings to the dead, Labarus and Padus and Caunus and Brucus, scarcely laid low with many a wound, and Larus, as he rolled his eyes with the stare of a Gorgon. Cruel too was the doom by which brave Leponticus fell. For when he boldly threw himself in the consul's way, catching hold of the reins, and, though on foot, reaching up to the level of the rider's face, down came the heavy sword on the centre of his forehead, and the head, split in two, fell upon the shoulders. Then Batus, while he fought madly against Scipio's horse and warded off attacks with his shield, was stretched on the yellow sand by a blow from the steed, and his face was crushed out of recognition by the stamping hoofs. Thus the Roman general raged over the troubled plain, like the Thracian North-wind, when in his might he has stirred up from the bottom the whole Icarian sea; ships are wrecked, and seamen scattered and tossed on the mighty deep; and all the Cyclades are drenched with the foaming flood.

With slender hopes and little chance of safety, Crixus steeled his heart with contempt of death: his bristling beard was red with a bloody foam, foam flew from his open mouth in his fury, and his hair was rough with a coating of dust. He attacked Tarius, who was fighting beside Scipio, and thundered round him

with furious assault. Tarius rolled upon the ground; for the death-dealing spear drove him forward upon his horse's neck, and he was dragged along by the frightened beast, with his feet caught in the encircling girth. His blood sprinkled the plain and left long traces there; and the spear printed uneven marks on the sand. Scipio praised the young man's death, and was preparing to avenge his noble spirit, when a dreadful sound struck his ear, and he knew by the shouting that Crixus, whose face he did not know, was coming. His wrath grew fiercer as they got closer, and he fastened his gaze upon the coveted victim. Then encouraging his steed, and patting his neck to please and honour him, Scipio spoke thus: "Garganus, leave till later the common herd of lesser foes; the gods summon us to greater things. Do you see the mighty Crixus coming? Even now I promise to reward you with yonder saddle-cloth, glittering with Tyrian purple — an adornment fit for the barbarian; and I shall give you the reins of gold." Thus Scipio spoke, and summoned Crixus to battle with a great shout, and demanded an open space for the duel. His enemy, fired with equal ardour, proved no laggard. When the squadrons on both sides fell back as they were bidden and left a clear space, the combatants took stand in the centre of the field. Like the Giant Mimas, the son of Earth, when he fought on the fields of Phlegra and terrified Heaven, so the gigantic Crixus sent forth a cry from his brutish breast and roused his fury with hideous yells. "When Rome was taken and burnt, was no survivor left, to tell you the strength of arm that the tribe of Brennus showed in battle? Well, learn it now!" As he spoke, he threw his spear, whose knotted strength and fire-hardened point were fit to batter down even a city gate. With a dreadful sound it flew; but it went too far, misjudging the distance to be crossed, and the foe was too close; so it passed over the consul's head. But to him said Scipio: "Remember to tell the shades below and Brennus, your ancestor, how far from the Tarpeian temple you fell, and that *you* were not permitted to behold the sacred hill of the Capitol." Then he added force to his spear by the thong and by the trotting of his horse, and threw it with an effort worthy of his huge antagonist. Through the many folds of linen it sped and through the shield fashioned of hide, and pierced with the length of its point his inmost breast. Down he sank, stretching far over the field in his overthrow, and the earth groaned, smitten by his gigantic armour. Even so, when masons build on the Tuscan shore, they hurl a mass of stone from a height upon the water with a mighty noise, to battle with the sea and the invisible currents below: the sea roars; and the deep, parted by the blow, receives the huge mass as it crashes beneath the angry water. Deprived of their leader, the Gauls had recourse to flight; all their confidence and all their valour depended upon a single life. So the hunter on the top of Mount Picanus harries the haunts of wild beasts, and all through the untrodden thickets spreads fell destruction in their crowded lairs; while the fire is silently gathering strength and flame, the tops of the pine-trees are gradually wrapt in black darkness, and the thick smoke goes eddying to the sky; but soon flames blaze out suddenly over the whole

mountain: a crackling is heard, the wild beasts flee, the birds flee, and the heifers are startled in the lowland valleys far away.

When Mago saw that the ranks of Gaul had turned back and that their first effort had failed (and that people is incapable of a second), he summoned to battle his own men and the cavalry of his country. From all sides they rode up, men who used bridles and men who used none. At one time the Romans turn their reins and retreat; at another, panic carries back the squadrons of Carthage; either one force wheels to the right in crescent-shaped curves, or the other turns with a left wheel to outflank the foe; riding forwards and then back, they weave their massed moving ranks and then unweave them in the skill of their retreat. With such alternation, when the winds are at variance, the North-wind drives the sea one way and the East-wind another, and the two with alternate blasts carry the mighty deep in different directions.

Now the Carthaginian leader flew to the spot, gleaming in purple and gold, and with him were Fear and Terror and Madness. When he raised up the beamy circle of his Gallician shield and threw a great light over the plains, then hope and courage fled, and the shame of retreat was forgotten by fearful hearts; none cared for a noble death, but all were resolved to fly and prayed to the earth to swallow them. So, when a tigress comes forth from her den in the Caucasus, the plains are deserted, and every beast, terrified by her furious mien, seeks a safe hiding-place; she wanders victorious through the deserted valleys, and presently draws back her lips and slowly bares her teeth, as if tearing actual bodies, and devises carnage with wide-gaping jaws. Metabus could not escape Hannibal, nor could Ufens for all his greater stature, though the last ran with winged feet, and the other, with his horse to help him, galloped at full speed. For the spear with shining point sent Metabus to the lower world; and the sword slew Ufens when he fell hamstrung and so lost his life and his repute for speed together. Next Hannibal slew Sthenius and Laurus and Collinus, the son of a cool country, whom Lake Fucinus had reared in its moss-covered grotto and had suffered to swim across its waters. From these Massicus was not divided in death, when the spear struck him — Massicus who was born on the sacred top of the vine-clad hill, and drank the water of the Liris, a placid stream that conceals its flow, and, never affected by rain, brushes its silent banks with sparkling wave. And now began a furious slaughter, and the madness of the combatants could scarce find weapons; shield met and clashed against shield; foot pressed on foot, and the nodding helmet-plume waved as it struck the enemy's brow.

Three brothers, all of an age, fought fiercely in the first rank. They were the sons of Barce, a Carthaginian, whom their fertile mother bore, during the wars, to Xanthippus, the Spartan. Their hearts swelled with pride for the past — the victory of Greece when their father led the host, the famous name of Amyclae, and the fetters that the Spartans fastened upon the neck of Regulus. They burned to prove by deeds of valour their descent from a Laconian sire; and then they were fain to visit the cold heights of Taygetus, and at last, when

war was over, to swim in their native Eurotas, and see the laws of Lycurgus. But they never went to Sparta; for Heaven and three Italian brothers prevented them. The three were of the same age and the same spirit; they were bred in the tall groves of Egeria, and ruthless Aricia sent them forth; but stern Fate suffered them not to look again on Diana's lake and temple. For Eumachus and Critias, with Xanthippus, proud to bear his father's name, were swept on by the tide of battle, and confronted the Romans. Even so, when lions fight one another with fury and fill the desert plains and distant huts with their hoarse roaring, every Moor hastens to remote rocks and untrodden crags, and the African mother raises her babes to her streaming breast, to still their cries; the beasts roar terribly, the broken bones crack in their blood-stained jaws, and the limbs still fight on, in the grip of the cruel teeth. Even so Egeria's sons, brave Virbius and Capys and their comrade Albanus, sprang forward. Critias, crouching down a moment, stabbed Albanus in the belly and overthrew him; and at once his bowels all gushed out and filled his shield — a piteous sight. Next Eumachus attacked Capys; and though he clutched his shield with all his strength as though it were fastened to his body, yet a cruel sword-cut lopped off the left arm as it clung to the shield; and the luckless hand, refusing to surrender the buckler, still kept its grip and clung to the armour as it fell. Two were now slain, and Virbius alone was left to conquer. He, while shamming flight, slew Xanthippus with his sword and Eumachus with his unbending spear. So at last, when these two were slain, the combat was on equal terms. Then each ran his sword through the other's breast, and they ended the combat by mutual slaughter. Fortunate in death were they, whom love of kin and country sent down to join the dead! Coming ages will pray for brethren like them, and their undying fame shall be for ever remembered, if only my verse has power to endure and see a distant posterity, and if Apollo has not begrudged me fame.

When the ranks were straggling over all the plain, Scipio's voice (while his voice lasted) stopped them: "Whither do you carry back your standards? What panic has robbed you of yourselves? If it seemed a dreadful thing to stand in the front rank and challenge the van of the foe, then take your stand behind me, soldiers, dismiss your fears, and merely look on! Yonder warriors are the sons of our prisoners. Whither do you fly? What hope have you, if defeated? Shall we make for the Alps? Believe that Rome in person, with her walls and her head crowned with towers, is now stretching out her hands in supplication. I see all our children carried captive, our parents slain, and the fires of Vesta quenched with blood. Keep this sacrilege far away!" Thus he shouted again and again, till the effort and the thick dust choked his voice; then he seized his reins with the left hand and his sword with the right, and exposed his broad breast to the foe, threatening to use his bare blade at once, now against himself and now against the fugitives, if they refused to stand.

When the Father of Heaven beheld this battle from the height of Olympus, his heart was moved by the danger of the noble consul. He summoned Mars

and spoke thus to his son: "Son, unless thou takest part in the strife, this will surely be the last fight of yonder hero; and I fear for him. Snatch him away from the battle; so fiery is he, and he forgets himself in the joy of slaughter. Stop Hannibal; for the insatiate African hopes more from the death of Scipio than from all the heaps of slain. Thou seest, moreover, that boy who already relies on his youthful arm for battle, and aims at prowess beyond his years, and thinks that ripeness for war is slow to come. Thou must be his leader when he wins his maiden spurs; thou must teach him to aspire to great deeds; and let his first victory be the rescue of his sire."

Thus spoke the Father of all things. And straightway Mars summoned his chariot from the land of the Odrysae. Then he took the shield that scatters flames of terrible lightning; he put on the helmet too heavy for any other of the gods to wear, and the breastplate which cost the Cyclopes who wrought it much sweat; he brandished aloft the spear that had its fill of blood in the war with the Titans; and he filled the fields with his chariot. With him went his train — Wrath accompanied by the Furies, and countless forms of bloody death; and Bellona, busy with the reins, urged on the four coursers with her fatal scourge. A fearful storm burst from the boundless sky and shrouded the earth, driving dark masses of stormy cloud. The land of Saturn trembled and shook at the approach of the god; and the Ticinus left its banks at the sound of the chariot and flowed backwards to its source.

The Garamantian spearmen had made a ring round the Roman general; they sought to give Hannibal what he had never got before — the dripping head of a consul, and his armour as booty. Scipio stood firm, resolved never to yield to Fortune; made fiercer by slaughter, he hurled back spear for spear with vehement effort. By now his limbs were drenched with his own blood and the enemy's; the plume fell from his helmet; the Garamantes, drawing a closer circle round him, pressed nearer with their weapons; and one launched a dart that pierced him with its cruel point.

When the boy saw the weapon lodged in his father's body, tears wetted his cheeks, he trembled and turned pale in a moment, and his loud cry went up to heaven. Twice he sought to lay violent hands on himself and die before his father; but twice Mars turned his fury against the Carthaginians instead. Boldly the boy rushed on through missiles and through enemies, keeping pace with Mars himself. At once the ranks gave way, and a wide passage was seen suddenly upon the plain. Protected by the god's shield, he mowed down the host; over the armour and bodies of the slain he laid low the thrower of the dart, and many a life — the atoning sacrifice he longed for — does he immolate before his father's eyes. Then in haste he drew the spear from the tough bone, and sped away, bearing his father supported on his neck and shoulders. Amazed at such a sight, the soldiers lowered their weapons; every fierce Libyan and every Spaniard everywhere gave ground: his youth and his noble defence of his father brought about a wondrous silence on the field of battle. Then Mars spoke from his lofty car: "Thou shalt sack the citadel of

Carthage, and force her people to make peace. But the glory of this day surpasses all that a long life will offer thee, dear boy. Blessings on thy glorious promise, true child of Jupiter! Greater things are yet to come, but a better gift Heaven cannot give.” The sun had now completed his journey over the earth, and Mars betook himself to the clouds and the sky; and darkness confined the weary armies to their camps.

Cynthia with downward course was ending the night, while her brother’s coursers breathed fire upon her; and from the eastern wave roseate lights ascended amid the blue of heaven. Then Scipio, fearing the fatal plain and the level ground so favourable to the Carthaginians, made for the Trebia and the hills. The days flew by, as they marched and toiled busily; and, when Hannibal reached the swift stream of the Po, the bridge by which the Roman army had crossed was broken down and floating in midstream, with its cables cut. While Hannibal marched round by devious paths, seeking a ford and an easy approach and a peaceful stretch of the river, meantime he felled with speed the trees that grew hard by, and built barges, to take his army across the stream. And now, behold! a consul, a scion of the Gracchi, arrived and encamped near his colleague beside the Trebia. In answer to a summons he had made the long voyage from Pelorus in Sicily. The family of this great man was famous for its high spirit; and, among the busts of his ancestors, many were conspicuous for distinctions won both in war and peace.

The Carthaginians, after pitching their camp in the fields across the river, were not backward either. For they were encouraged by success and by their leader, who taunted the Romans thus: “Has Rome yet a third consul in reserve, or a second Sicily to fight her battles? No! all the fighting men of Latium and all the descendants of Daunus are here and Hannibal assumes that no further help can come from there. assembled. Now let the Roman leaders make a treaty with me; now let them insist upon their contracts and covenants! And you, whose life was spared in the battle, life that was no boon, so, so may you live on and again confer this glory on your son! When life ends and Fate summons you, may death in battle be denied you! To fall fighting belongs to Hannibal.” Thus he cried in his fury. Then, impatient of delay, he sent light-armed Massylian squadrons to the verge of the Roman camp, to provoke the foe and draw him forth.

The Roman soldiers too were ashamed to owe their safety to their stockade, or to let the spears strike against the closed gates of the camp. They sallied forth; and, when the rampart was levelled, the consul, worthy descendant of the Gracchi, rushed out before them all. The wind blew out the horse-hair plume of his Auruncan helmet, and the scarlet cloak that had graced his ancestors was conspicuous on his shoulder. Looking back on the ranks, he summoned them with a loud voice; and wherever a mass of foemen in close formation met him, he burst his way through and sped along the plain. Even so a roaring torrent falls headlong from the summit of Pindus to the plain; with a mighty noise it tears away a side of the mountain and rolls it

down; all the cattle in its path, the wild beasts, and the forests, are swept along; and the foaming waters are loud in the rocky valleys.

Even if I could reproduce the glorious voice of Homer, and if Father Phoebus granted me to speak with a hundred tongues, I could not set forth all the victims slain by the arm of the great consul or by the furious rage of his Carthaginian opponent. Murranus and Phalantus were hardy veterans both; but Hannibal slew the first in close combat and Gracchus the second, each general fighting in full view of his rival. Murranus came from the wind-swept height of Anxur and Phalantus from the stainless waters of the sacred lake, Tritonis. Cupencus had lost an eye, but found the other enough to fight with; and, when he sighted Gracchus, conspicuous in the garb of his rank, he boldly hurled his spear, and planted it quivering in the topmost rim of the consul's shield. Boiling with rage, Gracchus cried to him: "Rash man, leave here the sight that still remains in that fierce face and gleams from that mutilated brow." With these words he threw his spear with a strong straight cast, and the whole point passed through the threatening eye. Nor was the son of Hamilcar less formidable in the fray: he slew luckless Varenus who wore white armour and came from Mevania; for him fertile Fulginia ploughed her rich soil, where the Clitumnus, flowing through the spreading fields, bathes the white bulls in its cool stream. But Heaven was cruel, and Varenus got no recompense for the stately victim he had bred up with fruitless care for the Thunderer of the Capitol. The Spaniards were nimble in attack, and the Moors yet more nimble in their movements. Roman javelins and African spears vied in covering the sky with a thick cloud, and all the level ground, as far as the river-banks, was hidden by the hurtling missiles; and in that close-packed throng the dead had no room to fall.

The hunter Allius had come from Argyripa in the land of Daunus, and now rode over the plain; his horse was of Apulian breed and his weapons rude; yet he charged the centre of the enemy and threw his native darts with no erring aim. His breastplate was the bristly hide of a Samnite bear, and his helmet was protected by tusks taken from an aged wild boar. He fought as if he were straying through the coverts in some lonely wood, or pursuing flying beasts on Mount Garganus; but when Mago and fierce Maharbal, each from his own place, sighted him at the same moment, then, as two bears, driven by hunger, come down from opposite cliffs, to fall upon a bull affrighted by his two antagonists, and their rage will not suffer them to divide the spoil — even so brave Allius was overthrown by the javelins that came from both his foes. The Moorish yew-wood passed hissing through both his sides; the points met and clashed in the centre of his heart; and it was doubtful which of the two spears could claim his death. By now the Roman standards were scattered over the battle-field; and Hannibal drove the frightened stragglers towards the bank — O pitiful sight! — pushing them on and striving to drown them in the river.

Then, obedient to Juno's petition, the Trebia, that river of ill omen, began a fresh assault upon the weary Romans, and roused up its waters. The bank fell

in and swallowed up the bodies of the fugitives, and sucked them in by the treacherous quagmire of the soil. Nor could they move on and extract their feet from the deep and sticky mud. For the clinging mire held them prisoners; the crumbling bank entangled them, or the swampy ground trapped them without warning and overthrew them. One after another they struggled up the slippery sides, each trying to outstrip the rest along the pathless bank, and battling with the crumbling turf; but they slipped and fell, buried under the rubbish that fell with them. One of them, a speedy swimmer, struggled for a safe hand-hold and forced his way upward, to grasp the turf at the top; but, just as he emerged from the water, a spear was hurled and pinned him to the bank to which he was clinging. Another, having no weapon left, clasped a foe in his arms and held him fast as he tried to swim, till they were drowned together. Death showed itself in a thousand shapes. Though Ligus fell on land, his head hung over the river and drank in the blood-stained water with long sobbing gasps. After much effort comely Irpinus had almost swum ashore from mid-stream; he was shouting to his comrades for a helping hand, when a horse, infuriated by wounds, was carried down by the swift current and struck him down and submerged the weary swimmer.

The crowning disaster came suddenly in sight, when a troop of elephants, with towers upon their backs, were driven into the river. For they rushed headlong through the water, like a cliff falling down from a shattered mountain. They drove the Trebia, dreading dangers unknown till now, before them with their forequarters, and lay down above the foaming channel. Manhood is tested by trial, and valour climbs unterrified the rocky path and difficult ascent that leads to glory. So Fibrenus disdained to die to no purpose, unhonoured and unsung. "The eyes of men shall behold me," he cried, "and Fortune shall not hide my death beneath the flood. I shall find out whether there is aught on earth which a Roman sword cannot master or a Roman spear cannot pierce." Rising to his full height he threw his cruel shaft and planted it in the right eye of one great beast; and the weapon remained in the wound. When the point of the spear went in, the monster met it with a hideous trumpeting; then it raised its wounded and bleeding head, threw its rider, and turned in flight. But now the Romans, daring at last to hope that they might kill it, assailed it with darts and showers of arrows. Soon the vast expanse of its shoulders and sides was covered with wounds from the cruel steel; many a lance stuck in its dusky back and rump; and, when it shook itself, the huge forest of missiles waved. At last, when the long contest had used up all their weapons, it fell, and the huge carcass blocked the stream beneath it.

But see! Scipio appears on the opposite bank. Though his limbs, hampered by his wound, cannot move freely, yet he enters the river, and ruthlessly deals out death to countless foes. The Trebia was covered over with close-packed bodies, and shields and helmets of the fallen, till it was scarce possible to see the water. He overthrew Mazaeus with a javelin and Gestar with his sword, and next Thelgon, a native of Cyrene whose ancestors came from the

Peloponnesian. At him Scipio hurled a javelin which he had caught up from the running stream, and drove the whole length of the tapering-iron point through his open mouth; and the shaft made the teeth rattle in the wound. Nor did death bring him peace; for the Trebia carried the swollen corpse to the Po, and the Po to the sea. Thapsus also fell, and a grave was denied to him after death.

What availed him the home of the Hesperides, or the grove where the goddesses guard the ruddy branches of their gold-bearing tree?

And now the Trebia swelled high, and rose from its lowest depths, driving all its waters fiercely forward, and exerting all its might; the stream raged with noisy eddies, and a fresh flood came roaring after. When Scipio felt this, his rage grew fiercer, and he cried: "O Trebia, you shall suffer as you deserve, and pay dearly for your treachery: I shall divide your stream and make it flow in separate channels through the land of Gaul; and I shall rob you of the name of river, and stop the spring from which you rise; and never shall you be able to reach the banks of the Po and flow into its stream. What sudden madness has turned you, wretched Trebia, into a Carthaginian river?"

As Scipio hurled these taunts, the rising wall of water smote him and weighed down his shoulders with its arching flood. The general, standing erect, matched his strength against the onset of the waves, and held up the rushing river with his shield. But behind him also the foaming flood with roaring blast bedewed with its spray the topmost plume of his helmet. The river-god, withdrawing the soil from beneath his feet, prevented him from wading through the water and finding firm footing; the boulders were smitten and sent afar a hollow sound; the waves, called forth to battle by their sire, joined the fray; and the banks of the river were lost to sight. Then the river-god raised his dripping locks and his head crowned with blue-green weed, and spoke thus: "Arrogant man and enemy of my realm, do you threaten to punish me further and to wipe out my name? How many corpses I carry, slain by your arm! So packed am I with the shields and helmets of your victims that I have left my proper channel; you see how my deep pools, red with carnage, are flowing backwards. Put a limit to your deeds of arms, or else attack the plains hard by."

Vulcan was looking on meanwhile from a high hill, hidden in the darkness of a black cloud, with Venus at his side. Then Scipio raised his hands to heaven with a bitter cry: "Ye gods of our country, by whose favour Dardan Rome is preserved, did ye save my life just now in the fierce battle for such a death as this? Did I seem unworthy to end my life by a soldier's arm? Give me back, my son, to danger, give me back to the foe! Suffer me to fight and to welcome such a death as my country and my brother would approve." Then Venus groaned, moved by his prayer, and turned against the river the devouring strength of her invincible consort. Fire spread and burned all over the banks and fiercely devoured the trees that the river had nourished for many a year. All the copses were burnt up, and the victorious flame crackled as it spread in full career to the high groves. Soon the foliage of the fir-tree

was seared, and the leaves of pine and alder; soon nothing was left of the poplar but the trunk, and the tree sent off into the sky the birds that were wont to nest on its branches. The devouring flame sucked the moisture from the very bottom of the stream and licked it up; and the blood upon the banks was dried up and caked by the fierce heat. The rugged earth everywhere split up and cracked, showing yawning chasms; and ashes settled in heaps in the bed of the river.

Father Eridanus marvelled when his immemorial stream suddenly ceased to flow; and the sorrowing company of Nymphs filled their inmost caves with anguished cries. Thrice he strove to lift up his scorched head, and thrice Vulcan threw a firebrand which sent him down below the steaming water; and thrice the reeds caught fire and left the god's head bare. At last the voice of his petition was heard, and his prayer was granted — that he might keep his former banks. And at length Scipio, accompanied by Gracchus, recalled his weary troops from the Trebia to a fortified height. But Hannibal paid high honour to the river, and raised altars of turf to the friendly stream. He knew not, alas! the much greater boon that Heaven intended for him, or the mourning that Lake Trasimene had in store for Italy.

The tribe of the Boii had formerly been attacked by an army under Flaminius; and then he had gained an easy triumph and crushed a fickle and guileless people; but to fight the Carthaginian general was a far different task. Flaminius was born in an evil hour to inflict fatal loss upon Rome; and Juno now chose him as ruler of an exhausted nation and a fit instrument of coming destruction. When his first day of office came, he seized the helm of the state and commanded the armies. So, if a mere landsman, with no skill to manage the sea, has got the command of a luckless vessel, he himself does the work of foul weather, and exposes the ship to be tossed by every gale; she drifts at random over the sea, and the hand of her own captain drives her upon the rocks. So the army was equipped in haste and led toward the consulship he had fought with success against the Gauls in N. Italy, the Boii and Insubres. land of the Lydians, where stands the sacred city founded of old by Cory thus, and where Maenonian settlers had mixed their blood with that of Italians in ancient times.

A warning from heaven came quickly to Hannibal, that he might learn the consul's design and win great glory. Sleep had lulled all things to rest and brought to men forgetfulness of trouble, when Juno, counterfeiting the deity of the neighbouring lake, appeared before him, the hair on the dripping brow crowned with poplar leaves. She stirred the general's heart with sudden anxiety, and broke his sleep with a voice he could not disregard. "Hannibal — a glorious name, though a cause of tears to Latium — had Fortune made you a Roman, you would have joined the ranks of the high gods. But why do we arrest the course of destiny? Make haste! The flood-tide of Fortune soon ebbs. Those rivers of blood that you vowed, when you swore to your father enmity against Rome, shall flow now from the veins of Italy, and you shall glut your

father's ghost with carnage. When your troubles are over, you must pay me the honour that is my due. For I am the lake surrounded by lofty mountains, round which dwell the settlers from Tmolus; I am Trasimene, the lake of shady waters."

Hannibal was encouraged by this prediction, and the soldiers rejoiced in the divine aid. At once he led them at speed over the barrier of lofty mountains. The Apennines were frozen hard and lifted their pine-clad summits to heaven between slippery cliffs. The forests were buried deep in snow, and the hoary peaks climbed high into the sky over snow-drifts. He bade them march on. He thought his past glory tarnished and lost, if any mountains barred his way after he had crossed the Alps. They clambered up the storm-swept heights and rocky precipices; but even when the mountains were crossed, there was no end and no alleviation of their toil. The plains were flooded, the rivers swollen with melted snow, and the pathless fields covered with a slimy morass. And amid such inhospitable surroundings, Hannibal's uncovered head felt the buffetings of this savage clime, and from his eye a discharge flowed over face and cheeks. Physicians he laughed to scorn. He thought no danger too high a price to pay for the coveted opportunity for war. For the beauty of his brow he cared nothing, provided that his march was not in vain; if victory demanded it, he was willing to sacrifice every limb for the sake of war; it seemed to him that he had sight enough, if he could see his victorious path to the Capitol, and a way to strike home at his foe. Such were their sufferings in that unkind region; but they came at last to the lake they longed to see — the place where Hannibal was to find on the field of battle many a victim in atonement for his lost sight.

But behold! senators came as envoys from Carthage; they had good reason for their voyage, and they bore heavy tidings. The nation which Dido founded when she landed in Libya were accustomed to appease the gods by human sacrifices and to offer up their young children — horrible to tell — upon fiery altars. Each year the lot was cast and the tragedy was repeated, recalling the sacrifices offered to Diana in the kingdom of Thoas. And now Hanno, the ancient enemy of Hannibal, demanded the general's son, as the customary victim to suffer this doom according to the lot; but the thought of the armed general's wrath struck home to men's hearts, and the image of the boy's father stood formidable before their eyes.

Their fear was heightened by Imilce, who tore her cheeks and hair and filled the city with woeful cries. As a Bacchant in Thrace, maddened by the recurring festival, speeds over the heights of Mount Pangaeus and breathes forth the wine-god who dwells in her breast, so Imilce, as if set on fire, cried aloud among the women of Carthage: "O husband, hearken! whatever the region of the world where you are fighting now, bring your army hither; here is a foe more furious and more pressing. Perhaps at this moment you stand beneath the walls of Rome itself, parrying the hurtling missiles with dauntless shield; perhaps you are brandishing a dreadful torch and setting fire to the

Tarpeian temple. Meanwhile your first-born and only son is seized, alas, in the heart of his native country, for a hellish sacrifice. What boots it to ravage the homes of Italy with the sword, to march by ways forbidden to man, and to break the treaty which every god was called to witness? Such is the reward you get from Carthage, and such the honours she pays you now! Again, what sort of religion is this, that sprinkles the temples with blood? Alas! their ignorance of the divine nature is the chief cause that leads wretched mortals into crime. Go ye to the temples and pray for things lawful, and offer incense, but eschew bloody and cruel rites. God is merciful and akin to man. Be content with this, I pray you — to see cattle slaughtered before the altar. Or, if you are sure beyond all doubt that wickedness is pleasing to the gods, then slay me, me the mother, and thus keep your vows. Why rob the land of Libya of the promise shown by this child? If my husband's glorious career had been thus nipped in the bud long ago by the fatal lot, would not that have been as lamentable a disaster as the battle by the Aegatian islands when the power of Carthage was sunk beneath the waves?" The senators, hesitating between their fear of the gods and their fear of Hannibal, were induced by her appeal to run no risks; and they left it to Hannibal himself to decide, whether he would defy the lot or comply with the tribute due to the gods. Then indeed Imilce became half-frantic with terror; for she dreaded the stern heart of her high-souled husband.

Hannibal listened eagerly to the message and thus replied: "O Mother Carthage, you have set me on a level with the gods, and how shall I repay you in full for such generosity? What sufficient recompense can I find? I shall fight on, night and day, and many a high-born victim from the people of Quirinus shall I send from this place to your temples. But the child must be spared, to carry on my career in arms. You, my son, on whom rest my hopes, you, who are the only safeguard of Carthaginian power against the menace of Italy, remember to fight against the Aeneadae all your life long. Go forward — the Alps lie open now — and apply yourself to my task. To you also I call, gods of my country, whose shrines are propitiated with bloodshed, and who rejoice in a tribute that strikes terror to mothers' hearts, turn hither joyful looks and your whole hearts; for I am preparing a sacrifice and building for you mightier altars. You, Mago, must encamp on the top of the mountain opposite, while Choaspes keeps closer and approaches the hills on our left; and let Sychaeus lead his men through the woods to the gorge and its mouth. I myself shall ride swiftly about Lake Trasimene with a flying force, and shall seek victims of war to offer to the gods. For the express promise of the god assures me of a great victory. It is for you, ambassadors, to witness it and carry back the tale to Carthage."

BOOK V

ARGUMENT

HANNIBAL LAYS A TRAP FOR THE ENEMY. THE NAME OF LAKE TRASIMENE (1-23). FLAMINIUS MAKES LIGHT OF EVIL OMENS AND THE WARNING OF CORVINUS, THE SOOTHSAYER, AND ENCOURAGES HIS MEN TO FIGHT (24-185). THE BATTLE OF LAKE TRASIMENE (186-687).

THE Carthaginian leader had seized the Tuscan hills with an unseen force, and in the deep silence of night had occupied the winding woods with troops in ambush. But on their left hand the lake, like a sluggish sea, spread over all the region round with the overflow of its mighty waters and marred the prospect with its abundant slime. This lake was ruled over in ancient times by Arnus, son of Faunus, and now, in a later age, keeps green the name of Trasimene. The father of Trasimene was Tyrrhenus, a Lydian and the pride of Tmolus; he had formerly brought men of Maeonia the long sea-voyage to the Latian land, and had given his own name to the country, and it was he who first revealed to men the sound of the trumpet, unheard till then, and broke the spiritless silence of battle. An ambitious man, he bred up his son for a higher destiny. But the nymph Agylle loved the young Trasimene; and indeed in beauty he could contend with the gods themselves. Casting off maiden shame, she seized him on the shore and carried him down to the depths; for her young heart was quick to feel the spell of youthful beauty, nor was she slow to catch fire from the arrow of the Idalian goddess." The Naiads, in their green cave far below, comforted and cherished the boy, when he shrank from his bride's embrace and that watery world. From him the lake, a gift from the bride, got its name; and the water, aware through all its extent of the marriage joy, still bears the name of Trasimene.

And now the chariot of dewy night was close to its dusky goal, and the spouse of Tithonus, not yet emerged from her marriage-chamber, stood shining on the threshold — a time when the wayfarer is less sure that day has begun than that night is ended. The Roman general was marching over the uneven ground, ahead even of his standards; all his cavalry hastened in confusion after him; the skirmishers were not arrayed in separate companies; the footmen were mixed up with the body of cavalry; and the unwarlike rabble of camp-followers filled the air with ominous uproar, and went into battle like fugitives. Then, in addition, the lake itself breathed forth a black and blinding mist, so that the doomed army could see nothing on any side; and the sky, hidden beneath night's dark robe, was gloomy with pitch-black clouds. Nor did Hannibal forget his cunning. He lay in hiding with sword in rest; no advance of his blocked the progress of the foe. Their course was free; and far and wide, as in the stillness of peace, stretched the unguarded shore — the shore, from which there would soon be no returning; for, the path narrowing as it passed into the closing gorge, their route led into the trap; and a double doom, with the cliffs on one side and the barrier of the lake on the

other, kept them fast in the toils. Meanwhile on the wooded mountain-top careful watch waited for the entrance of the Romans, ready to strike whenever they took to flight. Even so beside a glassy stream a cunning angler weaves osiers to make a light and wide-mouthed weel; the inmost part he frames with especial care, and for the centre he makes the trap taper gradually to a point, and fastens together the narrowed ends; so by the contracting aperture's deceit he forbids return to the fish which, free as they were to enter, he has drawn in from the stream.

Meanwhile Flaminius, bereft of his senses and swept along by destiny, ordered the standards to be advanced with speed; and then the sun's coursers lifted his fiery chariot from the sea and scattered daylight abroad. Soon the sun with disk renewed had dispelled the vapours; and the darkness, broken up by the cloudless radiance, floated down by degrees to earth. But now the birds, which the peoples of Latium consult by ancient custom, when they go to war and inquire into the purpose of Heaven concerning the issue — these birds refused to eat as if aware of coming disaster, and fled from their food with flapping wings. And the bull at the altar never ceased to bellow with hoarse and mournful sound; and when the axe was swung against him, he met the blow with shrinking neck and ran away from the altar. Again, when they tried to wrench the standards from their mounds of soil, noisome blood spouted forth in their faces from the broken ground, and Mother Earth herself sent forth from her bleeding breast dreadful omens of coming slaughter. Moreover, the Father of the gods, who shakes earth and sea with his thunder, seized thunderbolts from the forges of the Cyclopes, and hurled them into the Tuscan waters of Lake Trasimene, till the lake, struck by fire from heaven, smoked all over its wide expanse, and fire burned on the water. Alas, for fruitless warnings and portents that seek in vain to hinder destiny! Alas, for gods who cannot contend against Fate! At this point Corvinus spoke, a famous orator and a noble name; his golden helmet bore the bird of Phoebus, which commemorated the glorious combat of his ancestor. Himself inspired by Heaven and alarmed by the fears of the soldiers, he mingled warning with entreaty and thus began: "By the fire from Troy and by the Tarpeian rock, by the walls of Rome, by the fate of our sons that hangs on the issue of this battle — by these we entreat you, general, not to defy the gods but to await a fit time for battle. They will give us place and time for fighting; only be not too proud to wait for Heaven's favour. When comes the happy hour that shall bring death and defeat for Libya, then the standards will need no force to make them follow, the birds will take their food unterrified, and Mother Earth will vomit no blood. Do you, so skilled a soldier, fail to see how great is the power of cruel Fortune in our present position? The enemy is encamped over against us and stops our way, and the wooded heights all round threaten us with ambuscades; nor is there a way of escape on the left where the lake spreads, and the path through the gorge is narrow. If you are willing to meet guile with guile and to postpone battle, Servilius will soon be here with his hurrying

troops. He has equal authority with you, and his legions are as strong as yours. War calls for strategy: valour is less praiseworthy in a commander.”

Thus Corvinus spoke; and all the chief officers added words of entreaty; and each man, beset by a double fear, prayed to the gods not to fight against Flaminius, and to Flaminius not to persist in fighting against Heaven. This roused the general's anger to greater heat; and, when he heard that a friendly force was near, he cried in fury: “Was it thus that you saw me rushing to battle against the Boii, when the great peril of that fearsome horde came against us, and the Tarpeian rock feared a second siege? How many I then put to death! how many bodies my right arm laid low! — bodies born by Earth in anger, and men whom a single wound could hardly kill. Their huge limbs were scattered over the plains, and now their mighty bones cover the fields. Shall Servilius, forsooth claim a share in my great deeds for his belated army, so that I cannot conquer unless I share the triumph with him, but must rest content with half the glory? You say that the gods warn us. Think not that the gods are like yourselves — men who tremble at the sound of the trumpet. The sword is a sufficient soothsayer against the foe, and the work of an armed right hand is a glorious omen worthy of a Roman soldier. Is this your purpose, Corvinus, that the consul should shut himself up behind a rampart and do nothing? Shall Hannibal first seize the high walls of Arretium, and then destroy the citadel of Corythus, and next proceed to Clusium, and at last march unmolested to the walls of Rome? Groundless superstition ill becomes an army; Valour is the only deity that rules in the warrior's breast. In the darkness of night an army of ghosts stands round my bed — the unburied soldiers, whose bodies are rolling down Trebia's stream and the waters of the Po.”

Straightway, surrounded by his officers and hard by the standards, he put on his armour for the last time, proof against all entreaty. His tough helmet was made of bronze and the tawny hide of a sea-calf; and above it rose a triple crest, with hair of the Suevi hanging down like a mane; and on the top stood a Scylla, brandishing a heavy broken oar and opening wide the savage jaws of her dogs. When Flaminius conquered and slew Gargenus, king of the Boii, he had fitted to his own head this famous trophy that no hand could mutilate, and proudly he bore it in all his battles. Then he put on his breastplate; its twisted links were embossed with plates wrought of hard steel mingled with gold. Next he took up his shield, formerly drenched with the slaughter of Gauls and adorned with their blood; and on it the She-wolf, in a dripping grotto, was licking the limbs of a child, as if he were her cub, and suckling the mighty scion of Assaracus for his translation to heaven. Lastly he fitted the sword to his side and the spear to his right hand. His war-horse stood by, proudly champing the foaming bit; for saddle he bore the striped skin of a Caucasian tiger. Then the general mounted and rode from one company to another, as far as the confined space would allow, and filled their ears with his appeals: “Yours is the task, and yours the glory, to carry the head of Hannibal on a

pike through the streets of Iltome, for fathers and mothers to behold.

That one head will make amends for all our slain. Let each man recall the griefs that urge him on: 'My brother, alas! my own brother is lying on the fatal banks of the Ticinus; or 'My son, unburied, is measuring the depth of the river Po.' Let each man speak thus to himself. But, if any man feels no rage derived from private sorrow, let him find motives in the suffering of his country to sting his heart to fierce wrath — the breach made in the Alps, the awful fate of Saguntum, and those whom Heaven forbade to cross the Ebro now so near to the Tiber. For, while you are held back by augurs and soothsayers vainly prying into the entrails of victims, Hannibal has but one thing more to do — to pitch his camp on the Tarpeian rock."

Thus Flaminius ranted, and then he spied in the crowded ranks a warrior fitting on his black helmet-plume. "It is your task, Orfitus," he cried, "to contend for this prize — who shall bear the spoils of honour to Jupiter, a welcome offering borne aloft on a blood-stained litter. For why should this glory be won by the hand of another?" He rode on; and when he heard in the ranks a familiar voice, "Murranus," he cried, "your war-cry reveals your presence from afar, and I see you already frenzied as you slaughter the foe. How great the glory that awaits you! But this is my prayer: — set us free from this confinement, making a way with the sword." Next he recognized Aequanus, a son of Mount Soracte, a splendid figure in splendid armour: in his native land it was his task to carry the offerings thrice in triumph over harmless fires, at the time when the Archer, the loving son, takes pleasure in the blazing piles. "Aequanus," cried the general, "fill your heart with wrath that suits your prowess and your wounds; and then may you ever tread unhurt over Apollo's fire, and conquer the flame, and carry the customary offering to the altar, while Phoebus smiles. With you as my partner in the rage of battle, I should not hesitate to pierce a phalanx of the Marmaridae in their centre, or to rush upon the squares of the Cinyphian horsemen."

Flaminius no longer could endure appeals and speeches that postponed the battle. Long shall the Aeneadae lament what followed. The fatal trumpets rang forth the signal all together; and the bugle rent the air with its awesome din. O grief! O tears, which even after so many centuries are not belated! I shudder, as if calamity were imminent, as if Hannibal were even now calling to arms. From the hills that hid them they rushed forth — Asturians and Libyans, fierce Balearic slingers, and swarms of Macae, Garamantians, and Numidians; Cantabrians also, eager beyond others to hire out their swords and approve mercenary warfare; and Vascones who scorn the protection of a helmet. On this side rocks, on this the lake, on this armed men with their united cries, hem the Romans in, while the ring of Carthaginians spread the battle-cry from man to man through the hills.

The gods turned away their faces and gave way reluctantly to over-ruling Fate. Mars himself wondered at the good fortune of the Carthaginian leader; Venus wept with dishevelled hair; and Apollo was wafted to Delos, where he

soothed his grief with plaintive lyre. Juno alone remained, sitting on a peak of the Apennines, and her cruel heart looked forward to the dreadful slaughter.

First of all, the men of Picenum, when they saw the enemy pouring forth like a cloudburst from the sky, and Hannibal in full career, anticipate the attack; the soldiers in their ardour seek a recompense for their imminent death in harassing their conqueror; and free from fear as if life was lost already, they send down before them victims to make atonement to their own ghosts. With combined effort and simultaneous action they hurled a cloud of javelins against the Carthaginians; and the foe were beaten back and lowered their shields in which the heavy curved weapons stuck fast. The fiercer on that account did the Libyans press on — and the presence of their stern commander increased their efforts — while man encouraged man, till breast clashed hard against breast.

Bellona herself moved through the centre of the battle, brandishing her torch, and her fair hair was spattered with abundant gore. The hoarse cry that came from the dark breast of the hellish goddess was fraught with death; and the dreadful trumpet with its mournful music drove maddened hearts into the fray. The ardour of the Romans was kindled by defeat, and despair proved a strong incentive in the hour of disaster; but the foe were encouraged by the favour of Heaven and the smiling face of Victory, and they enjoyed the favour of Mars.

Lateranus, carried away by noble love of slaughter, had gone on slaying till he pierced to the centre of the foe. While he, too eager for battle and bloodshed, defied Fortune on unequal terms among the hordes of the enemy, Lentulus, a youth of the same age, saw his plight and ran forward with a hasty effort against fierce Bagas, whose spear-point was close to the back of Lateranus as he fought. But Lentulus was quicker and drove his spear in first, and proved himself a friend in adversity. Then the pair eagerly joined forces; the brows of both shone with equal light, and their heads, held high, were adorned with twin plumes. It was by chance that Syrticus, a Carthaginian, was driven to face the pair — for who would have dared to meet them in fight, unless he were condemned to nether darkness by the deity of the shades below? He hastened down from the heights, carrying a branch broken off from an oak-tree; and, as he fiercely brandished the heavy knotted bough, he burned with vain desire to slay the pair: “Ye Romans, here are no Aegatian islands, no shore that betrays the seaman; no sea, stirred by sudden storms and not by war, shall decide the issue of battle; at sea ye conquered in the past; learn now, how a Libyan can fight on dry land, and resign your power to your betters.” At the same time he pressed Lateranus hard with the heavy branch, and reviled him while he attacked. But Lentulus ground his teeth with rage: “Lake Trasimene shall climb up these hills,” he cried, “before his noble blood shall wet your bough.” Then crouching down, he stabbed the other in the groin which the effort of his blow had lifted up, till the hot blood poured out from the black lung through the gaping entrails.

In other parts of the field the same frenzy raged, and the fighters were eager to slay and be slain. Tall Iertes slew Nerius; and high-born Volunx, the owner of broad lands, was overthrown by Rullus.

What availed him now all his treasure locked up in secret chambers, or his kingly palace, once shining with African ivory, or whole villages belonging to him alone? The wealth he seized could not help him, or the thirst for gold that men can never slake. The man whom Fortune favoured once and crammed with piled-up wealth and rich gifts — him now shall the Ferryman's boat convey naked to Tartarus.

Near them fought the young warrior Appius, cutting a path with his sword, and seeking glory where utmost valour was needed and none else had strength to seek it. He was confronted by Atlas — Atlas from the Spanish shore; but his distant home by the outmost sea did not save him. When he aimed his spear at the head of Appius, the point alone lightly grazed the skin and just tasted that noble blood. Like a thunder-peal were the threats of Appius; his furious eyeballs burned with fresh fire; the lightning of his rage scattered all in his path; his wound was hidden by the helmet, and the flowing blood made his warlike figure more splendid. Then one might have seen his enemy striving in terror to hide behind his comrades, like a trembling hind pursued by a Hyrcanian tigress, or like a pigeon that checks her flight when she sees a hawk in the sky, or like a hare that dives into the thicket at sight of the eagle hovering with outstretched wings in the cloudless sky. He was wounded in the face by the furious sword; then Appius cut off his head and quivering right hand, and sought a fresh victim, made fiercer by his victory.

Isalcas stood near; he came from Cinyps, and his weapon was a shining axe; his ambition, poor wretch, was to fight and win glory under the eyes of Mago, his father-in-law; for he was proud of his Carthaginian bride-to-be, and flattered by the vain promise that, when war with Rome was over, they should be wedded, fierce Appius turned his furious rage against Isalcas, and, rising to his full height, delivered his stroke at the helmet, while the other sought to aim his heavy axe at the forehead. But the brittle sword broke against the helmet of the Cinyphian, so sturdy was the stroke. Nor was Isalcas more fortunate: he missed his mark and only cut off the boss of the Roman's shield. Then Appius, breathing hard, swung aloft a stone, which he could never have lifted from the ground but for the strength that anger gave him, and crushed his foe as he fell backwards with the heavy boulder, and rammed it down upon the shattered bones., Mago, who was fighting not far away, groaned when he saw his son-in-law fall, and the tears fell behind his helmet. Then he rushed up in haste; the marriage he had lately approved, and his hope of grandchildren, stirred his rage. On he came and surveyed the shield and the huge limbs of Appius; and the light that shone from the front of the gleaming helmet, seen at close quarters, cooled his fierce wrath for a space. So a lion, that has rushed down from a wooded height, crouches down upon the plain and gathers his limbs under him, when he sees hard by the horns of a fierce

bull, even though long fasting urges him on; the beast stares now at the starting muscles on the great neck, and now at the savage eyes beneath the shaggy forehead, and watches the bull preparing for action and pawing the dust in readiness for fight. And now Appius was first to brandish his spear, and thus he spoke: "If you feel the ties of kindred, then be true to the alliance you have formed, and go where your son-in-law has gone." The weapon flew through the shield and the brazen armour, and stuck fast in the left shoulder. Mago made no reply, but fiercely levelled his spear, the famous gift that his great brother gave him; for beneath the walls of Saguntum Hannibal had taken it from Durius whom he had conquered and slain, and had given it to his brother to bear in battle, the glorious token of a famous contest. The huge weapon, made more formidable by the rage of the thrower, passed through the helmet and the head of Appius, dealing a fatal wound. His bloodless hands, seeking to pluck forth the weapon, fell helpless upon the wound. Low on the Maeonian plain lies Appius, that famous name; and much of Italy's might fell with him. The lake shivered, and Trasimene withdrew its waters from contact with the body. The bleeding mouth of the dying man closed on the weapon and muttered as it bit the spear.

Nor was Mamercus more fortunate: he suffered in every limb and was wounded by every foe. He had killed a standard-bearer and seized the heavy standard; and now he was carrying it through the enemy's ranks, where a fierce company of Lusitanians were fighting. He was rallying the wavering eagles of the Romans, when the Lusitanians, maddened to fury by his bold action, hurled at the unhappy man every weapon they carried themselves or that they could pick up from the ground, covered so thick with missiles that movement was scarce possible. Even his bones were pierced; and scarce could half of the spears find room in his body.

Meanwhile Hannibal came up in haste, stirred to anger by his brother's wound. Distracted at sight of the blood, he kept asking Mago and his companions whether the wound was in the body, and whether the spear had struck home with all its weight. When he heard better news than he dreaded, and that danger of death was remote, he covered Mago with his own shield, and hurried him off the field, and lodged him in the camp, safe from the storm of battle. Next he made haste to summon the skill of the healer and the aid of ancient Synhalus. Synhalus surpassed all men in anointing a wound with the juices of simples; he could draw a weapon forth from the body by incantation and send snakes to sleep by stroking them. Hence his fame was great through the cities of Libya and the shores of Egyptian Syrtis. In ancient days the first Synhalus had learnt from his father, Ammon himself, the deity of the Garamantes, how to give relief and healing to men bitten by wild beasts or sore wounded in battle; and he, when dying, revealed the divine gift to his son; and the son bequeathed his father's skill, to make his heir glorious; and next in succession came this Synhalus, no less famous than his sires. By his sagacity and by study he added to the lore of Ammon, and could point to his

ancestor, the ancient comrade of Ammon, on many a bust. Now with healing hand he brought the remedies his ancestors had used; his garments were wound tightly about his loins, as the custom of physicians is; and quickly he cleansed the wound of blood and soothed it by washing. But Mago, reflecting on the death and spoiling of his foe, comforted his brother by his words, and made light of a mishap so glorious: "Fear nothing, brother," he said. "You can apply no more potent remedy to my suffering than this — that Appius lies low, sent to the nether world by my spear. Even if I lose my life, I have done enough and shall gladly follow my foe to the shades."

While this mischance disturbed the leaders, taking them from the battlefield and penning them in the camp, Flaminius, watching from a high mound, saw Hannibal leave the fighting-line and the black cloud of war disappear within the camp. At once in fury he attacked the wavering enemy with a picked force, and the sudden alarm opened up the ranks that were already growing thin; then he called fiercely for his horse, and rushed into the conflict in the centre of the valley. So, when Jupiter smites the earth with pouring rain and crackling hail, and stirs with his thunderbolt now the Alpine heights and now the Ceraunian mountains that reach to heaven, earth and sea and sky all quake together, and Tartarus itself is shaken in the convulsion of the universe. Even so the sudden storm of unforeseen destruction fell upon the startled Carthaginians, and cold terror made its way into their bones, when they saw the consul. He rode through their midst, making a wide passage and hewing down with his sword the ranks where they were thickest. The shouting with all its discordant cries carried the madness of war to heaven, and struck the stars. So Father Ocean together with raging Tethys beats on Calpe, a Pillar of Hercules, and drives the churned-up sea with its roaring waves into the hollow interior of the mountain; the cliffs bellow; and the crash of the breakers on the rocks is heard by Tartessus far-parted by broad lands, and heard by Lixus across a great space of sea.

Bogus was the first to fall, by a javelin that came stealing noiselessly through the sky. He had launched the first flying spear against the Romans by the ill-omened river of Ticinus. Beguiled by deceitful omens from birds, he had believed that he would live long and see many children of his children. But no man may postpone by augury the date that Fate has fixed. He fell in the battle, looking up to heaven with blood-shot eyes, and calling upon the gods, even as he died, to redeem their promise of old age. Nor might Bagasus triumph or escape unpunished, when he had slain Libo in the consul's sight. Libo's ancestors had won laurels, and he was glorious in his vigorous youth; but the sword of the Massylian cut off the head on which the beard was just growing, and the savage warrior cut down by an early death the blossom of youth. But he cried to Flaminius, even as life left him, and his cry was not vain; for, head and all, the foeman's neck was instantly shorn away: glad was he to imitate the conqueror's cruelty and to slay him even as he had slain.

Ye Muses, what god could narrate so many deaths in fitting language?

What poet could utter a dirge worthy of the mighty dead? Who could tell of the striplings contending with one another for the prize of death; of the brave deeds done on the brink of the grave; of the fury that filled breasts pierced with wounds? Foe clashed furiously against foe and fell; and none found time to spoil his victim or think of plunder. They were driven on by thirst for blood, while Hannibal was kept close in camp by his brother's wound. Among the myriad warriors Flaminius, spreading destruction with javelin or sword, was now conspicuous on horseback, and now fought fiercely on foot, in front of the eagles and standards. The accursed valley ran with blood; and the hills and hollow rocks echoed the clashing of arms and the snorting of horses.

The combatants were scattered by Othrys of Marmarica, who brought to battle superhuman strength and stature; and the mere sight of his huge frame turned the Roman troops to flight. His giant head rose on broad shoulders high over both armies, and his mouth was hidden by the shaggy locks that grew on his grim forehead, and by a beard that rivalled his hair; a matted growth of bristles, like a wild beast's fell, covered his hairy chest. None dared to challenge him or fight him at close quarters: like a wild beast in the open plain, he was assailed by missiles thrown from a safe distance by the host. At last, shouting loud, he rushed with furious face against the backs of the straggling Romans, a Cretan arrow, flying noiselessly through the air, pierced his threatening eye and stopped his course. As he fled to the main body, Flaminius cast a javelin at his back; and it pierced the undefended ribs and revealed its point sticking out beyond the shaggy breast. Quickly he strove to pluck it forth, where he saw the bright steel point protrude. At last, after losing much blood, he fell forward in death, covering much ground, and hid the weapon with his wounded breast. His breath, as it poured forth, stirred the dust, blowing over the plain beside him and raising a cloud into the sky.

Meanwhile, fighting as fierce went raging on, over the scattered hills and woods; and rocks and thickets were wet and red with manifold encounters fought over the rough ground. Sychaeus was the destroyer of the fugitives, bringing death upon them and untimely slaughter. His spear struck down from afar Murranus, who, in times of peace, was surpassed by none in drawing sweet strains from the lyre of Orpheus. He fell in a great forest and even in death recalled the mountains of his home, the vine-clad Aequan hills and soft Surrentum with its healthful breezes. Then Sychaeus sent another to keep company with Murranus; and the conqueror rejoiced in the strange manner of that cruel death. For Tauranus, while following the stragglers, had found his way to a high wood, where he leant his back against an ancient elm-tree and tried to shield himself with its trunk against attack; and there with his last words he summoned the comrades he had left behind. In vain; for the spear of Sychaeus pierced him, and, after swiftly passing through his body, lodged in the tree that stood in its path.

What ailed ye, O men? Was it divine wrath or disastrous panic that possessed your minds, when you gave up fighting and sought help in trees?

Fear is indeed an evil counsellor in danger: the stern issue proved that cowardice gives bad advice. An ancient oak grew there, which shot its tall branches to the sky, thrusting its shady top into the clouds and towering over the forest; had it grown on the open plain, it would have looked like a whole grove; and it covered a wide space of ground with the dark shade of its foliage. Beside it grew another oak of equal size, that had striven for centuries to exalt its hoary head to the sky; the spreading trunk was crowned with a vast circle of leafage that overshadowed the top of the mountain. Hither flew in haste men of Henna, whom the king of Arethusa had sent from Sicily; they knew not how to preserve death from disgrace, and they were mad with terror. One after another they climbed aloft and bent the swaying branches with their shifting weight. Then, as one climbed above another in his eagerness to reach a place of safety, some fell to the ground, deceived by the rotten boughs and decay of the treacherous tree, while others hung in terror in the lofty tree-top, a mark for missiles. Eager to destroy them all in their distress by the same death, Sychaeus changed his weapon: he laid down his shield and caught up at once his brazen battle-axe. His comrades lent a hand, and the tree, yielding to repeated blows, creaked with a crashing sound. The wretched fugitives toss to and fro when the trunk is smitten; as, when the blast of the Westwind rocks ancient groves, the bird and her nest also are tossed about, and she can scarce find foothold on the swaying tree-top. At last the unfriendly oak, a sorry refuge in trouble, fell under the blows of many axes, and crushed the men's limbs in its far-spreading downfall.

Other forms of disaster followed. The other oak, close to the scene of slaughter, took fire and was soon wrapped in flames. And now among the leaves, spreading with fierce eddies over the dry wood, Vulcan brandished tongues of fire with panting heat and scorched the topmost branches. And all the time the shooting went on; and half-burnt bodies, clutching at blazing branches, fell shrieking to the ground.

In the midst of these pitiful conflicts, see! Flaminius arrives, with wrath in his heart and destruction for Sychaeus. The young man, fearing the danger of so mighty a duel, was first to try his fortune with his spear; but the weapon lodged lightly on the brazen plate in the centre of the shield, unable to pierce the wicker-work in its path. The consul, unlike his rival, was not willing to trust to his spear for success in the victory he desired: he stabbed Sychaeus in the body with his sword; and the round shield of raw leather failed to stop it. The victim fell and, as he died, bit the earth with bleeding mouth. Then, as the fatal chill spread through his frame, and death made its way to his vital parts, he suffered it, and closed his eyes in eternal sleep.

While the battle went on thus, with varying fortune and such scenes of horror, Mago and Hannibal had already left the camp, and were hurrying their troops on with speedy march, eager to make up for lost time by slaying Romans, and to make it good by much bloodshed. On came their troops, raising a black cloud of whirling dust; the sand rose and lifted the soil with it;

and, wherever Hannibal moved and turned his steps, the storm of war, driven by a billowy tempest, rolled in all directions and veiled the high mountains with darkness. Fontanus fell, pierced in the thigh; pierced was the throat of Buta, the minstrel, and the spear-point stuck out beyond the sore wound and beheld his back. The first, a man of long descent, was mourned by Fregellae; and his native Anagnia wept for the other. Laevinus fared no better, though he had been less bold; not daring to challenge Hannibal, he had chosen Ithemone, a captain of Autololes, as a fitting rival. Him he had hamstrung and was stripping him, when the heavy ashen spear with furious force broke in his ribs: and he collapsed under the blow and fell instantly on the corpse of his prostrate foe.

Nor were the men of Sidicinnm backward. A thousand of them served under Viriasius, who had no superior in pitching a camp or building a raft or battering walls with the tough ram or planting improvised gangways against a tower. But Hannibal saw him exulting in his prowess, because Arauricus, distrusting his light armour, fled wounded before him in hot haste; and his ardour was kindled by the prospect of a glorious combat; and he thought it not beneath him to close in conflict with the fierce warrior. As Viriasius drew his spear forth from the body of Arauricus, Hannibal rushed up and stabbed him in the breast, crying: "Famous fighter, whoever you are, you deserved to fall by no hand but mine; carry down to the shades the glory of your death; had not the land of Italy given you birth, I should have suffered you to depart alive." Next he attacked Fadius and the veteran Labicus, whom Hamilcar had once fought in Sicily and made famous by a memorable contest. Unmindful of his years and forgetting his age, he came forth now to battle. He kept his youthful ardour and all the passion of youth; but his feeble blows betrayed the weakness of the aged warrior: so a fire of straw crackles to no purpose and blazes up with no strength and no effect. When Hannibal learnt his name from Hamilcar's armour-bearer, he cried exultingly: "Here and now you shall pay the penalty for the first battle in which you fought: the famous Hamilcar uses my arm to send you down to the shades." Then he raised a javelin to his ear and threw it, and then ran him through as he lay writhing upon his wound. When the weapon was drawn forth, the blood defiled his grey hairs, and death ended his long service. Herminius likewise was slain in his first battle by Hannibal — Herminius who was wont to pillage Lake Trasimene and draw forth the fish with his hook, pulling out food for his ancient father with a line that hung over the motionless pools.

Meanwhile the sorrowing Carthaginians raised the lifeless body of Sychaeus upon his shield and bore it to the camp. When Hannibal saw them hasting with loud lament, his heart was stricken with foreboding grief. "Why mourn ye thus, comrades?" he asked: "Whom have the angry gods taken from us? Is it you, Sychaeus, burning with desire of glory and too eager in your first battle, whom the black death-day has cut off before your time?" When the tears of the mourners answered his question, and when they told at the same

time the name of the slayer, Hannibal spoke thus: "I see the glorious wound of the Roman spear on the front of your body. You will go down to the shades, worthy of Carthage, worthy of Hasdrubal; your good mother will mourn you as a true descendant of your ancestors; and, when my father Hamilcar meets you in the darkness of Hades, he will not shun you as degenerate. My own grief shall be lessened by the death of Flaminius, the author of our sorrow. He shall be the escort that follows you to the grave; and wicked Rome shall dearly repent too late the stroke that robbed my beloved Sychaeus of life."

While he spoke thus, a reeking steam issued from his mouth, and a hoarse inarticulate sound came forth from his furious breast, as water overflows with fire-heated waves, when it rages angrily, confined in the burnt cauldron. Then he rushed headlong into the fray, and singled out Flaminius for attack, taunting him; and Flaminius was ready for battle on the instant. The War-god towered up closer, and now the pair stood face to face on the field, when suddenly there came an awful crash along the cliffs, and the heights were shaken and the high peaks rocked all along the range; on the pine-clad summit the trees swayed, and fragments of rock rushed down upon the armies. Splitting asunder in its lowest depths, the earth rumbled in its tortured hollows and opened up great chasms; and the vast gulf, yawning wide, revealed the shades below; and the dead in the depths were terrified by the daylight they once had known. The dark lake, forced from its ancient seat, rose to the height of the mountains, and bathed the Tuscan woods with moisture unfelt before. And now that same storm and dire catastrophe overthrew and destroyed nations and the cities of mighty kings. And rivers also flowed backwards and fought against their sources; the sea-waves reversed their course; and the Fauns who dwell on the Apennines left the hills and fled towards the coast.

Yet — alas for the frenzy of war! — the battle still went on; and the soldiers, though staggering on the unsteady ground and falling when the earth withdrew beneath them, kept hurling their uncertain missiles against the foe. At last the Romans were defeated and turned their random flight to the lake-shore, and were driven distracted into the water. The consul had been separated from them by the earthquake; but now he overtook them and reproached them from behind: "What still remains, if you fly now? what, I beseech you? *You* are leading Hannibal against the walls of Rome; *you* are giving him fire and sword, to use against the Tarpeian shrine of the Thunderer. Stand firm, soldiers, and learn from me to fight bravely; or, if fight is impossible, learn how to die. Flaminius shall set a worthy example to coming generations. No Libyan, no Spaniard, shall ever behold the back of a consul. If you are possessed by such a mad passion for flight, then single-handed I shall intercept every weapon with my own breast; and, dying, as my soul departs through the sky, I shall call your swords back to the battle."

While Flaminius spoke thus and plunged into the thickest of the enemy, Ducarius rode up, savage in mind as in aspect. That fierce warrior bore a name familiar in his tribe, and his savage heart had long cherished resentment for

the defeat suffered in time past by his countrymen, the Boii. Recognizing the face of their proud conqueror, he cried: "Art *thou* he whom the Boii so much dreaded? I intend this weapon to decide whether blood will flow, when such a hero is wounded. And you, my countrymen, shrink not from offering up this victim to our noble dead. This is the man who stood in the chariot and drove our defeated sires to the Capitol. Now the hour of vengeance summons him." Then the consul was overwhelmed with missiles that rained from all sides alike; and, covered by the shower that hurtled through the sky, he left to none the power of boasting that his hand had slain Flaminius. When the leader was slain, the fighting ceased. For the foremost soldiers closed their ranks; and then, enraged against Heaven and themselves for their defeat, and thinking it worse than death to see the Carthaginians conquer, they hastened eagerly to pile over the body of Flaminius and walked in front of their conqueror's chariot to the temple of Jupiter. his prostrate limbs their weapons, their bodies, and their hands red with the blood of defeat. Thus they covered him with a close-packed heap of corpses for a tomb. The dead lay scattered in the water, in the woods, and in the valley where the blood ran deep, when Hannibal rode up with his brother to the centre of the carnage: "Do you see these wounds, these deaths?" he said to Mago: "each hand grasps its sword, and the warrior lies in his armour, and still maintains the strife. Let our soldiers look and see how these men died! Their brows still frown, and martial ardour is fixed upon their faces. It misgives me that this land, the fertile mother of such noble heroes, may be destined to hold empire, and may, even by its lost battles, conquer the world." Thus Hannibal spoke and then gave way to night; for the sun had vanished, and the coming on of darkness ended the slaughter.

BOOK VI

ARGUMENT

SCENES ON THE FIELD OF THE LOST BATTLE. FLIGHT OF THE ROMANS (1-61). SERRANUS, A SON OF THE FAMOUS REGULUS, IS ONE OF THE FUGITIVES: HE REACHES THE DWELLING OF MARUS, WHO HAD BEEN HIS FATHER'S SQUIRE IN AFRICA: MARUS DRESSES HIS WOUNDS (62-100), AND TELLS THE STORY OF REGULUS AS CONQUEROR AND AS CAPTIVE (101-551). MOURNING AND CONSTERNATION AT ROME AFTER THE DEFEAT. SERRANUS RETURNS TO HIS MOTHER, MARCIA (552-589). THE SENATE DISCUSSES PLANS OF CAMPAIGN. JUPITER PREVENTS HANNIBAL FROM MARCHING ON ROME. Q. FABIVS IS CHOSEN DICTATOR (590-618). HIS WISDOM (619-640). HANNIBAL MARCHES THROUGH UMBRIA AND PICENUM TO CAMPANIA: AT LITERNUM HE SEES ON THE TEMPLE-WALLS PICTURES OF SCENES IN THE FIRST PUNIC WAR, AND ORDERS THEM ALL TO BE BURNT (641-716).

Now on Eastern shores the Sun was yoking the steeds that he had freed in the sea of Tartessus when he scattered his fires for the night; and the Seres, first disclosed by the sunrise, began again to pluck fleeces from their wool-bearing trees. Then hideous havoc was revealed, and the work of War's madness was seen clearer — a medley of arms and men and horses, and hands that still clung to the wound of a slain enemy. The ground was littered with shields and helmet-plumes, with headless corpses and swords that had broken against tough bones; and one might see the eyes of half-dead men looking in vain for the light. Then there was the lake foaming with gore, and the corpses floating on its surface, for ever deprived of a grave.

Yet Roman courage had not utterly collapsed in the hour of defeat. Bruttius, whose wounded body showed his ill-fortune in the battle, slowly raised his head from a huge pile of hapless corpses, and dragged his mutilated limbs through the carnage with muscles that failed him from time to time. He had not wealth or noble birth or eloquence; but his sword was keen, and none of the Volscian people gained more glory than he by a heroic death. As a boy, before his beard grew, he had chosen to join the army, and his prowess had been witnessed by brave Flaminius, when with better fortune he fought the Celtic armies and crushed them. Thus Bruttius won honour and guarded the sacred bird in every battle; and this distinction was the cause of his death. He was sure to die; and, when he could not prevent the Carthaginians from taking the eagle, he tried to bury it in the ground for the time; for he saw that fate was adverse and the battle was turning into a great disaster. But a sudden wound made him throw his failing limbs over his charge; and death lay over it to hide it. But, when day returned after a dreadful night of distressful slumber, he raised himself on a spear taken from the nearest corpse; then, exerting all his strength for the effort, he dug a hole in the earth with his sword; and the ground, drenched in blood all round, parted easily. Next he bowed before the buried effigy of the luckless eagle, and smoothed the sand over it with strengthless palms. Then his last feeble breath went forth into thin air, and sent a brave heart to Tartarus.

Near by one might see an awful frenzy of valour that deserves to claim the poet's verse. Laevinus, a native of Privernum on the hill, who had earned the

distinction of the Roman vine-staff, lay there on the top of Tyres, a Nasamonian; and both were dead. He had neither spear nor sword: Fortune had robbed him of his weapons in the hard fight; yet in the unarmed contest rage found a weapon to fight with. He had fought with savage mouth, and his teeth did the work of steel, to gratify his rage. Already the nose of Tyres was torn and the eyes marred by the cruel jaws; the ears were bitten off and the head mutilated; the forehead itself was horribly gnawed, and blood streamed from the open lips; nor was Laevinus satisfied, until the breath left those champing jaws and dark death arrested the crammed mouth.

While hideous valour displayed such portentous deeds, the stricken mob of fugitives were harassed meanwhile by a different fate. Covered with wounds, they slunk away along pathless tracks in the dark forests, and traversed the deserted fields all night. They were terrified by every sound, by the breeze, and by the stirring of a bird on its light wings. Sleep or peace of mind was impossible. Panic-stricken, they were driven on now by fierce Mago, and now by Hannibal prancing on with relentless spear.

Serranus bore a glorious name: he was the son of Regulus, whose fame ever increases with the passage of time, and of whom it will never be forgotten, that he kept faith with the faithless Carthaginians. Serranus was in the flower of his youth; but, alas, he had begun the war against Carthage with his father's ill-fortune, and now, sore-wounded, he sought in sad plight to return to his unhappy mother and the home he loved. Of his comrades none was left, and there was none to dress his grievous wounds. Leaning on a broken spear, and rescued from doom by the connivance of dark night, he crept silently through bypaths towards the fields of Perusia. Worn out, he knocked at the door of a humble dwelling, whatever fate might meet him there; and Marus was not slow to rise from his bed. Long ago Marus had served under Regulus, and the ear of Fame had heard of his prowess. Now he came forth, holding up a light he had kindled at the poor hearth where he worshipped Vesta. He recognized Serranus and saw him suffering from dreadful wounds, and supporting himself on his halting feet by the broken spear — a piteous sight to behold. Rumour of the fatal disaster had already wounded his ears; and now he cried: "What horror is this I see! — I have lived too long and was born to suffer too much adversity. I saw you, greatest of generals, when, though you were a prisoner, your aspect terrified the citadel of Carthage; I witnessed your death, a scandal and a shame to the Thunderer; and even the destruction of Carthage could never expel from my heart the grief I suffered then. And now once more, where are ye, ye gods? A Regulus offers his breast to the sword, and perjured Carthage lops off the hopeful scion of that mighty house." Next he laid the sick man on the bed, and, with the skill in medicine which he had learnt in war, now cleansed the wounds with water and now applied healing simples, binding them up and wrapping them in wool with gentle hand, and warming the stiffened limbs. The old man's next care was to slake the sick man's grievous thirst, and to recall his strength

by a sparing meal. When all this was quickly done, sleep at last did its kindly office and diffused gentle rest through all his limbs. Before day dawned Marus, forgetful of his years, made haste to treat the fever of the wound with tried remedies, and provided a pleasant coolness with eager loyalty.

Now Serranus, raising his sorrowful eyes to heaven, cried out amid groans and tears: "O Father, if thou hast not yet condemned the realm of Quirinus, and dost not hate the Tarpeian citadel, then look down on the desperate plight of Italy and the ruin of Rome; turn at last a merciful eye upon our troubles. We lost the Alps; nor is there any limit to our sufferings since then — the Ticinus, the river Po dark with our dead, the Trebia made famous by Punic triumph, and the lamentable country of the Arnus. But why speak of all this when, behold! a far heavier weight of calamity is ours? I saw the level of Lake Trasimene raised by the multitude of the slain; I saw Flaminius fall amid the missiles. I swear by the dead, whom I worship, that I sought death then in striking down the foe — a death befitting the famous sufferings of my father; but cruel fate, which denied him a soldier's death, denied it to me also."

As he still heaped complaint upon complaint, the old man strove to comfort him, saying: "In your father's fashion, brave youth, let us bear reverses of fortune and all the troubles that beset us. Such is the law of Heaven: the wheel of our existence, as it moves on along the steep track of life, is subject to many a slip. Great enough and famous throughout the world are the title-deeds of your house; your father, that sacred figure whom no deity excels, gained his high renown by defying ill-fortune; and he discarded none of the virtues until the time when his spirit fled from the unwilling body. I had hardly outgrown the years of boyhood, when the first beard was growing on the face of Regulus. I became his comrade, and we spent all our years together, till Heaven saw fit to put out the light of the Roman people — the man in whose noble breast kindly Loyalty had fixed her seat and remained the tenant of his heart. He gave me this sword for valour — an honour second to none — and the bridle which you see now blackened by smoke, though the sheen of the silver still remains; and, when Marus had received such gifts, there was no horseman who took precedence of him. But the chief of all my distinctions was my lance. You see me pour wine in its honour; and it is worth your while to learn the reason.

"The turbid stream of Bagrada furrows the sandy desert with sluggish course; and no river in the land of Libya can boast that it spreads its muddy waters further, or covers the wide plains with greater floods. Here, in that savage land, we were glad to encamp upon its banks; for we needed water, which is scarce in that country. Hard by stood a grove whose trees were ever motionless and sunless, with shade dark as Erebus; and from it burst thick fumes that spread a noisome stench through the air. Within it was a dreadful dwelling, a vast subterranean hollow in a winding cavern, where the dismal darkness let in no light. I shudder still to think of it. A deadly monster lived there, spawned by Earth in her wrath, whose like scarce any generation of

men can see again; a serpent, a hundred ells in length, Livy described the battle of the army against the reptile, and says that its skin, 120 feet long, was sent to Rome. haunted that fatal bank and the Avernian grove. He filled his vast maw and poison-breeding belly with lions caught when they came for water, or with cattle driven to the river when the sun was hot, and with birds brought down from the sky by the foul stench and corruption of the atmosphere. On the floor lay half-eaten bones, which he had belched up in the darkness of his cave after filling his maw with a hideous meal on the flocks he had laid low. And, when he was fain to bathe in the foaming waters of the running stream and cool the heat engendered by his fiery food, before he had plunged his whole body in the river, his head was already resting on the opposite bank. Unwitting of such a danger I went forth; and with me went Aquinus, a native of the Apennines, and Avens, an Umbrian. We sought to examine the grove and find out whether the place was friendly. But as we drew near, an unspoken dread came over us, and a mysterious chill paralysed our limbs. Yet we went on and prayed to the Nymphs and the deity of the unknown river, and then ventured, though anxious and full of fears, to trust our feet to the secret grove. Suddenly from the threshold and outer entrance of the cave there burst forth a hellish whirlwind and a blast fiercer than the frantic East-wind; and a storm poured forth from the vast hollow, a hurricane in which the baying of Cerberus was heard. Horror-struck we gazed at one another. A noise came from the ground, the earth was shaken, the cave fell in ruins, and the dead seemed to come forth. Huge as the snakes that armed the Giants when they stormed heaven, or as the hydra that wearied Hercules by the waters of Lerna, or as Juno's snake that guarded the boughs with golden foliage — even so huge he rose up from the cloven earth and raised his glittering head to heaven, and first scattered his slaver into the clouds and marred the face of heaven with his open jaws. Hither and thither we fled and tried to raise a feeble shout, though breathless with terror; but in vain; for the sound of his hissing filled all the grove. Then Avens, blind with sudden fear — blameworthy was his act, but Fate had him in the toils — hid in the huge trunk of an ancient oak, hoping that the horrible monster might not see him. I can scarce believe it myself; but the serpent, clinging with its huge coils, removed the great tree bodily, tearing it from the ground, and wrenching it up from the roots. Then, as the trembling wretch called on his companions with his latest utterance, the serpent seized him and swallowed him down with a gulp of its black throat — I looked back and saw it — and buried him in its beastly maw. Unhappy Aquinus had entrusted himself to the running stream of the river, and was swimming fast away. But the serpent attacked him in midstream, carried his body to the bank, and there devoured it — a dreadful form of death!

“Thus I alone was suffered to escape from the monster so terrible and deadly. I ran as fast as grief would let me, and told all to the general. He groaned aloud, in pity for the cruel fate of his men. Then, eager as he ever was

for war and battle and conflict with the foe, and burning with a passion for great achievements, he ordered his men to arm instantly, and his cavalry, well tried in many a fight, to take the field. He galloped forward himself, spurring his flying steed; and at his command there followed a body of shieldsmen, bringing the heavy catapults used in sieges and the weapon whose huge point can batter down high towers. And now, when the horses speeding over the grassy plain surrounded the fatal spot with the thunder of their hoofs, the serpent, aroused by the neighing, glided forth from his cave and hissed forth a hellish blast from his reeking jaws. Both his eyes flashed horrible fire; his erected crest towered over the tall tree-tops; and his three-forked tongue darted and flickered through the air and rose up till it licked the sky. But, when the trumpets sounded, he was startled and reared aloft his huge bulk; then, couching on his rear, he gathered the rest of his body beneath his front in circling coils. Then he began a fearsome conflict, quickly unwinding his coils and stretching his body out to its full length, till he reached in a moment the faces of men far away. All the horses snorted, in their terror of the serpent, refusing to obey the rein and breathing frequent fire from their nostrils. The monster, towering above the frightened men with swollen neck, waved his high head to right and left and, in his rage, now hoisted them on high, and now delighted in crushing them beneath his huge weight. Then he breaks their bones and gulps down the black gore; with his open jaws wet with blood, he leaves the half-eaten body and seeks a fresh foe. The soldiers fell back, and the victorious serpent attacked the squadrons from a distance with his pestilential breath. But then Regulus speedily recalled the troops to battle and encouraged them thus: 'Shall we, the j men of Italy, retreat before a serpent, and admit that Rome is no match for the snakes of Libya? If his breath has conquered your feeble strength, and your courage has oozed away at sight of his open mouth, then I will go boldly forward and cope with the monster single-handed.' Thus he shouted and undismayed hurled his flying spear through the air with lightning speed. The weapon rushed on and did its work: it struck the serpent fairly on the head, gaining not a little force from the fierceness of the creature's charge, and stuck there quivering. A shout of triumph rose, and the sudden noise of it went up to Heaven. At once the earth-born monster went mad with rage: he spurned defeat and was a stranger to pain; for never before in his long life had he felt the steel. Nor would the swift charge, prompted by his pain, have failed, had not Regulus, skilled horseman that he was, eluded the onset with wheeling steed, and then, when the serpent, with a bend of its supple back, once again followed the turning horse, pulled the rein with his left hand and soon got out of reach.

"But Marus did not merely look on at such a scene and take no part: my spear was the second to transfix the great body of the monster. His three-forked tongue was now licking the rump of the general's tired horse; I threw my weapon and quickly turned on myself the serpent's fierce assault. The men followed my example and hurled their darts together with a will, making the

creature shift its rage from one foe to another; and at length he was restrained by a blow from a catapult that would level a wall. Then at last his strength was broken; for his injured spine could no longer stand up stiff for attack, and the head had no strength to rear up to the sky. We attacked more fiercely; and soon a huge missile was lodged deep in the monster's belly, and the sight of both his eyes was destroyed by flying arrows. Now the dark pit of the gaping wound sent forth a poisonous slaver from the open jaws; and now the end of the tail was held fast to the ground by showers of darts and heavy poles; and still he threatened feebly with open mouth. At last a beam, discharged from an engine with a loud hissing sound, shattered his head; and the body lay at last relaxed far along the raised bank, and discharged into the air a dark vapour of poison that escaped from its mouth. Then a cry of sorrow burst from the river, and the sound spread through the depths; and suddenly both grove and cave sent forth a noise of wailing, and the banks replied to the trees. Alas, how great were our losses, and how dearly we paid in the end for our luckless battle! How much we suffered, and what a cup of retribution we had to drink! Our soothsayers were not silent: they warned us that we had laid profane hands on the servant of the Naiads, the sisters who dwell in the warm stream of the Bagrada, and that we should suffer for it later. — Then it was, Serranus, that your father gave me this spear as my reward and prize for dealing the second wound; this was the first weapon to draw blood from the sacred serpent."

The eyes and cheeks of Serranus had long been wet with tears, and now he interrupted Marus and said: "Had Regulus lived on to our time, the Trebia would never have overflowed its fatal banks with blood, nor would the waters of Lake Trasimene hide so many famous dead."

The older man replied: "The Carthaginians paid dearly with their blood, and he, while he yet lived, took vengeance for his death. For Africa, with her armies thinned and her treasure exhausted, was holding out her hands in supplication, when brave Therapne in an evil hour sent a leader to the Carthaginians. His aspect was mean: no beauty or noble brow was his; but with his low stature there went a tireless activity to marvel at — an activity whose effort could conquer giants. In the art of war, in combining the sword with stratagem, in enduring hardship and contriving to exist in an unfriendly country, he was not inferior to yonder Hannibal, who is now supreme for skill in war. Glad had I been if Taygeta, so cruel to us, had made an exception of Xanthippus, and not hardened him on the shady banks of the Eurotas. Then I should have seen the walls of Dido overthrown in flames; or at least I should not have mourned the dreadful doom of Regulus — a sorrow which no death or funeral fire can ever take from me, but I shall keep it and carry it with me to Tartarus. The armies met in the field; war raged fiercely throughout the land; and every heart was full of martial ardour. Here, in the midst of his men, Regulus did memorable deeds, opening a path in the field with his sword, dashing into danger, and dealing out with his deadly arm strokes that needed

not to be struck again. So, when a hurricane sweeps along a whirling mass of dark cloud with shrieking south-winds, and the pitch-dark heaven threatens earth and sea alike with destruction from above, all tillers of the soil and herdsmen on their wooded heights are terrified, and every seaman on the deep furls his sails. But the Greek general devised a trick: hiding a force behind rocky hollows, lie suddenly ceased fighting and beat a hasty retreat in pretended fear. Even so a shepherd, seeking safety for his flock, lures the wolves at night by the bleating of a tethered lamb into the pitfall masked by a slender covering of leafage. Regulus was caught and carried away by the desire of fame that fires the noble heart, and by mistaken trust in the fickle god of war. To no companions or helpers or troops did he look back but was pressing on alone in his wild desire for battle, when suddenly a cloud of Spartans issued from their ambush in the rocks and surrounded the eager warrior, while behind him rose up a great army. O fearful day for Rome, that she must mark with black on her calendar! What disgrace to Mars, that a warrior born to serve the god and the god's city was doomed to the sad lot of a captive! Never shall I cease to mourn over it. Did Carthage behold Regulus a prisoner? Did Carthage seem to Heaven to deserve so great a triumph? What fitting punishment shall attend the Spartans for their foul manner of warfare?

"But now the senate of Carthage resolved to take an oath of Regulus and send him to Rome as mediator with new conditions of peace; they sought to exchange Regulus for their own soldiers who had been taken prisoners in the course of the war. With no delay, a ship was launched from the arsenal and rode already on the waters close to the shore; and already the crew were shaping oars in the woods or felling pines to make new thwarts; some were busily engaged in fitting the twisted cordage, and others in fixing the canvas upon the high mast. They laid upon the prow the heavy iron anchor with its curved flukes. Chief of all Cothon, a skilful seaman and steersman of the ship, saw to the vessel and its rudder; the shining brass of the triple beak was reflected on the deep and glittered over the sea. Weapons also were brought on board, and much else to help them against the dangers of the sea in time of need. Amidships by the gunwale the coxswain stood, to regulate the rowers' successive strokes, to set their cadence to the oars, and, as the blades were drawn back together, to make the water echo to the rhythm.

"When the sailors had done their work, and the time for starting came, and the ship was fitted out, and the wind made sailing possible, then all the people hastened to the shore — women and boys and old men. Through the midst of the crowd and before their unfriendly eyes Regulus was brought along by Fortune, for them to look at. His calm brow met their gaze — calm as when he first brought the fleet under his command to the Carthaginian shore. I went with him, and he made no objection; sadly I went on board, to share his ill-fortune. To contend with pressing evils — squalid attire and meagre fare and a hard bed — this he thought more glorious than to win a battle; and he held it a nobler thing to conquer adversity by endurance than to avoid it by precaution.

One hope I still cherished — although I knew well, and had long known, the inflexible conscience of the man — that, if we wretches were permitted to reach the walls of Rome and our homes, his resolution might give way and be melted at least by the tears of his wife and children. I hid my fears in my breast, and believed that Regulus could weep and feel misfortune like other men. When at last our ship glided into the Tiber, our native river, I watched his face and the eyes that reveal the mind, and never did I take my gaze off him. If you can believe me, young man, his expression was unchanged amid a thousand dangers, unchanged in Rome and in the cruel city of Agenor, and unchanged even when he was tortured. From all the cities of Italy men came to meet the prisoner; and, when the plain could not contain the crowd, the neighbouring hills were thronged, and the high banks of the Albula resounded. Even the Carthaginian senators pleaded with that stern heart to resume his native dress, and the dignity of the gown was offered him. He stood there unmoved, while the senators shed tears, and the crowd of matrons and the young men wept for sorrow. On the river bank the consul first held out his hand, in friendly welcome to the exile as he set foot upon his native soil. Regulus stepped back; he bade the consul withdraw and not dishonour his high office; only the haughty Carthaginians and the company of prisoners were round him when he moved on, causing men to reproach Heaven and the gods.

“Now Marcia came up, leading two boys, the pledges of their love — Marcia made unhappy by the too lofty virtue of her great husband; in her sorrow she tore her disordered hair and rent her garments. (Do you remember that day, Serranus, or has it slipped from your boyish memory?) When she saw him near, changed in mien and wearing the unsightly dress of Carthage, with a loud cry she fell fainting, and the hue of death covered her cold limbs. (If the gods have any pity, let them make Carthago witness mothers suffering like Marcia.) Regulus spoke to me in a calm voice and bade me keep from him the embraces of you two, his children, and of his wife; he remained obdurate against grief and never bowed his neck to pain.”

Then Serranus spoke with a deep groan and starting tears: “Noble father,” he said, “not less divine to me than even the deity who dwells on the Tarpeian rock, if love has a right to complain, why did you so sternly deny my mother and me this consolation and this glory — to touch your sacred face and take kisses from your lips? Was I forbidden to clasp your hand in mine? How much lighter my present wounds would be, had I been allowed to carry to the grave the undying memory of your embrace, O worshipful father! But, Marus, unless memory deceives me — and I was but a child then — his stature was more than human; the unkempt hair fell down from his white head and hid the great shoulders; and on his brow with its disordered locks sat an awful majesty and reverend dignity. None like him have I seen since.” But here Marus took up the tale and prevented him from making his wounds worse by complaining: “And what,” he cried, “when he passed by his own house and

sought the hateful hospitality of the Carthaginians and their unfriendly lodging? Shields and chariots and javelins were fastened at his doors — famous trophies of a great victory adorning a humble dwelling; these struck on his sight, and his wife was crying out from the threshold: ‘Whither are you going, Regulus? This is no Carthaginian prison, for you to shun. This house preserves the prints on our chaste marriage-bed, and our hereditary household gods are stained by no guilt. In it once and again — what, I ask, have I done to dishonour the house? — I bore you a child, and the Senate and people wished us joy. Look back! this is your own dwelling, from which, in all a consul’s state, your shoulders gleaming with purple, you saw the Roman lictors march forth. From it you went to the wars; and to it you often brought back the victor’s spoils, and we hung them up together on the threshold. No embraces do I ask, no union that the hallowed torch of wedlock brings; but do not persist in shunning the house of your fathers, and count it no crime to pass one night here for the sake of your sons.’

‘While thus she lamented he passed along with the Carthaginians and shut himself up in their lodging, deaf to her appeal. Scarce was the daylight shining on the famous pyre of Hercules upon Oeta’s height, when the consul ordered the Carthaginians to be summoned. Then we saw Regulus entering the temple. How the Senate debated, and how Regulus at last addressed the sorrowing house — this he reported to me himself with calm utterance. When he entered, all eagerly called on him with voice and gesture to take his wonted seat and former place. He refused and declined the seat of honour that once was his. None the less they gathered round, all seeking to grasp his hand and begging him not to deprive his country of so great a general; he, they said, might be exchanged for the crowd of Carthaginian prisoners; and then the hand which once wore fetters at Carthage would more fitly set fire to the Carthaginian citadel.

‘Then he lifted hand and eye together to heaven: ‘O Ruler of the universe, source of justice and truth; and O Loyalty, no less divine to me, and Juno of Tyre, ye gods whom I invoked to witness my oath that I would return, if I am permitted to speak words that befit me, and by my voice to protect the hearths of Rome, not unwillingly shall I go to Carthage, keeping my promise to return and enduring the prescribed penalty. Therefore cease to honour me and thus ruin the state. So many years, so many wars, have broken down my strength; and also long captivity in fetters has sapped the energy of an old man and a prisoner. Regulus is not the man he was once, when he never rested from the hard task of war; what you see now is a mere name, a bloodless body. But Carthage, that home of treachery, knows well what a wreck I am, and is scheming to get in exchange for my worn-out body our prisoners who are young and eager for battle. Foil their knavish tricks, and teach a nation that delights in deceit how much, though I be a prisoner, is still left to Rome. Accept no peace that is not concluded in the fashion of our fathers. The Carthaginians demand — and this is the message they gave me to carry —

that you should weigh this war in equal scales, and frame conditions of peace that shall favour neither nation. But I would rather go down to the house of Hades than see the Romans strike so base a bargain.'

"Thus he spoke and at once gave himself up again to the anger of Carthage. Nor did the Senate reject a warning so serious and so honest, but sent off the Carthaginian envoys, who made haste for home, vexed by their failure and threatening their prisoner. The Roman populace accompanied the senators, beating their breasts and mourning, till the vast Field of Mars was filled with the sound. They were eager at times to call him back and to rescue him by force in their righteous indignation.

"But when Marcia saw him hastening on board, she was bewildered and uttered a terrible cry, as if she stood suddenly by his death-bed. Hurrying to the shore, 'Take me, ye Carthaginians,' she cried, 'to share his punishment and his death. Husband, I ask but one thing in the name of the children I bore you: suffer me to endure along with you whatever earth and sea and sky can inflict. It was not I who sent the Spartan leader forth to battle; nor mine were the chains that were riveted round your neck. Why do you go all the way to Carthage, to escape unhappy me? Take me and these children with you. Perhaps our tears will melt the hard hearts of the Carthaginians; or, if that hostile city turns a deaf ear, then the same hour will await you and yours together. Or if you are resolved to end your life, let us die in our own country. Here is one to share your fate to the end.'

"While she spoke, the ship was cast loose from her moorings and began to move slowly from the shore. Then indeed the unhappy wife, frantic with grief, stretched forth her weary hands over the bank with a loud cry: 'See him! He boasts of keeping faith with the enemy and the abominable people of Libya. But where is now the compact made with me, and the troth you plighted at our marriage, unfaithful husband?' These were the last words that reached the inflexible ear of Regulus; the rest was drowned by the plashing of the oars.

"Then we went swiftly down the river to the seashore, and sailed over the deep, cleaving the vast expanse of water and the great waves with our hollow ship. Dreading a shameful death, I prayed that the violence of the sea might sink our vessel, or that the wild fury of the wind might dash her upon the rocks; then we should have died together. But the mild breath of gentle zephyrs carried us on to the torture, and gave us over to the rage of Carthage.

"I, alas, witnessed his punishment, and was sent back to Rome to tell the tale; and dearly did I pay for my release. Nor would I now essay to tell you how the people of Carthage behaved with the cruelty of wild beasts, if mankind had ever seen in any part of the world a nobler example than was set by the splendid courage of your father. I am ashamed to complain of tortures which I saw him endure with cheerfulness. You too, dear youth, must still think yourself worthy of such a glorious descent, and check those starting tears. A frame all round him was faced with planking studded with points of equal length, and there was artfully compacted a painful system of puncture

consisting of rows of projecting iron spikes. By this device sleep was denied him; for to whichever side passive drowsiness made him lean as time dragged on, these spikes pierced deep into his flesh. Weep no more, young man. That endurance is greater than all triumphs. His laurels will be green throughout the ages, as long as unstained Loyalty keeps her seat in heaven and on earth, and will last as long as virtue's name is worshipped. The day will come when posterity will shudder to hear of the death which thou, O famous leader, madest light of." Thus Marus spoke, while he tended the young man's wounds with sorrowful care. details many years earlier, either from his mother, Marcia, or from Marus himself.

Meanwhile Rumour, her swift wings dyed with blood — she had dipped them in the blood-stained waters of Lake Trasimene — spread tidings true and false throughout Rome. In their terror men recalled the battle of the Allia, the accursed Senones, and the sight of the captured citadel. Woeful Fear shook off all restraint, and the calamity was made worse by apprehension. Some rush to the walls. A dreadful cry is raised—"The enemy is upon us." They hurl stakes and javelins at an imaginary foe. Women also, with their grey hair torn, lay their heads in the dust of the lofty temples, and besiege the gods with prayer for their dear ones whom death has already taken. Neither day nor night brings relief. The people, vociferous in their grief, lie scattered round the different gates; and they follow, step by step, the long procession of fugitives, and hang upon their lips. Good news they can hardly believe; they stop a man, to ask a second time; some beg for tidings with dumb looks, and dread the answer to their question. Some weep, when they hear of a grievous loss; others are affrighted, when the messenger professes ignorance and hesitates to answer. But when the fugitives came close and were clearly seen, then their friends crowded round them with a fearful joy, kissing their very wounds, and wearying Heaven with prayers.

Now Marus came through the anxious crowd, leading Serranus with praiseworthy care; and then Marcia, who had never left the house since her husband's death, but shunned society and endured life only for the sake of her sons — she too rushed forth, to mourn as she had mourned long ago. Startled by the sudden sight and recognizing Marus, she spoke to him: "Famous comrade of one most faithful, one at least you bring back to me alive. Is his wound slight? Or did the cruel point pierce deep, to my very vitals? In either case, I thank the gods, if only Carthage does not carry him off in fetters, and repeat the tortures that his father endured. Alas, my son, how often I begged you not to carry into battle the impetuous ardour of your sire, and not to be urged on to feats of arms by his crown of thorns! I have lived too long and paid a heavy penalty for my long life. Spare me henceforth, ye gods, if any gods have fought against us."

And now, as if the thunder-cloud of cruel disaster had dispersed, the Senate discussed the means of mending their desperate plight; each did his utmost to carry on the war; and fear was dispelled by the terrible danger. Their chief

task was to appoint a commander, who could support Rome and the shattered edifice of the state, now that destruction was in sight. It was Jupiter who took in hand to grant a reprieve from ruin to Italy and to Roman rule. For aloft on the Alban mount he had seen the land of Tuscany, and Hannibal puffed up with success and ready to carry his victorious standards against the walls of Rome. Shaking his head in anger, he spoke: "Never shall Jupiter permit you, young man, to pass the gates of Rome and walk her streets. To cover the valleys of Tuscany with the slain, and to make the rivers brim with Roman blood — these things you may do; but I forbid you to approach the Tarpeian hill and to raise your hopes to the walls of Rome." Then four times he hurled his flashing bolt with his right arm, till all Tuscany was lighted up; and rolling a black cloud through the sky, he broke it and made a rift in the heavens over the head of the Carthaginian army. Nor was he content with turning Hannibal away: his divine power inspired the Aeneadae to place a sure shield before the seat of Romulus, and to entrust to Fabius as general the control of their deliverance; and when he saw the supreme command handed over to him, "This man," he said, "will never yield to jealousy or the sweet poison of popular applause; he will be proof against artful devices and desire of plunder and all other passions. A veteran soldier, he can meet success and disaster with a quiet mind; neither war nor peace is beyond his capacity." Thus spoke the Father of the gods, and went back to his heaven.

This Fabius, so praised by Jupiter, was never surprised by any foe; so wary a campaigner was he. Marvellous was his joy, when he came home and brought the soldiers he had led forth to war back to their country without one missing. No man was ever more eager to guard his own life, or the life of a beloved son, than he to spare his soldiers; and no man was sadder to see the blood of his comrades shed in battle; and yet he ever returned to Rome red with the slaughter of foemen, a conqueror with undepleted ranks. His birth was noble, and the founder of his family was akin to the gods. For Hercules long ago, when he came back from a far country, drove his booty in triumph to the place where glorious Rome now stands. He had taken the kine that were the pride of the triple monster; and men marvelled to see them. Legend tells that a man from Arcadia birthplace, on one of the Seven Hills which was afterwards called the Palatine. was then building a house on the Palatine among uninhabited thorn-brakes, a king with needy subjects; and the king's daughter, unable to resist the divine stranger, gave birth to a Fabius — a sin that brought no sorrow; and thus the Arcadian woman blended with her own the blood of that mighty sire, to become the ancestress of the stock of Hercules. Three hundred Fabii once went forth to war from a single household; but this Fabius surpassed their glorious deed by delay and by proving himself a match for Hannibal. So great wert thou then, O Hannibal!

While the defeated Romans were preparing for a fresh campaign, Hannibal, rebuffed by Jupiter's warning and hopeless of battering the walls of Rome, made for the hills and fields of Umbria, where Tuder hangs on a high

mountain-top and slopes down its side; and where Mevania, lying low on the wide plains, breathes forth sluggish mists and feeds mighty bulls for Jupiter's altar. Next he passed on over the land of Picenum, rich in olives, and took much booty; then he moved his plundering forces from place to place, wherever spoil attracted them, till mild Campania stopped his destructive raids and harboured the war in her undefended breast.

Here, at Liternum in the marshes, while Hannibal viewed the temple and buildings of the city, he saw, painted in divers colours on the temple-cloisters, a record of the former war, which the past generation had fought to a finish; and these pictures remained upon the walls, representing a long succession of notable events. First there was Regulus, speaking with fierce aspect in favour of war — war that he died, having withdrawn from Rome in disgust with the state of public affairs. should have spoken against, could he have foretold the future. Next Appius was seen; he was first to declare war in the ancient fashion against Carthage; and crowned with laurel he led along a triumphal procession, earned by slaughter of Carthaginians. Hard by was seen a tall column of white marble, adorned with the beaks of ships, a naval trophy for a victory at sea; Duilius, the first to sink a Carthaginian fleet, was dedicating his spoils to Mars and offering sacrifice. (He had honour in the night; for flaming torches and a temple-piper attended him home from the banquet; and he walked back to his modest dwelling to the sound of a merry tune.) Here Hannibal saw too the last honours paid to a dead countryman; for Scipio, victorious over Sardinia, was conducting the funeral of a Carthaginian general. Next he saw the Roman soldiers on the African coast rushing on through a routed army; and in hot pursuit of the rear came Regulus with glittering plume: Autololes, Numidians, Moors, Ammonians, Garamantes — all laid down their arms and gave up their towns. Bagrada, the sluggish river that passes over a sandy desert, was shown there also, foaming with the monster's slime, when the serpent challenged the threatening squadrons and fought a battle against Regulus. Elsewhere, the Spartan general, hurled overboard and appealing to the gods in vain, was being drowned by a treacherous crew; and thus Xanthippus at last paid the penalty to Regulus by a deserved death in the sea. The artists had painted also the two Aegatian islands rising in mid-sea; and the remnants of a shattered fleet were visible all round, and shipwrecked Carthaginians adrift on the water, while Lutatius, lord of the sea, drove the captured ships ashore before the wind. And there too was Hamilcar, the father of Hannibal; fettered in a long row of prisoners, he turned the eyes of the whole throng away from all the painted scenes upon himself alone. But there one might see the form of Peace, and the profaned altars at which the treaty was sworn, and the mockery of Jupiter, and the Romans dictating terms. With bowed necks the Libyans shrank from the bare axes, and held out their hands together begging for pardon, and swore to a treaty which they did not observe, while Dione looked on the scene rejoicing, from the heights of Eryx.

All these pictures Hannibal surveyed with a face of anger and contempt, and then cried out with rising passion: "Deeds as great as these, the work of my right arm, shall Carthage yet display upon her walls. Let us see there the capture of Saguntum, overthrown by fire and sword together; let fathers be shown stabbing their own children; the conquest of the Alps will claim no little space; let Garamantes and Numidians, riding on their horses, trample on the high peaks. Add the banks of the Ticinus foaming with blood, and my victory on the Trebia, and the shore of Lake Trasimene covered deep with the Roman dead. Let us see Flaminius, a giant in giant armour, crash to the ground, and the consul Scipio a wounded fugitive, borne on his son's shoulders back to their camp. Show these sights to the people, Carthage; and greater sights shall be forthcoming in future: you shall display Rome blazing with Libyan fire-brands, and the Thunderer east down from the Tarpeian rock. For the present, ye soldiers, by whose valour my great deeds are accomplished, make haste to do what is right to be done: throw these pictures into the fire and wrap them in flames."

BOOK VII

ARGUMENT

FABIUS DETERMINES TO TAKE NO RISKS IN THE FIELD (1-19). CILNIUS, ONE OF HIS PRISONERS, INFORMS HANNIBAL CONCERNING THE FAMILY HISTORY AND CHARACTER OF FABIUS (20-73). RELIGIOUS OBSERVANCES AT ROME (74-89). FABIUS RESTORES DISCIPLINE IN THE ARMY. HANNIBAL CANNOT TEMPT HIM TO FIGHT (90-122). HANNIBAL MOVES TO APULIA AND TRIES TO PROVOKE FABIUS BY VARIOUS DEVICES. HE RETURNS TO CAMPANIA AND RAVAGES THE FALERNIAN COUNTRY (123-161). THE VISIT OF BACCHUS TO THE AGED PEASANT, FALERNUS (162-211). FABIUS EXPLAINS HIS POLICY OF INACTION TO HIS DISCONTENTED SOLDIERS (212-259). A TRICK OF HANNIBAL'S, TO MAKE THE DICTATOR MORE UNPOPULAR (260-267). HANNIBAL, HAVING GOT INTO A DANGEROUS SITUATION, BREAKS OUT BY MEANS OF A STRATAGEM AND ENCAMPS ON OPEN GROUND (268-376). THE DICTATOR, OBLIGED TO VISIT ROME, WARNS MINUCIUS AGAINST FIGHTING (377-408). A CARTHAGINIAN FLEET LANDS AT CAIETA: THE NYMPHS ARE TERRIFIED; BUT THE PROPHECY OF PROTEUS COMFORTS THEM (409-493). MINUCIUS IS GIVEN EQUAL POWERS WITH THE DICTATOR (494-522). THE DICTATOR RETURNS AND GIVES UP HALF THE ARMY TO MINUCIUS: MINUCIUS RASHLY ENGAGES THE ENEMY BUT IS RESCUED BY THE DICTATOR (523-579). FABIUS IS HAILED AS "FATHER" BY MINUCIUS AND THE SOLDIERS (730-750).

MEANWHILE Fabius was the one beacon-light in that dark hour. He made haste to arm sore-wounded Italy and her allies; his green old age faced the hardships of war, and he soon marched against the foe. But that more than human genius recked little of spears and swords and strong steeds. He went forth alone against an army of so many thousand Carthaginians and their invincible leader; and all the men and arms of Italy were comprised in his person. But for that old man's godlike power, but for his fixed resolve to check by delay Fortune's favour for the enemy, the Roman name would have passed away for ever. He it was who made the gods withdraw their favour from the Punic host, and put a stop to the victorious campaign of the African invaders; it was his wise policy of delay that baffled Hannibal elated with conquest. O greatest of generals, who didst save the realm of Troy from falling a second time, preserver of perishing Italy and the great deeds of our ancestors, of Carmentis's treasure and the throne of Evander — arise and lift up thy sacred head to the heaven which is thy due!

But, when the dictator had been chosen and new names came to the front, Hannibal, reflecting that the Romans had not so quickly changed the supreme command without good reason, was eager to learn the dictator's rank and reputation; he wondered why Fabius was the sole remaining anchor of the storm-tossed state, and why Rome thought him a match for Hannibal. He was troubled by his rival's age, free from youthful passion and proof against stratagem. Quickly he summoned one of his prisoners and questioned him concerning the dictator's family, his manner of life, and his martial exploits. Cilnius, born in the Tuscan land of Arretium, bore a famous name; but an evil hour had brought him to the banks of the Ticinus, where he was thrown from his wounded horse and taken prisoner by the Libyans. He was eager to end his troubles by a violent death and answered thus: "You have not now to do with a Flaminius or a hot-headed Gracchus. Hercules is the ancestor of his house; and if Fate had made them your countrymen, Hannibal, you would have seen Carthage mistress of the world. I shall not detain you with a long list of

separate achievements: one will suffice, and from one battle you shall learn what the Fabii are. The people of Veii had broken the peace and refused to submit to the Roman yoke, war was raging close to the gates of Rome, and the consul gave the call to arms. No levy was held: the clan of Hercules, unhelpt by the State, made up an army. From a single house — marvellous to tell! — there went forth an army of patricians to fight side by side. Three hundred leaders sprang to arms, and with any one of them in command you might have fought a campaign with confidence. But they went forth with evil omens: the Bloody Gate creaked with inauspicious sound, and a moaning came from the Great Altar of divine Hercules. When they attacked the foe, their fierce valour suffered them not to count the enemy, and they slew more than their own number. Often in close array, and often scattered afar over uneven ground, they endured the changing chances of battle; and by their equal effort and equal valour they deserved to lead three hundred triumphs to the temple of Jupiter. But alas for hope deceived! They forgot that no boon granted to mortal man is lasting. That band of heroes, who thought shame that the Fabian clan should not hazard their lives when their country was at war, were suddenly surrounded and slain all together, because of the jealousy of Heaven. But you, Hannibal, have no reason to rejoice at their death: enough of them is left to cope with you and Libya: one Fabius will match the three hundred warriors. Such life is there in his limbs; so painstaking is his foresight; such shrewdness does he hide beneath calmness and caution. Though you are of the age when blood is hot, you will not be swifter than Fabius to spur the flanks of your war-horse and tear his mouth with the bridle.” Such a speech showed Hannibal that Cilnius was eager for death. “Fool!” he cried:

“in vain you seek to rouse my wrath and to escape captivity by death. You must go on living. Let him be guarded in close fetters.” Thus he spoke, proud of victory and the favour of Heaven.

But the senators and matrons of Rome repaired in haste to the temples, to worship the gods. With sad looks and streaming eyes, the band of women marched in long procession, and offered a robe to Juno and solemn vows. “Be present, O Queen of Heaven, we, thy chaste people, pray; and we, all the Roman women of noble name, bring thee a gift wondrous fair, which our own hands have woven and embroidered with threads of gold. This robe thou shalt wear for the present, O goddess, until mothers grow less fearful for their sons. But if thou dost grant us to drive the African storm-cloud away from our land, divers jewels, set in gold, shall adorn thy glittering crown.” They made special offerings also to Pallas and Phoebus, to the War-god, and to Dione above all. So great is the sudden piety of men in time of trouble; but altars seldom smoke in prosperous times.

While Rome in ancient fashion appointed sacrifices for the temples of the gods, Fabius, moving quietly forwards, by his strategy which might be mistaken for inaction, had barred every approach against Fortune and the foe. He suffered none to leave the ranks, and taught his men discipline —

discipline, the chief glory that raises the imperial head of Rome to heaven. But, when the first Roman ensigns were distinctly seen on the heights, and the new weapons of the army glittered in the distance, Hannibal's hopes rose high. Intoxicated by success, he made sure of victory as soon as the armies met: "On! on!" he cried; "make haste! Rush to the gates of Rome! Knock down the ramparts with your breasts! The space between the hosts is all that separates the enemy from death. They summon to arms the old and feeble, unworthy antagonists for us. All whom you see now are the refuse — men discarded as useless when the war began. Where are now the Gracchi, and where are the two Scipios, the thunderbolts of their nation? Behold! Hunted out of Italy, they never paused in their cowardly flight until terror drove them to the Ocean and the World's End; each is now a wandering exile, and keeps to the banks of the Iberus, in dread of my name. With good reason my fame was increased when Flaminius fell; with good reason I rejoice to add to the list of my exploits the name of that doughty warrior; but how few years can my sword cut off from the life of this Fabius! And yet he dares. Let him dare! Never again, I warrant, shall he be seen in arms."

Thus he shouted, and pushed his army on with flying speed. Riding in advance, now he shook his fist at the foe, and now taunted them, and again hurled his spear from far and rode on triumphant, rehearsing the impending battle. So the son of Thetis bore on the plains of Troy the armour that Vulcan forged — the shield on which the whole world was depicted — earth and sky and his mother's sea.

Fabius sat and watched this fruitless rage from a lofty mountain-top; by refusing battle he tamed their proud hearts, and wore out their baffled boasting by masterly delay. So through the dark night the shepherd sleeps secure who keeps his flock penned in the fold behind iron bars, while the pack of wolves rage outside, mad with hunger, howling in their fury and rattling with their teeth at the unyielding barriers.

Foiled in his design, Hannibal moved away and marched slowly through the land of Apulia. Sometimes he halted and hid in some remote valley, hoping for a chance to hurry on the foe behind him and surround them with an unexpected ambush; or again he planned secret marches under cover of night, and pretended to retreat in panic; and again he suddenly abandoned in sight of the enemy a camp filled with booty, and set a trap for them, careless of the cost. Thus the Maeander, as it flows through the land of Lydia, turns back in its crooked course and wanders till it rejoins its own stream. All his attempts are full of guile; he tries every trick at once, and sharpens his ingenuity for every kind of enterprise. Even so, when a sunbeam is reflected in water, the light flits to and fro through the room, quivering as the reflection moves, and strikes the ceiling with flickering shadow. And now, wild with rage, Hannibal thus complained in his wrath: "If I had met Fabius at first in battle, would the Trebia and Lake Trasimene never have become famous? would no Italians be mourning their dead? would the river of Phaethon never have darkened the

sea with its blood-stained waters? He has invented a new method of conquest: he holds his hand, and we are weakened by inaction. How often, pretending an attack, has he skilfully unmasked our plots and disclosed our stratagems!" Thus the sleepless general pondered, when the bugle sounded the midnight hour, and when the third watch, to whom the unwelcome duty was allotted, were roused from sleep to take up their arms. He now changed his route: he left the land of Daunus behind him and returned to Campania which had felt the spoiler's hand before; but this time when he reached the fertile district of Falernus — a rich soil it is, that never deceived the husbandman — they flung destroying fire on the fruitful branches.

Though called away by my great theme, I may not pass over the honours of Bacchus without mention. I must tell of the god who bestowed on man the divine drink, and whom the nectar-bearing vines forbid to set any brand above the presses of Falernus. In the good old days before swords were known, Falernus, a man in years, used to plough the high ground of Mount Massicus. Then the fields were bare, and no vine-plant wove a green shade for the clusters; nor did men know how to mellow their draught with the juice of Lyaeus, but were wont to slake their thirst with the pure water of a spring. But when Lyaeus was on his way to the shore of Calpe and the setting sun, a lucky foot and a lucky hour brought him hither as a guest; nor did the god disdain to enter the cottage and pass beneath its humble roof. The smoke-grimed door welcomed a willing guest; the meal was set, in the fashion of that simple age, in front of the hearth; nor was the happy host aware that he entertained a god; but, as his fathers used to do, he ran hither and thither with kindly zeal, tasking his failing strength. At last the feast was set — fruit in clean baskets, and dainties dripping dew which he hastened to cull from his well-watered garden. Then he adorned the toothsome meal with milk and honeycomb, and heaped the gifts of Ceres on a chaste board which no blood defiled. And from each dish he first plucked a portion in honour of Vesta, and threw what he had plucked into the centre of the fire. Pleased by the old man's willing service, Bacchus decreed that his liquor should not be lacking. Suddenly a miracle was seen: to pay the poor man for his hospitality, the beechen cups foamed with the juice of the grape; a common milk-pail ran red with wine; and the sweet moisture of fragrant clusters sweated in the hollow oaken bowl. "Take my gift," said Bacchus; "as yet it is strange to you, but hereafter it will spread abroad the name of Falernus, the vine-dresser"; and the god was no longer disguised. Straightway ivy crowned his brows that glowed and flushed; his locks flowed down over his shoulders; a beaker hung down from his right hand; and a vine-plant, falling from his green thyrsus, clothed the festive board with the leaves of Nysa. Falernus found it hard to strive against the cheerful draught: when he had drunk once again of the cup, his stammering tongue and staggering feet roused mirth. With splitting head he tried, though he could not speak plain, to render thanks and praise to Father Lyaeus; and at last Sleep, who goes ever in the train of Bacchus, closed his reluctant eyes.

And when the sun rose and the hoofs of Phaethon's horses dispelled the dews all Mount Massicus was green with vine-bearing fields, and marvelled at the leafage and the bunches shining in the sunlight. The fame of the mountain grew, and from that day fertile Tmolus and the nectar of Ariusia and the strong wine of Methymna have all yielded precedence to the vats of Falernus.

This was the land which Hannibal then ravaged and fiercely persecuted. He was impatient, because the blood on his swords was dry, while Fabius still foiled him. But now over-confidence and a perverse desire for battle grew strong in the Roman camp, and the men were ready to rush down from their position on the heights.

Muse, make famous the man who was enabled to master two armies and to quell the fury of them both. Fabius spoke thus: "If the Senate had considered me a man of hot blood and violent temper, a man easily upset by clamour, they would not have trusted me in the last resort with the control of a war already all but lost. My plan of campaign has long been weighed and is fixed: I will persist in saving you, though you protest against it and court your doom. Not one of you shall be allowed to perish, if I can help it. If you are tired of life, and wish to be the last bearers of the Roman name, and if at this crisis you are not content unless you have made some spot famous for fresh disaster and resounding defeat, then we must call Flaminius back from the realm of darkness. Long ago he would have given the order and the signal to attack. Or are you still blind to the yawning precipice and imminent destruction? One victory more for Hannibal, and the war is over. Stay where you are, my men, and learn to understand your leader. When a favourable moment calls for action, then let your deeds match your present vaunting words. It is not, I assure you, it is not a hard thing to rush to battle: when the gates of the camp are opened, a single hour will see you all pour out into the field. But it is a great thing — and none get it, unless Jupiter has smiled on them as they went forth — to come back after the battle. Hannibal is following up his good fortune, and driving his ship with confidence before a favouring wind. Until the breeze falls and the flagging wind deserts his swelling sails, to delay will prove our gain. Fortune never clings to any man with a lasting embrace. Already, how much reduced are their forces, and how much reputation they have lost! And yet we have fought no battle against them. Indeed, my titles to fame may include him who not long ago — but it may be better to say no more. Do you call for immediate action and battle with the foe? I pray to Heaven that your confident spirit may be lasting. In the meantime, avert the risk of a great disaster, and set me, me only, in opposition to the whole war." His words tamed their frenzy and calmed their angry weapons. So, when Neptune, the ruler of the sea, raises his serene brow above the stormy waves, and sees the whole ocean and is seen by it, the angry winds stop their fierce howling and cease to ply the wings on their foreheads; then peace and quiet spread gradually over the deep, and gentle waves reflect the light along the silent shore.

Hannibal, watchful and shrewd, was aware of this, and tried to poison men's minds by a trick. Fabius owned a small estate inherited from his ancestors, which needed but few ploughs to till it; but the fields grew vines that Mount Massicus made famous. Hence Hannibal resolved to stir up mischief and sow disaffection in the camp: with wicked cunning he refrained from fire and sword and left that land in peace; thus men might suspect that the war was prolonged by a secret understanding.

The dictator saw through the trick of the Carthaginian and perceived its danger. But he was too busy, amid the clashing of swords and the sound of bugles, to fear morbid jealousy, and to parry the tooth of calumny by fighting a hazardous battle. At last, as Hannibal crept about, shifting his camp without result and spying out any chance of battle, Fabius posted cavalry where cross-roads met, and shut him in, where there were wooded heights and steep rising cliffs. The high rocks of Laestrygonia hemmed in his rear; in front were the marshes of Liternum, a dismal stretch of flooded fields. The ground made the soldier's sword useless; they were trapped by the treacherous position; famine, soon to claim the penalty for the tragedy of Saguntum, held them in her grip; and the army of Carthage came near to destruction.

Sleep had lulled all things to rest over the earth and the calm wide sea; the labour of the day was done, and the world enjoyed the peace that night brings to all mankind. But restless anxiety and watchful fear prevented Hannibal from tasting the bounty of drowsy night. Rising from his bed, he put on the tawny lion-skin which had served him as bedding when he lay stretched upon the grassy sward. Then he went in haste to his brother's tent which was pitched near his own. Mago too was no effeminate soldier: his limbs rested on an ox-hide, as he lay there soothing trouble with sleep. His spear was planted in the ground beside him, and from the spear-

Formiae, a town of Latium on the borders of Campania: the latter place is meant here. point his dreadful helmet hung down; and his shield and breastplate, his sword and bow and Balearic sling lay on the ground beside him. A chosen band of veteran soldiers attended him; and his war-horse wore the saddle as it grazed. When his light slumber was broken by the sound of entering footsteps, "Ha, brother!" he cried, and at the same time reached out for his weapons; "what sleepless anxiety forbids you to rest your weary limbs?" Already he stood erect, and a stamp of his foot summoned to attention his men who lay stretched upon the sward, when Hannibal thus began: "It is Fabius who breaks my rest, Fabius who excites my fears; that old man, alas, alone withstands the tide of my fortunes. You see how you are surrounded by a ring of warriors, trapped and encircled by the army he has placed there. But, come, since we are in this strait, hear further a plan I have devised. The cattle we have seized up and down the land are with us now, after the custom of war. I shall order dry branches to be tied to their horns, and bundles of light faggots to be fixed to their foreheads; then, when fire is applied and spreads its heat, the beasts, driven mad by pain, will run wild and spread a blaze over the

hills with tossing heads. Then our jailers, surprised and alarmed, will relax their strict guard, and will fear worse dangers in the darkness. If my plan pleases you, let us set to work — the crisis forbids delay.” Together they went at once to the camp. There lay huge Maraxes, his head pillowed on his shield; around him were horses and men and blooddripping spoils that he had taken in battle; and, as if fighting in dreams, he uttered just then a frantic cry, while his shaking hand felt eagerly for his good sword and the weapons on his bed. With a blow from the butt of his spear Mago awoke him from his unpeaceful slumber. “Control your ardour in the hours of darkness, brave captain,” he said, “and postpone your fighting till day comes. We must make use of to-night for a stratagem, for a secret flight and safe retreat. My brother intends to fix dry branches to the horns of the cattle and to turn them loose when lighted all through the woods, that the foe may relax his grasp; and he hopes thus to wrench the beleaguered army from their clutches. Let us make our way out, and teach Fabius that he is no match for us in cunning.” Rejoicing in this bold stroke, the warrior tarried not. The pair next hastened to the quarters of Acherras, a man content with brief slumbers who never slept the whole night through. He was awake now and attending to a mettlesome steed, rubbing him down after exercise and bathing the mouth which the bit had chafed. His men were furbishing their weapons, washing the dry blood from the steel and sharpening their swords. The pair explained their business and the requirements of the place and time, and bade Acherras go with speed and further the plan. The word was passed round through the camp; the captains zealously instructed their men and explained the work to be done; fear beset them and quickened their pace, urging them to depart in the silence and darkness, before the shadow of night grew lighter. The brushwood was quickly kindled, and fire rose high from the horns of the cattle. But when the mischief spread and the beasts tossed their tortured heads, the flames, so helped, grew thicker, and their crest burst upwards through the smoke and conquered it. All over the hills and thickets, over the high cliffs of the rocky mountain, the maddened cattle rushed on panting, driven by that dreadful scourge; and the steers, their nostrils stopped by the fire, tried in vain to bellow. Nothing can check the destroying fire: it runs from place to place over hill and valley; and the sea, not far away, reflects it. It was like the multitude of stars which the seaman beholds from his ship as he ploughs the deep on a clear night, with his gaze fixed upon the sky; or like the multitude of fires that the shepherd sees from his seat on Mount Garganus, when the uplands of Calabria are burnt and blackened, to improve the pasture.

But the Roman sentries whose turn it was to be on guard were horror-struck by the sudden sight of flames moving about on the mountain-tops: they believed that no hand of man had sent forth fire, but that it spread of itself and flourished unrestrained beneath the hills. “Did it fall from heaven?” they asked in their fear; “had the Almighty launched thunderbolts with his strong arm? or had the vexed earth burst asunder and sent forth flames, vomited from

hidden hollows with burning sulphur?" Quickly they fled; and the Carthaginian army made haste to seize the narrow pass and dashed forth triumphant into the open country. Yet by his skilful management the watchful Dictator had succeeded so far, that Hannibal, even after the Trebia and the Tuscan lake, was content now to have escaped Fabius and the Roman attack. Indeed Fabius would have followed with his army the retreating foe, had he not been summoned to pay worship to the gods of his family. As he turned his face to Rome, he addressed the younger man, who took over, as custom required, the colours and the supreme command, and spoke thus, instructing him beforehand and schooling him with warning: "Minucius, if you have not yet learned from my actions to approve caution, then words also will be too weak to attract you to true glory and to guard you from mistakes. You have seen Hannibal entrapped: his footmen and his horsemen and his army with its serried ranks were all useless. I alone entrapped him, I call you to witness. Nor shall I be slow to do it again. Suffer me to make a feast for the gods and offer the customary sacrifices. Again and again — do you but refrain from battle — I shall show you Hannibal penned in by lofty mountains or rapid rivers. For the present (take the word of experience, I speak the truth) inaction is safety in peril. Let many generals feel joy and pride when they have laid low the enemy in battle — and it is indeed a glorious thing; but let Fabius regard this as his height of glory, that he has saved the lives of you all. I hand over to you an undepleted force and unwounded men; give them back to me unharmed, and that shall be your boast. Soon you will see the Libyan lion charging our ramparts; at one time he will offer you spoil, and at another he will retreat, looking ever backwards and nursing wrath in his guileful heart. Shut the gates of the camp, I entreat you, and rob him of all hope of fighting. This is sufficient warning; but, if my entreaties cannot restrain your ardour, then by my high office of dictator and by my duty I forbid you to take up arms." Thus he defended the camp by his warnings ere he left it and returned to Rome.

But now, before a favouring wind, Carthaginian ships were seen ploughing with their beaks the sea by the shore of Caieta and the bay of the Laestrygonians. They had entered the undefended harbour, and the number of their oarsmen churned all the sea to foam. The noise startled the Sea Sisters, and they rose up together from the crystal seats of their grotto, and saw the shore occupied by hostile vessels. Then in great fear and consternation the train of Nereids swam off quickly to a familiar haunt, where the realm of the Teleboans rises far off in mid-sea, and there are rocky caves. Proteus, the monstrous seer, hides here in his cavern among the rocks, and keeps the foaming deep at a distance by a barrier of cliffs. He knew well the cause of their alarm; but first he eluded them by taking various shapes: he frightened them in the likeness of a black and scaly snake, and hissed horribly; again he changed into a fierce lion and roared. At last he spoke: "Tell me the cause of your coming, and why have your faces suddenly turned pale? Why seek ye to

know the future?"

Cymodoce replied, the eldest of the Italian nymphs: "Prophet," she said, "you know why we are afraid What mean these ships of Carthage that have robbed us of our shore? Are the gods removing the empire of Rome to Libya? Or shall the seamen of Tyre possess these harbours in future? Must we leave our native seat and dwell in the caves of uttermost Atlas and Calpe?"

Then the prophet, the deity of many forms, thus began to reveal the future, beginning his tale far back in the distant past. "When the shepherd son of Laomedon sat on Phrygian Ida, and his sweet piping recalled to the dewy pastures his bulls that strayed through pathless thickets, he was chosen to witness the contest of the goddesses for the prize of beauty. Then a Cupid drove the snow-white swans harnessed to his mother's car, and feared to be too late for the contest. A tiny quiver and a golden bow glittered at his shoulder, and he signed to his mother to have no fear, and showed her the quiver that he carried loaded with arrows. Another Cupid combed the tresses on her snow-white brow, and a third put the girdle round the folds of her purple robe. Then Venus sighed, and her rosy lips thus addressed her pretty children: 'See, the day has come that will prove beyond all doubt your love for your mother. Who would dare to believe, that while you still live, the claim of Venus to the prize for beauty is contested? What worse remains behind? If I gave to my children all my arrows steeped in delicious poison — if your grandsire, the Lawgiver of heaven and earth, stands a suppliant before you when so you please, then let my triumph bear back to Cyprus the palm of Edom won from Pallas, and let the hundred altars of Paphos smoke for my conquest of Juno.' And, while Cytherea thus charged her winged children, all the grove re-echoed the footsteps of a goddess. For now came the Warrior Maid. She had laid aside her aegis; the hair which the helmet was wont to hide was braided now, and her clear eyes wore a studied look of peace; and her sacred feet bore her quickly to the appointed grove. From another quarter obedient to the call came the daughter of Saturn; though wedded to her brother, Jupiter, she must endure to be judged and rejected by the Trojan shepherd on Mount Ida. Last came Venus with smiling face, glorious in her beauty. All the surrounding groves and all the hollows of the leaf-elad heights drank in deeply the fragrance that breathed from that divine head. The judge could not sit still; his eyes, dazzled by the brilliance of her beauty, sank to the ground; and he feared lest he might seem ever to have been in doubt. But the defeated goddesses brought a fierce army across the sea, and Troy was demolished together with the Trojan who had judged them. Then good Aeneas, after much suffering on land and sea, established the gods of Troy on the soil of Italy. So long as sea-monsters shall swim the deep and stars shine in the sky and the sun rise on the Indian shore, Rome shall rule, and there shall be no end to her rule throughout the ages. But you, my daughters, while the thread of Fate that none may change still runs on, avoid the ill-omened sands of Saso in the Adriatic sea. For Aufidus will fall into that sea, his stream

swollen with gore, and will pour incarnadined waters into the main; and on a field condemned long ago by the oracles of Heaven, the ghosts of Aetolia shall fight the Trojans once more. Later the missiles of Carthage shall batter the walls of Romulus, and the Metaurus shall be famous for the utter defeat of Hasdrubal. Next the offspring of stolen love shall duly avenge his father and his uncle as well; then he shall spread fire over the coast of Dido, and tear Hannibal away from the vitals of Italy on which he is preying, and defeat him in his own country. To him Carthage shall surrender her arms, and Africa her name. And his son's son shall finish a third war with victory and bring back the ashes of Libya to the Capitol."

While the prophet in his grotto revealed these secret things of the gods, the Master of the Knights and commander of the army had put from his mind the warnings of Fabius, and was pressing forward against the enemy. And Hannibal was not slow to feed and encourage this folly: he feigned at times to retreat, that by a trifling loss he might tempt Minucius to a pitched battle. So the fisherman tempts a fish forth from the watery depths by scattering bait in the pools, and then, when he sees his nimble prey swimming close to the surface, draws it captive to the shore in his bellying net.

Wild rumours ran — that the enemy was routed, and Hannibal had saved himself by flight; an end of defeats was certain, if the Romans were allowed to conquer; but the brave had no authority, and punishment was in store for the victorious. Soon would Fabius keep the army in camp and order the sword to be sheathed once more, that the warrior might be called to account and clear himself of the crime of conquering. Thus the people murmured; and even the hearts of the Senators were stirred up by the daughter of Saturn with the sting of jealousy and with the desire for popular favour. Then they passed a decree unworthy of belief, a decree that Hannibal might have prayed for; they were soon to repent it and to pay for it with great disaster.

The army was divided, and the Master of the Knights was given equal powers with the Dictator. The older man looked on without resentment; but he feared that the ill-advised government might pay a heavy penalty for their grievous error. And then, revolving many things in his breast, he returned from Rome and, after dividing the forces with Minucius, encamped on a neighbouring height, where from his lofty watch-tower he kept an eye on the Roman army as much as on the army of Hannibal. Minucius in his folly at once dismantled the rampart of his camp; he was burning with eagerness to destroy and, at the same time, to be destroyed.

When Hannibal from one point and Fabius from another saw him hurrying forth from his camp, each instantly conceived wise plans to meet the emergency. The Roman general ordered his foot-soldiers to arm with speed, and kept his cavalry behind the protection of the ramparts, while Hannibal threw every man into the fighting-line, and called on them thus to go forward: "Soldiers, seize the opportunity for battle, while Fabius is absent. See! Heaven offers us the chance so long denied of fighting on the open plain. Since the

opportunity is given, cleanse the steel from the mould of long disuse, my men, and glut your rusty swords with much bloodshed.”

The Delayer surveyed the country from the high rampart, and weighed these things in his heart. He was grieved that Rome should learn the value of a Fabius at so great a cost. His son who served at his side said: “That rash man will suffer as he deserves — the man who by the votes of the blind populace usurped our authority and has brought things to this pass. Look on now, ye senseless Tribes! Shame on the rhetoric that leads to ruin, and on the marketplace that approves worthless men! Let them now, in their ignorance of war, divide the command over the army and vote that light shall give place to darkness! Dearly shall they pay for their mad mistake, and for their insult to my father.” As the old man answered him, he shook his spear, and the tears rose to his eyes: “My son, you must wash away that harsh speech in Punic blood. Shall I suffer my countryman to be slain before my eyes, and not move a hand, or allow Hannibal to conquer while I look on? If such were my feeling, will not those who set me on a level with my subordinate be acquitted of all blame? And now, my son, take this for certain from your aged father, and keep it ever engraved upon your heart: to harbour wrath against your country is a sin; and no more heinous crime can mortal man carry down to the shades below. Such was the doctrine of our fathers. How great and noble was Camillus, when, exiled from home and country, he returned from banishment to drive his triumphal car to the Capitol! How many enemies were slain by that right hand which Romans had condemned! But for the placid wisdom of Camillus and his refusal to harbour wrath, the realm of Aeneas would have changed its seat of empire, and Rome would not stand now at the summit of the world. Be not angry for your father’s sake, my son; but let us fight side by side and make haste to help.” Already the trumpets were sounding together with the trumpets of the foe; and men had charged forward, to clash in conflict.

The Dictator was the foremost man to knock down the bars and tall gateposts of the camp, and to rush into the fray. No mightier are the winds when they war against one another, Boreas from Thrace and Africus that has power to lift the Syrtis; when they rage in stubborn conflict, they divide the sea and each rolls his own part to an opposite shore; as the tempest howls, the tide is swept after it hither and thither, and the waves thunder. No possible achievement — not the conquest of Africa and the fall of Carthage — could confer on Fabius such glory as he reaped from the wrong done him by envy; for he conquered at the same time every obstacle — danger and Hannibal, resentment and jealousy — and he trod underfoot calumny and Fortune together.

When Hannibal saw the Romans rushing down from their high rampart, his ardour was shaken: he groaned, and his sanguine hopes of a crushing victory sank in a moment. For he had surrounded the army of Minucius with a serried ring of soldiers and hoped to destroy them by a shower of missiles from every

side. And now the Roman general in that ill-judged battle had already in thought crossed the Styx to the place of eternal darkness — for he was ashamed to look to Fabius for help — when the Dictator, surrounding the battle-field with his two flanks, hemmed in the Carthaginian rear with an outer circle, and now, from his outside position, blockaded those who had lately been blockaders. By grace of Hercules he seemed to rise higher as he fought and to grow in stature. The plume of his helmet flashed on high; and his frame was suddenly endued with marvellous strength and activity; he hurled spear after spear and assailed the enemy in their rear with clouds of darts. Thus the King of Pylus fought in his Second stage of life, when youth was gone and old age not yet come.

On he rushed and slew Thuris and Butes, Naris and Arses, and Mahalces who had dared to face him, a famous warrior who had gained glory by his spear. Then he laid low Garadus and Adherbes of the long hair, and Thulis who towered above both armies and could grasp the topmost battlements on a lofty wall.

These he slew from a distance; and his sword accounted for Sapharus and Monaesus, and for Morinus, as he stirred the hearts of the combatants with the trumpet's blare; the fatal blow struck his right cheek, and the blood, running down through the trumpet from the wound in his face, flowed forth, expelled by his dying breath. Close by him fell Idmon, a Nasamonian, slain by a javelin. For as he slipped on the warm blood and was vainly striving to plant his unsteady feet on firm ground, the Dictator's horse struck him down; and, when he tried in haste to lift his bruised limbs from the ground, Fabius pinned him to the earth by a strong thrust of his spear and left the weapon in the deadly wound. Sticking in the ground, the spear quivered as the dying man moved, and kept guard on the plain over the corpse consigned to it.

This glorious example inflamed the younger men: a Sulla and a Crassus with him, Furnius and his comrade Metellus, and Torquatus, a more practised warrior, entered the battle; and all alike were willing even to die, if they might have the eyes of Fabius upon them. Unhappy Bibulus was stepping quickly backwards and swerving aside, to elude a huge stone hurled at him, when he stumbled on a heap of Roman corpses in his movement to the rear; and an iron point, which happened to project from a dead body, entered his side where many a blow had loosened the clasps of the buckle on his corslet; and his fall drove the weapon home to his vitals. Alas, for so strange a death! He was spared by the missiles of the Garamantes and the swords of the Marmaridae, in order to be laid low by a senseless weapon — a weapon aimed at a different victim. Down he fell in death; a strange pallor disfigured his youthful beauty; his shield fell from his loosened grasp, and the sleep of darkness stole over his eyes.

Cleadas, a descendant of Cadmus, had come to the wars from Tyrian Sidon, summoned by the entreaty of the daughter-city, and fought side by side with the Carthaginians, proud of his troop of archers from the East; jewels

sparkled all over his golden helmet and golden collar. So sparkles Lucifer, when, refreshed by the waters of Ocean, he is approved by Venus and outshines the greater stars. Purple was his dress, and purple the housings of his steed; and on all his company glittered the precious dye that is steeped in the vats of Sidon. Brutus, eager for the fray, was burning to blot out such a famous name; but Cleadas mocked him, wheeling his horse lightly round in mazy circles, now to the right and now to the left; and then he shot a winged arrow over his shoulder, refusing in Persian fashion to face his foe. Nor did he fail to hit: the keen arrow lodged, alas, right in the chin of Casca, the squire of Brutus; warmed with blood the point passed upwards, leaving a jagged wound, and forced the steel into the moist palate. But Brutus, troubled by the grievous plight of his friend, no longer tried to ride down Cleadas, as he ranged at large and sent out a shower of deadly arrows while pretending flight: he entrusted to his spear all the fierce anger of his heart, and launched the flying weapon with a thong; and the point pierced his breast, where the collar with its row of pendants hung loose and left the neck exposed.

Cleadas' bow was bent when he was laid low by the spear; the bow slipped from his left hand and the arrow from his right, as down he fell.

But better fortune in battle befell Carmelus, the pride of Soracte sacred to Apollo. For he had already dyed his sword with the blood of Bagrada, lord and leader of a Nubian people; and he had slain Zeusis also, a warlike son of Spartan Phalantus, whom a Punic mother had borne to a famous Lacedaemonian. Then fearing the same fate, Hampsicus had not confidence to engage so active a foe, nor even to fly: urged by terror, the poor wretch had passed through thickets and climbed to the top of a neighbouring oak, where he hid in the thick leafage, standing on boughs that shook under his weight. But Carmelus ran him through with his long spear, as he begged hard for mercy and sprang from branch to branch overhead. Thus the fowler who dispeoples the grove with his cane-rod tipped with birdlime, pursues the bird over his head with a lengthening reed, and silently tries to reach at last the topmost branches by adding a joint to his tapering rod. Hampsicus poured forth his life; his blood streamed down from above, and his lifeless limbs bent down the branch on which they hung.

And now the Romans were fighting fiercely against the straggling and fleeing foe, when suddenly Tunger, the Moor, a terrible giant, rushed forward to battle. His body was black, and his lofty chariot was drawn by black horses; and the chariot — a new device to strike terror — was the same colour all over as the dusky backs of the steeds; and on his lofty crest he had been careful to set a plume of the same hue; and the garment he wore was black also.

So the Ruler of the eternal darkness, when he carried off the maiden from Henna long ago and hastened to their bridal chamber in the lower world, drove a chariot black with the darkness of Hell. But Cato, on whose cheeks the down of manhood was just appearing, was undismayed. He was the pride

of his native Tusculum, which lies on Circe's height and was once ruled by the grandson of Laertes. Though he saw that the Roman van was checked and had withdrawn in confusion, he drove on his hesitating steed with iron heel and freely loosened rein. The horse refused to go forward and stood trembling, terrified by the harmless shadow that Tunger cast. Then quickly dismounting from his tall horse to fight, he followed the flying chariot on foot, and sprang upon it from behind as it sped on. Reins and whip were dropped in a moment; and the ill-fated Moor lost courage and turned pale, dreading the sword that hung over his neck. Cato cut off his head with the sword and carried it away, stuck on the point of his spear.

Meanwhile the Dictator, exulting in fierce battle, burst his way through a mass of exhausted men, and carried death with him. Then he saw a pitiful sight — Minucius weary, wounded, and bleeding, and asking for a shameful death. Fabius shed tears, and protected the frightened general with his shield. Then he encouraged his son to battle thus: "Brave son, let us wipe off the stain upon us and repay Hannibal in full for his kind treatment in dropping no fire upon our fields." Then, rejoicing in the encouragement of his wise father, the young man drove off with the sword the surrounding ranks of Carthage, and cleared the plain; and Hannibal at last withdrew from the field. So, when the shepherd's back is turned, the wolf that Mars loves, urged by hunger, snatches up a lamb and holds the frightened youngling fast in its jaws; but, if the shepherd hears a bleating and runs to face the wolf, then it fears for itself, and casts up the still breathing prey from between its teeth, and makes off in wrath with empty jaws. Not till then was the Stygian darkness, with which the black cloud of the Carthaginian attack had surrounded the army of Minucius, at last dispelled. Their hands were numbed; they said they were not worthy to be rescued; they were stunned and confused by sudden good fortune. Even so, men buried beneath a falling house, when dug out and suddenly released from darkness, blink with their eyes and fear to see the sun again.

When all this was done, Fabius numbered his army and was glad, and marched back to the heights where they were safe in camp. But, behold, the soldiers, recalled to life from the very jaws of death, raised a shout to the sky and marched triumphantly in long procession, all with one acclaim loudly hailing Fabius as their glory, Fabius as their saviour, and Fabius as their father. Then the general who had lately parted from him, taking half the army with him, spoke thus: "O worshipful father, if I, thus restored to the blessing of light, may make a just complaint, why were we permitted to have separate camps and separate armies? Why did you submit to hand over a force which you alone are fit to command? To that generous act we owed our fall and looked on the darkness of death, and much blood was spilt.

Make haste, ye soldiers, to bring back hither the eagles and standards which Fabius saved! Fabius is our country, and the walls of Rome rest on the shoulders of a single man! And you, Hannibal, have done with your stale tricks and stratagems; in future you have to fight Fabius and him alone."

When Minucius had spoken thus, an imposing sight then was seen — a thousand altars of green turf raised in haste; and no man dared to touch food or the pleasant gift of Lyaeus, till he had offered many a prayer and poured out wine upon the board in honour of Fabius.

BOOK VIII

ARGUMENT

HANNIBAL'S ANXIETY (1-24). JUNO SENDS ANNA TO COMFORT HIM: ANNA, THE SISTER OF DIDO, IS NOW A NYMPH OF THE RIVER NUMICIUS: SHE TELLS HER OWN HISTORY, AND ENCOURAGES HANNIBAL BY FORETELLING THE BATTLE OF CANNÆ (25-241). C. TERENTIUS VARRO IS ELECTED CONSUL AT ROME: HIS BOASTFUL SPEECHES (242-277). HIS COLLEAGUE, L. AEMILIUS PAULUS, IS AFRAID TO THWART HIM (278-297). HE IS ADVISED BY FABIUS TO OPPOSE VARRO (298-348). THE CONSULS START FOR APULIA: A CATALOGUE OF THEIR TROOPS (349-621). EVIL OMENS BEFORE THE BATTLE ALARM THE SOLDIERS (622-676).

FABIUS had been the first to show the Romans the retreating backs of the Carthaginians. Him alone his soldiers called their father, and him alone Hannibal called his foe. The Carthaginian leader raged, impatient of delay: for a chance of fighting, he must wait for the death of Fabius and summon the Fates as allies in war; for, so long as that old man lived, he had no hope of shedding Italian blood. Further, the united army, serving with standards restored under a single commander, and the necessity of wrestling again and again with Fabius alone — all this weighed still more heavily on his anxious spirit. By skilful inaction and by slackening the pace of war, the Dictator had effected much; and, above all, he had deprived the Tyrian army of all supplies; and, though a fight to a finish was still in the future, he was already the master of the foe. Moreover, the Gauls, a boastful and unstable people, bold at the start but infirm of purpose, were turning their eyes homewards: unaccustomed to a bloodless campaign, they grieved that their hands, unwetted with gore in time of war, should be enfeebled by thirst for conflict. Nor was this all: his troubles were increased by dangers at home — the jealousy of his fellow-citizens and the opposition of Hanno to the enterprise; for Hanno would not suffer their senate to send reinforcements or supplies of any kind.

Though tortured by these anxieties and fearing the worst, Hannibal regained hope of victory and renewed his insane ambition, by help of Juno; the goddess foresaw the field of Cannæ, and coming events filled her with pride. Summoning Anna from the river of Laurentum she thus addressed her, pressing her with flattering appeal: “Goddess, a youth akin to you is in sore straits — even Hannibal, a famous name, descended from Belus the Phœnician. Arise, hasten, and assuage his raging sea of troubles. Dislodge Fabius from his mind. Fabius alone stands between the Romans and subjugation; but he is now putting off his armour, and Hannibal will have to fight against Varro and meet Varro in battle. Let him move his standards forward and take advantage of Fortune. I myself shall be there. Let him march instantly to the plain of Iapygia. The doom of the Trebia and Lake Trasimene shall be repeated there.”

Then the nymph, who dwells near the sacred grove of the native god, thus replied: “It is my duty to do your bidding without delay. One thing only I beg:

suffer me to keep the goodwill of my former country and to carry out the solemn behests of my sister, although the deity of Anna is among those honoured by the Romans.”

Far back in history, and hidden in deep darkness by the uncertain report of antiquity, lies the answer to this question: why should the Italians consecrate a temple to a Phoenician deity, and why should Dido’s sister be worshipped in the country of the Aeneadae? But I shall repeat the legend from the beginning, keeping my tale within strict limits, and briefly recalling the past.

When Dido was deserted by her Trojan guest and hope was utterly dead, she hastened in frenzy to the fatal pyre within the palace. Then, resolved on death, she seized the sword which her runagate husband had given her for her destruction. Iarbas, whose hand she had refused in marriage, usurped the throne, and Anna fled before her sister’s pyre was cold. Who would help her in her need, when that king of the Numidians spread terror far and wide? It chanced that Battus then ruled Cyrene with gentle sway — Battus, a kindly man and ready to give a tear to human suffering. When he saw the suppliant, he trembled at the thought of what princes may suffer, and stretched forth his hand to her. And there she stayed for a time, till the golden ears were twice cut down by the reapers. Then she could no longer avail herself of Battus and his friendship; for he told her that Pygmalion was sailing thither, intent on her destruction. So she was driven to the sea, angry with Heaven, and with herself for not dying together with her sister, and was pitifully tossed with tattered sails, till at last a fateful storm wrecked her upon the coast of Laurentum. A stranger to that clime and soil and to its inhabitants, the Phoenician princess was afraid when shipwrecked upon the land of Italy. But see! Aeneas, having now gained a kingdom, came with godlike lusus, and his face she knew. In great fear she gazed upon the ground and then knelt down before weeping lusus; but Aeneas raised her up and led her gently within the palace. And when a courteous reception had lightened her troubles and dispelled her fear of danger, with anxious sorrow he asked to hear about the death of unhappy Dido. And Anna thus began, sighing and weeping abundantly as she spoke, and used soft words too to suit the occasion: “O goddess-born, my sister’s throne and her life depended upon you alone; bear witness her death and that funeral-pyre, which would that I then had shared! When the sight of your face was taken from her, she sometimes sat, sometimes stood, on the shore in her misery; watching the course of the winds, she called Aeneas back with a great cry, and prayed that you would deign to take her alone on board your ship. Then in confused haste she hurried back to her chamber, and suddenly trembled and stood still, fearing to touch that sacred couch. Next in her distraction, she first clasps the beauteous image of radiant lusus, and then, quickly turning her whole mind to your likeness, hangs upon your image, making her plaint to you and hoping for an answer. Love never abandons hope. Now she leaves the palace and goes back in frenzy to the harbour, in case some wind may shift its course and blow you back. She stooped even to

magic arts, driven to this by the wicked deceitfulness and folly of the Massylian race. But, out upon wizards and their accursed delusions! While they called up the infernal gods and promised relief for her strange trouble — what a dreadful sight did I, who believed them, witness! — she heaped upon a fatal pyre all memorials of you and your ill-starred gifts.”

Then Aeneas answered, revisited by passion with all its sweetness: “I swear by this land, to which you both often heard me appeal when we exchanged vows; I swear by the head of gentle Iulus, once so dear to you and to your sister: in sorrow and with a longing look behind I left your kingdom; nor would I have broken off the marriage, had not the god of Cyllene, with dreadful threats, set me on board with his own hand, and driven the fleet out to sea with swift winds. But why — too late, alas, is my warning — why at such a moment did ye allow passion to run wild unwatched?”

Anna thus replied with quivering lips and in a breathless voice between her sobs: “I chanced to be preparing strange offerings for the sable King whom the third realm obeys, and for the partner of his gloomy bed, in order to relieve my love-lorn sister of her sorrow and unrest; and I was myself bringing black-fleeced sheep, and making haste, to avert an evil dream. For, in my sleep, an awful fear had filled my heart; and thrice, thrice over with a loud cry, had Sychaeus claimed Dido as his own and shown a face of pride and joy. I drove this from my thoughts and prayed to the gods to give a favourable turn to the dream, when day came; and I bathed in a running stream. Meanwhile, Dido went quickly to the beach and kissed many times the dumb sand where you had stood; and then she fondly embraced all your foot-prints, even as a mother strains to her breast the ashes of a lost son. Then she rushed back headlong with hair unbound and came to the great high pyre she had raised already; and from its site all the sea was visible and the whole city of Carthage. Next she put on the robe from Troy and the necklace of pearls; she drank in, poor wretch, the memory of that day when she first saw those gifts; she recalled the banquet and the feast that greeted your arrival, when you told in order the long agony of Troy, and she sat late to hear you. Then in distraction she turned her weeping eyes to the harbour. ‘Ye gods of endless night,’ she cried, ‘whose power seems greater to one at the point of death, help me, I pray, and give a kindly welcome to a spirit that love has conquered. The wife of Aeneas, the daughter-in-law of Venus, I avenged my husband, I saw the towers of my city Carthage rise; and now the shade of a great queen shall go down to your domain. Perhaps my husband, whose love was sweet to me long ago, is waiting for me there, eager to love me no less than before.’ Thus speaking she drove a sword into the centre of her breast — the sword which she had received as a pledge of the Trojan’s love. Her attendants saw it, and rushed together through the halls with mourning and beating of breasts; the palace resounded with their loud cries. I, unhappy, heard the tidings; terror-stricken by that dreadful death, I tore my cheeks with my nails, as I rushed in frenzy to the palace and struggled to climb the lofty steps. Thrice I

strove to throw myself on the accursed sword, and thrice I fell prostrate on the body of my dead sister. Soon the rumour spread through the neighbouring cities; the Numidian chiefs and fierce Iarbas prepared for war; and I, driven by Sychaeus' fate, came to the city of Cyrene; and at last the violence of the sea brought me to your coast."

Aeneas was touched: he had admitted to his heart a gentle and kindly feeling towards Anna in her troubles. Soon she had put away all grief and sorrow from her heart, and she no longer seemed a stranger in the palace of the Trojan. When black night had wrapped all things in silent sleep, over all the earth and the still expanse of sea, she dreamed that her sister, Dido, with a face of sorrow and utmost grief, spoke to her thus: "Sister, too heedless sister, how can you bear to sleep long under this roof? Are you blind to the snares laid for you and the dangers that surround you? Do you not yet understand that the people of Laomedon bring doom upon our nation and our land? As long as the sky makes the stars revolve with rapid course, and the moon lights up the earth with her brother's radiance, no lasting peace shall there be between the Aeneadae and the men of Tyre. Rise in haste; I distrust Lavinia — already she is laying snares in secret, and ponders some horrible outrage. Further — nor deem this message the idle coinage of sleep — not far from here the river Numicus flows down from a little spring and runs with gentle current through the valleys. Hasten, sister, to a harbour of safety there. The Nymphs will gladly admit you to their sacred stream; and your deity shall be for ever honoured in the land of Italy." So Dido spoke and vanished into thin air.

Terrified by her strange dream, Anna started up from sleep; and fear covered her limbs with a cold sweat. Then, just as she was, with one thin garment to cover her, she sprang from her bed and, climbing out by the low window, ran swiftly over the open fields, until the river Numicius — so the legend runs — received her in his sandy depths and hid her in his crystal grottoes. Dawn had filled the whole world with radiance, when the Aeneadae found that the stranger from Carthage had vanished from her chamber. With loud shouts they went to and fro through the country, and followed the plain footprints to the river-bank. And while they marvelled, one to another, the river stopped the seaward course of its waters; and then the stranger was seen sitting among her sister Naiads, and she addressed the Trojans with friendly speech. Ever since, Anna's feast has been held on the first days of the year, and she has been worshipped as divine throughout Italy.

When Juno had appealed to Anna to stir up battle and sorrow for Italy, her swift ear carried her back to heaven; she hoped at last to gain her wish and drink the blood of Latium. Anna, obedient to the goddess, made her way in invisible shape to the great leader of the Libyan people. He, as it chanced, had banished all company from him; he was pondering the uncertain issues of fortune and of war, and sighed in his perplexity, while his mind kept watch. Thus the goddess soothed his troubles with friendly speech: "Mightiest ruler

of the Phoenicians, why do you persist in nursing this great grief in sick anxiety? All the wrath of the gods against you has now been appeased, all their goodwill has come back to the children of Agenor. Rise up, then, without loitering or delay! Speed on the forces of Marmariea to battle! The consuls are changed. By the unwisdom of the Senate the heroic scion of Hercules has laid down his arms, and you have to fight against a second Flaminius. I was sent to you — doubt it not — by the consort of the almighty Thunderer. Though I am honoured in the land of Italy as an immortal goddess, I was born of the seed of Belus your ancestor. Make no delay; launch the thunderbolts of war with utmost speed, where Mount Garganus sinks down to the fields of Iapygia; the land is not far distant; straight to that point send your standards.” She ended, and her watery image rose up to the clouds.

The general, revived by this pledge of glory to come, addressed her thus: “Nymph, glory of our nation, as sacred to me as any deity, be propitious and give a favourable issue to your promises. If I may fight a battle, I will set your image in a marble shrine on the citadel of Carthage, and dedicate beside it an image of Dido, and both shall be honoured alike.” Thus he spoke, and then swollen with pride encouraged his triumphant comrades. “Soldiers! messengers of death to Italy! Here is an end to heavy hearts and the lingering torture of inaction. We have appeased the anger of the gods, and they turn again to us. I announce to you that the command of Fabius, that pettifogger, is now at an end, and that the rods are borne before a new consul. Now let each of you renew his pledges to me, and make good the deeds of valour which you used to promise when debarred from fighting. See! a goddess of our country promises a future greater than our past. Pull up the standards, and let us follow the goddess to the field where the name of Diomedes is of ill omen to Trojans.”

Thus encouraged, the Carthaginians made for Arpi. Meanwhile Varro, relying on the purple that he had seized by gift of the people, was already ranting on the Rostrum, and, by his haste to prepare the way for a mighty downfall, brought Rome near to destruction. His birth was obscure; the name of his ancestors was never heard; but his impudent tongue wagged unceasingly, and his voice was loud. Thus he got wealth, and he was liberal with his plunder; and so, by courting the dregs of the people and railing at the Senate, he rose so high in the war-stricken city that he alone could turn the scale of events and settle the course of destiny, though Italy might blush to owe even victory and safety to such a man. Blind voters had given to him, that blot upon the Calendar, a place among such men as Fabius, and the Scipios, whose names are sacred to Mars, and Marcellus, who presented his glorious spoils to Jupiter. The holocaust of Cannae was due to bribery, and to the Field of Mars, more fatal than the field of Diomedes. Also, though a bad citizen, skilful to stir up trouble and kindle hatred, he was helpless in the field, unpractised in the conduct of war, and not approved by any deed of valour; but he hoped to gain martial glory by his tongue and sounded the war-cry from the Rostrum. Therefore he bestirred himself; and, professing to blame

Fabius for delay, he attacked the Senate in a speech to the people, as if he were already victorious: "The supreme power is yours," he said, "and from you I, the consul, ask directions for the conduct of the war. Am I to do nothing, or to move from height to height, while Garamantians and dark-skinned Moors share Italy with me, or am I to use the sword which you gird about me? Listen, O worthy Dictator, to the order issued by the people of Mars: this is their demand, that the Libyans be driven out and Rome relieved of her enemy. Are they impatient? No! They have endured countless woes, and a third year is now consuming them with its suffering and sorrow. Rise then and arm, citizens! A short march is all that divides you from victory. The first day that reveals the enemy to your view will end the tyranny of the Senate and the war with Carthage. Go forward with good courage; I shall yet lead Hannibal through the city with Roman chains about his neck, and Fabius shall look on."

After this invective he led the army in haste outside the gates, and swept away all obstacles. So, when the starting-gate is broken down, the unskilful charioteer loses all control of the reins: bending forward with unsteady foothold to flog his team, he is borne on headlong at the mercy of the horses; the axles smoke with the excessive speed, and the tangled reins of the unsteady car swing from side to side. Paulus, to whom the voters had given equal power and authority with Varro, saw that the state was rushing on to ruin, destroyed by the ill-omened consul. But the anger of a turbulent mob is easily stirred; and the scar of an ancient wrong, imprinted on his memory, checked the wave of resentment in his troubled breast. For, when formerly as a younger man he had conquered Illyrium, the foul mouth of envy had barked at the conqueror and persecuted him with cruel slander. Hence he feared the people and bowed before their enmity. Yet his race was akin to the gods, and he was related to the lords of heaven through his ancestors. For through Amulius, the founder of his line, he could trace descent from Assaracus, and through Assaracus to Jupiter; and none who saw him fight would dispute his pedigree. Now, when he was going to the camp, Fabius addressed him thus: "Paulus, though I shrink from saying this thing, you are mistaken if you regard Hannibal as your chief opponent. Sore strife with Romans lies ahead of you, and a more grievous foe in your own camp; or else long experience of war has not taught me to predict disaster. I heard Varro promise — irksome, alas! and burdensome is my old age, if it lasts on to endure the destruction I foresee — yes, promise that he would fight Hannibal, that favourite of Fortune, the very hour he saw him. How near we are now, Paulus, to utter ruin, if this boast of the consul's comes to the eager ear of Hannibal! Already, I doubt not, his army is arrayed on the wide plains to meet us, and waiting with uplifted swords for a second Flaminius. What mighty opponents will you rouse, Varro — you, God help us! — in your mad desire for battle! Are you the man to study the ground beforehand and examine at leisure the ways of the enemy? You have no skill to investigate his supplies or

the strength of his position or his method of warfare; you will not keep an eye on Fortune which matters more than any weapon. But you, Paulus, keep to the path of duty unswervingly. If a single arm may destroy our country, why should not a single arm preserve it? Bold Hannibal now lacks food for his army, and his allies are lukewarm and have lost their keenness for battle. No house in Italy offers him the hospitality due from kindred, no loyal cities welcome him, and his army is not renewed with recruits of equal value. Scarce a third part survives of the army that started from the banks of the cold Ebro. Persevere, and keep to the cautious methods that alone can heal the wounds of war. But if meanwhile some favourable turn encourages you and Heaven approves, then be quick to follow up good fortune.”

Brief and sad was the reply of Paulus: “I shall surely follow that path of duty, and in your spirit I shall meet the Carthaginians, O undefeated Fabius. And I realize our one resource — the resource of delay, which you used till an enfeebled Hannibal saw the war arrested and crushed. But what means this anger of Heaven? Of the two consuls one, I believe, is their gift to Rome and the other their gift to Carthage. Varro drags all things in his train, and the madman fears that some other consul than himself may witness the fall of Rome. If a Carthaginian senator were summoned as my colleague, he would be less ruthless in his purpose. No war-horse is swift enough to carry that madman against the enemy; when the darkness of night comes on, he resents the hindrance to his activity; he marches proudly on, with swords that are all but drawn, that the drawing of the blade from the sheath may not delay the battle. I swear by the Tarpeian rock, by the temple of Jupiter with whom I claim kindred, and by the walls of my glorious native city, which I leave still standing with their citadel — I swear that whithersoever the safety of the state summons me, thither I will go and despise the danger. But if the soldiers, deaf to my warning, engage in battle, then I shall think no longer of my sons, the dear descendants of Assaracus; and never shall a stricken Rome see me like Varro returning home.”

So then the two commanders set off for the camp, disquieted by discordant purposes. Hannibal had already encamped where Anna had foretold, keeping to the plains of Diomede for a battle-ground. Never was the soil of Italy trampled by a greater concourse of men or by a larger body of cavalry in arms. For men dreaded the destruction of nation and capital alike; and there was no prospect of ever fighting a second battle.

The Rutulians, descendants of Faunus, aided by Sicanians, came to battle; these are a sacred band, who dwell in the realm of Daunus, and rejoice in the dwellings of Laurentum and the stream of the Numicius; they were sent forth by Castrum and by Ardea once hostile to Trojans, and by Lanuvium, the home of Juno that lies on the side of a steep hill; and by Collatia, the nurse of chaste Brutus. They also came who love the grove of pitiless Diana and the mouths of the Tuscan river, and wash Cybele’s image in the warm stream of Almo. Next came Tibur, the city of Catillus; and Praeneste, whose sacred hill is

dedicated to Fortune; and Antemna, more ancient than even Crustumium; and the men of Labicum, handy with the plough; and also those who drink the water of imperial Tiber; and those who dwell on the banks of the Anio, and draw water from chill Simbruvius, and harrow the fields of Aequicola. All these were led by Scaurus and though Scaurus was but youthful then, his youth already gave promise of undying fame; his men were not wont to hurl the spear-shaft in battle, or to fill quivers with feathered arrows; they prefer the pilum and handy short-bladed sword; they wear helmets of bronze, and their plumes wave above the ranks.

Setia, whose vintage is reserved for the table of Lyaeus himself, sent her men, and so did the valley of Velitrae well known to fame, and Cora, and Signia whose foaming wine is bitter; and the Pomptine marshes that breed disease, where the misty swamp of Satura covers the land, and the dark Ufens drives his black and muddy current through unsightly fields and dyes the sea with slime. These were led by Scaevola, nobly born and in courage not unworthy of his ancestors. Carved upon his shield was a picture of that dreadful deed of heroism : the fire blazed on the altar, and Mucius stood in the centre of the Tuscan camp and turned his rage against himself; and his ruthless courage was seen in the carving. Cowed by such a sight, and taught by such an example, Porsena was shown, abandoning the war and flying from that burning hand.

Sulla led to war the men who till the heights of Circe and the steep hill of Anxur, and the Hernicans who drive the ploughshare deep into their stony ground, and those who furrow the rich crumbling soil of Anagnia; and he summoned also the men of Ferentinum and Privernum; and the fighting men of Sora were there too with glittering arms. Here were the men of Scaptia and of Fabrateria; nor did Atina fail to come down from its snow-clad height, nor Suessa, lessened by wars, nor Frusino, trained to battle by the labour of the plough. Then the hardy men of Arpinum, dwellers by the Liris, which mingles its sulphurous waters with the Fibrenus and runs with silent course to the sea, rose up in arms, bringing with them fighters from Venafrum and Larinum, and draining mighty Aquinum of its men. Their mail-clad squadrons were sped to battle by Tullius, the son of kings and descended from Tullus of old. How noble was his youthful promise! and how great the immortal descendant he was to give to Italy! That voice shall fill the earth and be heard beyond the Ganges and the peoples of India; with the thunders of his tongue Cicero shall quell the frenzy of war, and shall leave behind him a renown that no orator of after times can hope to equal.

But lo! Nero rides proudly among the foremost, with the Spartan blood of Clausus in his veins, and unrivalled in swift deeds of valour. With him come the soldiers of Amiterna, and Casperia that takes its name from Bactra, and Foruli, and Iteate sacred to the great Mother of the Gods, and Nursia the abode of snow, and warriors from rocky Tetricus. All these carry spears and rounded shields; their helmets have no plume, and they wear greaves on the

left leg. As they marched, some of them raised a song in honour of Sancus, the founder of their race, while others praised Sabus, who first gave his name to the 'wide dominion of the Sabines.

And what of Curio, bristling with scale-armour and plume of horse-hair — Curio, a host in himself, who urged on the men of Picenum? Thick and fast they come, like the billows on a stormy sea that whiten amid the breaking waves; less active are the riders, when the Warrior Maid with the crescent-shaped shield reviews her thousand squadrons in mimic warfare, till the earth resounds, and Thermodon too, the river of the Amazons. Here might be seen the men whom the fields of rocky Numana feed, and those for whom the altar of Cupra smokes by the shore, and those who guard the towers and rivers of Truentum; their shielded ranks glitter afar in the sunlight and throw a blood-red-radiance skyward. Here stood Ancona, which rivals Sidon and the purple of Libya in the dyeing of cloth; and here stood Hadria washed by the Vomanus, and here the fierce standard-bearers of wooded Asculum. Pieus, the famous son of ancient Saturn, was the father and founder of Asculum long ago — Picus whom Circe by her spells deprived of human shape, and sentenced to fly about in the sky; and she speckled his feathers with bright saffron colour as he fled from her. Legend tells that the land was possessed earlier by Pelasgians, the subjects of Aesis who left his name to a river and called his people after himself by the name of Asili.

But the Umbrians, dwellers in the country, brought no less strength to the Roman army, when they came from their hills and valleys. Their rivers are the Aesis and the Sapis, and the Metaurus which drives its rapid stream over rocks in noisy eddies; and there Clitumnus bathes in its sacred waters the mighty bull; and there is the Nar whose pale waves hasten to the Tiber, and the Tinia unknown to fame, and the Clanis, and the Rubicon, and the Sena named after the Senones. But Father Albula flow's through their midst with his mighty stream and grazes their walls and brings near his banks. The Umbrian towns are Arna, Mevania of rich pastures, Hispellum, Narnia that lies among the rocks on the rough mountain-side, Iguvium that damp mists formerly made unhealthy, and Fulginia that stands unwalled on the open plain. These sent good soldiers — Amerians, Camertes famous alike with sword or plough, men of Sassina rich in flocks, and men of Tuder, no laggards in war. These death-defying warriors were led by Piso, with the face of a boy and fair to see; but he had all the wisdom of age and wit beyond his years. In the front rank he stood, a splendid figure in shining armour, even as a fiery jewel glitters on the golden collar of a Parthian king.

Another army manned by Etruscan warriors obeyed Galba of glorious name. Minos, and Pasiphae whom the bull deceived, were the authors of his line, and his ancestors who followed in order were famous too. The choicest of their men were sent by Caere and Cortona, the seat of proud Tarchon, and by ancient Graviscae. Alsium too sent men, the city by the sea that Halaesus the Argive loved; and Fregenae, girt about by a barren plain. Faesula also was

present — Faesula that can interpret the winged lightning of heaven; and the people of Clusium, terrible once to the walls of Rome, when great Porsena in vain required of the Romans to obey the tyrants they had expelled. Then Luna sent out fighters from her marble quarries — Luna, whose famous harbour, as large as any, shuts out the sea and shelters countless vessels; and Vetulonia, once the pride of the Lydian race. From that city came the twelve bundles of rods that are borne before the consul, and also the twelve axes with their silent menace; she adorned the high eurule chairs with the beauty of ivory, and first bordered the robe of office with Tyrian purple; and the brazen trumpet which inflames the warrior was her invention also. Together with these came the men of Nepete, and the Aequi of Falerium, and the inhabitants of Flavina, and men who dwell by the Sabatian lakes and the Ciminian mere, and their neighbours from Sutrium, and those who haunt Soracte, the sacred hill of Phoebus. Each carries two spears; a wild beast's skin is protection enough for their heads; their spears despise the bow of Lycia.

All these knew how to make war; but the Marsi could not only fight but could also send snakes to sleep by charms, and rob a serpent's tooth of its venom by simples and spells. They say that Angitia, daughter of Aeetes, first revealed to them magic herbs, and taught them to tame vipers by handling them, to drive the moon from the sky, to arrest the course of rivers by their muttering, and to strip the hills by calling down the forests. But this people got their name from Marsyas, the settler who fled in fright across the sea from Phrygian Crenai, when the Mygdonian pipe was defeated by Apollo's lyre. Marruvium, which bears the famous name of ancient Marrus, is the chief of their cities; and further inland lies Alba in water-meadows, and compensates by its orchards for the lack of corn. Their other strongholds, though unknown to fame and with no name among the people, are formidable by their number. The Pelignians were forward to join the rest, and brought their troops in haste from chilly Sulmo.

No less zealous were the natives of Sidicinum, whose mother-city is Cales. Cales had no mean founder — even Calais, who, as legend tells, was nurtured in Thracian caves by Orithyia, when she was carried off by the blast of wanton Boreas through the sky. The Vestini, inferior to none as fighters, and hardened by hunting wild animals, came in serried ranks; their flocks graze on the heights of Fiscellus and green Pinna, and in the meadows of Aveia that are quick to grow again. The Marrueini likewise, in rivalry with Frentani, brought with them the inhabitants of Corfinium, and great Teate. All these carried a pike to battle, and all carried slings that had struck down many a bird high in air. For corslets they wore the skins of bears slain by the hunters.

Moreover the Oseans, whom Campania, rich in wealth and ancient blood, sent to battle from all her wide domain, were waiting close by for the coming of their leaders: Sinuessa of warm springs, and Vulturnum within sound of the sea, and Amyclae which silence once destroyed; Fundi, and Caieta where Lamus once was king, and the home of Antiphates shut in by the sea;

Liternum with its marshy pools, and Cyme which could once foretell the future. There were seen Nueeria and Gaurus; and the sons of Dicaearchus were sent forth from their arsenal; Greek Parthenope was there, with many a man-at-arms, and Nola, barred against Hannibal; Allifae also, and Acerrae, ever mocked at by the Clanius. One might have seen too the Sarrastian men and all the assembled might of the gentle Samus. There were the chosen men from the Phlegraean bays rich in sulphur, and from Misenus, and from the seat of Baius the Ithacan with its mighty red-hot crater. Prochyte was not absent, nor Inarime, the place appointed for ever-burning Typhoeus, nor the rocky isle of ancient Telo, nor Calatia of the little walls. Surrentum was there, and Abella ill-provided with corn-fields; and Capua above all; but she, alas, knew not how to observe moderation in prosperity, and her wicked pride went before a fall.

Scipio trained the Campanians for war, and they were proud of their leader. He had given them javelins and iron corslets; at home they had carried lighter weapons after the fashion of their fathers — made of wood hardened in the fire and with no iron point; they used the club and the axe, the countryman's tool. In their midst Scipio gave splendid promise of his future fame, hurling stakes, leaping trenches under city-walls, and stemming the billows of the sea with his breastplate on; such the display of vigour he gave before the ranks. Often his flying feet outstripped a courser as it flew, cruelly spurred, over the open plain; often, rising to his full height, he threw stone or spear beyond the limits of the camp. He had a martial brow and flowing hair; nor was the hair at the back of his head shorter. His eyes burned bright, but their regard was mild; and those who looked upon him were at once awed and pleased.

The Samnites too there were; their allegiance was not yet turning towards the Carthaginians, but they still cherished their ancient grudge. Here were the reapers of Batulum and Nueræ, the hunters of Bovianum, the dwellers in the gorge of Caudium, and those whom Rufræ or Aesernia or unknown Herdonia sent from her untilled fields.

The Bruttians, inferior to none in spirit, and also the men called forth from the Lucanian hills, and the Hirpini, carried pointed weapons and were shaggy with the hides of beasts. They get their living by hunting; they live in the forest, and slake their thirst in the rivers, and earn their sleep by toil.

To these were added the Calabrians, and the troops of Sallentia, and of Brundisium where Italy comes to an end. These troops were given to bold Cethegus as commander; and he reviewed their united strength, not broken up into companies. Here men from the rocks of Leucosia showed themselves, and those whom Picentia sent from Paestum; and men of Cerillæ, which was afterwards depopulated by the enemy; and people fed by the water of the Silarus, which has power, men say, to turn into stone branches dipped in it. Cethegus praised the sickle-shaped swords with which the fighting Salernians are armed, and the rough oaken clubs which the men of Buxentum suited to their grasp. He himself, with his shoulder bared in the manner of his fathers,

took pleasure in his unruly steed, and exerted his youthful strength in forcing the hard-mouthed horse to turn in circles.

Ye too, the peoples of the river Po, though sore smitten and bereft of your men, rushed forth now to battle and defeat, and no god hearkened to your prayers. Placentia, though crippled by the war, vied with Mutina; and Cremona sent forth her sons in rivalry with Mantua — Mantua, the home of the Muses, raised to the skies by immortal verse, and a match for the lyre of Homer. Men came from Verona too, round which flows the Athesis; from Faventia, skilful to nurture the pine-trees that grow everywhere round her fields; and Vercellae, with Pollentia rich in dusky fleeces; and Bononia of the little Rhine; the ancient seat of Ocnus, which went to war long ago with the Trojans against Laurentum. Then came the men of Ravenna, who paddle slowly with heavy oars over muddy waters, as they cleave the stagnant pools of their marshes. There was also a band of Trojans, coming from the Euganean country in ancient times and driven forth from the sacred soil of Antenor. Aquileia too together with the Veneti was full to overflowing with troops. The active Ligurians, and the Vagenni who dwell scattered among rocks, sent their hardy sons to swell the triumph of Hannibal. All these peoples had Brutus for their leader and relied entirely upon him; and his appeals roused their spirit against a foe they knew already. Though dignified, Brutus was genial; his powerful intellect won men's hearts, and there was nothing forbidding in his virtue. To wear a frowning brow, or win a thankless reputation for severity, was not his way; nor did he court notoriety by a perverse course of life.

Three thousand men, skilled archers, had also been sent by the loyal king from Etna in Sicily; and Ilva had armed with her native iron, on which war thrives, fewer men, but all of them eager to gird on the sword.

Any man who had seen so great an army mustered might have pardoned Varro's eagerness to fight a battle. In ancient times when great Mycenae attacked Troy, Leander's Hellespont saw a thousand ships swarm with as huge a host on the shore of Rhoeteum.

When the Romans reached Cannae, built on the site of a former city, they planted their doomed standards on a rampart of evil omen. Nor, when such destruction was hanging over their unhappy heads, did the gods fail to reveal the coming disaster. Javelins blazed up suddenly in the hands of astounded soldiers; high battlements fell down along the length of the ramparts; Mount Garganus, collapsing with tottering summit, overset its forests; the Aufidus rumbled in its lowest depths and roared; and far away across the sea seamen were scared by fire burning on the Ceraunian mountains. Light was suddenly withdrawn, and the Calabrian mariners, plunged in darkness, looked in vain for the shore and land of Sipus; and many a screech-owl beset the gates of the camp. Thick swarms of bees constantly twined themselves about the terrified standards, and the bright hair of more than one comet, the portent that dethrones monarchs, showed its baleful glare. Wild beasts also in the silence

of night burst through the rampart into the camp, snatched up a sentry before the eyes of his frightened comrades, and scattered his limbs over the adjacent fields. Sleep also was mocked by terrible images: men dreamt that the ghosts of the Gauls were breaking forth from their graves. Again and again the Tarpeian rock was shaken and wrenched from its very base; a dark stream of blood flowed in the temples of Jupiter; and the ancient image of Father Quirinus shed floods of tears. The Allia rose high above its fatal banks. The Alps did not keep their place, and the Apennines were never still day or night among their vast gorges. In the southern sky, bright meteors shot against Italy from the direction of Africa; and the heavens burst open with a fearful crash, and the countenance of the Thunderer was revealed. Vesuvius also thundered, hurling flames worthy of Etna from her cliffs; and the fiery crest, throwing rocks up to the clouds, reached to the trembling stars.

But lo! in the midst of the army a soldier foretells the battle. With distraction in his aspect and his brain, he fills the camp with his wild shouting, and gasps as he reveals coming disaster: "Spare us, ye cruel gods! The heaps of dead are more than the fields can contain; I see Hannibal speeding through the serried ranks and driving his furious chariot over armour and human limbs and standards. The wind rages in wild gusts, and drives the dust of battle in our faces and eyes. Servilius, careless of his life, is down; his absence from the field of Trasimene does not help him now. Whither is Varro fleeing? Ye gods! Paulus, the last hope of despairing men, is struck down by a stone. Trebia cannot rival this destruction. See! the bodies of the slain form a bridge, and reeking Aufidus belches forth corpses, and the huge beast treads the plain victorious.

The Carthaginian copies us and carries the consul's axes, and his lictors bear blood-stained rods. The triumphal procession of the Roman passes from Rome to Libya. And, O grief! — do the gods force us to witness this also? — victorious Carthage measures the downfall of Rome by all the heap of gold that was torn from the left hands of the slain."

BOOK IX

ARGUMENT

VARRO IS EAGER TO FIGHT, AND HIS BOLDNESS IS INCREASED BY A SUCCESSFUL SKIRMISH. PAULUS TRIES IN VAIN TO RESTRAIN HIS COLLEAGUE (1-65). A HORRIBLE CRIME COMMITTED IN IGNORANCE DURING THE NIGHT PORTENDS DISASTER TO THE ROMANS (66-177). HANNIBAL ENCOURAGES HIS MEN AND THEN DRAWS THEM UP IN LINE OF BATTLE (178-243). VARRO DOES THE SAME (244-277). THE BATTLE OF CANNÆ (278-X. 325).

THOUGH Italy was disturbed by these portents and the gods in vain revealed tokens of coming disaster throughout the land, yet Varro behaved as if the omens for the imminent battle were favourable and auspicious. He took no sleep that night but brandished his sword in the darkness, at one time blaming Paulus for inaction, at another seeking to sound by night the fierce war-note of his trumpets. Nor was Hannibal less eager for instant conflict. Driven on by evil fortune, our soldiers sallied out from the camp, and battle was joined. For a body of Macae, foraging here and there in the neighbouring plains, discharged a cloud of winged missiles. Here Mancinus fell, while rejoicing to be the foremost fighter and first to dye his sword with the blood of an enemy; and with him fell many soldiers. Still, though Paulus objected that the entrails of the victims were ominous of the gods' disfavour, Varro would not have checked the fighting, had not the rule of alternate command over the army denied him the power of decision, as he rushed upon his fate. Yet this rule could give the doomed multitude a reprieve for one day only. Back they went to camp; and Paulus loudly lamented, because he saw that to-morrow the command would devolve on a madman, and that he had saved the lives of his men to no purpose. For Varro, in fierce anger and resenting the postponement of battle, addressed him thus: "Is this the way, Paulus, you show gratitude and repay me for saving your life? Is this the reward of those who rescued you from the laws and from a jury that meant mischief? Better bid our men at once surrender to the foe the swords and weapons which you called back from battle; or snatch them yourself from their grasp. But you, my men, whose faces I saw wet with tears when Paulus ordered you to turn your backs in retreat, break with custom and anticipate the word of command for battle: let each man be his own commander and rush to action as soon as the first rays of the sun are thrown on the summit of Mount Garganus. I shall open the gates of the camp myself with no delay. Rush ahead, and make up for the opportunity you were robbed of to-day." Thus in his excitement he tried to animate the sick hearts of his men with a fatal desire for battle.

Meanwhile Paulus underwent a change: he felt and looked now as when he stood after the battle and the field lay before him strewn with Roman corpses; for the imminent disaster pressed upon his very sight. So sits a mother stunned and senseless, when all hope of her son's life is lost, and she cherishes with a last fruitless embrace the limbs that are not yet cold. He spoke thus: "By the

walls of Rome so often shaken, and by these innocent lives, round whom the shadow of infernal night is now hovering, I implore you, Varro, go not to meet disaster. Until Heaven's wrath has passed away and the anger of Fortune is spent, be content, if our recruits learn to endure the name of Hannibal and cease to turn cold at sight of the enemy. See you not how the very sound of his approach drives the blood in a moment from their pale faces, how the swords drop from their hands before the trumpet sounds? You think Fabius a sick man and a dawdler; but every soldier whom he led to battle beneath the standards you blame is in the ranks to-day, whereas the troops of Flaminius — but may Heaven avert the evil omen! Even if your heart is set against my warnings and entreaties, open your ears to the god. Long ago, in the time of our forefathers, the priestess of Cumae foretold these things to mankind, and her foreknowledge proclaimed to the world you and your madness. Now I turn prophet too and tell you the future to your face in no riddling strain: if you move the standards tomorrow, you shall confirm by my death the prophecy of the Sibyl, Apollo's priestess, and this field shall no longer be famous because of Diomedes the Greek but because of you, the Roman consul." Thus Paulus spoke, and the tears sprang from his burning eyes.

That night too was stained by a terrible crime committed in error. Satricus, taken prisoner by Xanthippus, had endured slavery in the land of Libya, and had then been given to the king of the Autololes with other rewards conferred on him in recognition of his valour. This man was a native of Sulmo and left two boys there at their mother's breast — Mancinus and one who bore the Trojan name of Solimus; for their remote ancestor was a Trojan who had followed Aeneas as his sovereign and built a famous city which he called by his own name, Solimus; but, when many Italian colonists resorted thither, the name was gradually shortened into Sulmo. And now Satricus had come with his king among the foreign invaders; and the Gaetulians were willing enough, when occasion required, to use his services to interpret Latin speech. But when the chance was given him of revisiting his native town and he could hope to see his father's house again, he summoned night to aid his enterprise and stole out of the hated camp. But he fled unarmed: to carry a shield might betray his design, and he started home with no weapon in his hand. Therefore he scanned the armour of the dead who lay on the field, and armed himself with weapons taken from the corpse of Mancinus. Now he felt less fear; but it was his own son, slain a few hours before by a Libyan foe, whose limbs he had stripped, and from whose lifeless body he had taken the spoils which now he carried.

Now when night came and sleep began, his other son, Solimus, came forth from the Roman camp, to relieve in his allotted turn the watch at the gate, and searched for the body of his brother, Mancinus, among the corpses lying on the field; he wished to bury the hapless youth secretly. He had not hastened far when he saw an armed enemy coming towards him from the Carthaginian camp. Thus surprised, he took the course that chance offered him, and

concealed himself behind the tomb of Thoas, an Aetolian. But then, when he saw no soldiers following close behind, but only a single man walking alone in the dark, he sprang up from the tomb and threw his javelin at his father's unprotected back. His aim was true; and Satricus, believing that he was pursued by a Carthaginian force and that his wound was due to them, looked round anxiously, to discover the unseen hand that had struck him.

But when Solimus, running with youthful vigour, came up to his victim, a dismal light flashed from the familiar arms, and the shield of Mancinus, revealed by the moonlight, showed itself clear before his eyes and gleamed close beside him. Then the young man, fired with sudden wrath, cried out: 'No true son of Satricus, no native of Sulmo, should I be, and no brother of Mancinus — and I would own myself no worthy descendant of Trojan Solimus, if I suffered this man to escape unpunished! Shall he wear before my eyes the noble spoils he took from my brother? Is this traitor to carry off the glorious armour of a Pelignian house, while I am alive to prevent it? No! To you, dear mother Acca, I shall carry back this gift, to assuage your grief, and for you to fix for ever on the grave of your son.' Thus shouting, he rushed on with sword unsheathed.

But already sword and shield were slipping from the grasp of Satricus, when he heard Sulmo named, and the arms, and the names of his wife and children: frozen horror had stunned him, mind and body. And then a piteous cry came forth from his half-dead lips: "Hold your hand, my son — not that I may live on (for to desire the enjoyment of such a life would be a crime), but that you may not bring a curse on your hand by shedding your father's blood. I am Satricus, son of Solimus, who was taken prisoner by Carthage long ago and have now just returned to my native land. You did no wrong, my son. When you hurled your impetuous spear at me, I was a Carthaginian. But I had slipped out of the hated camp and was hastening home, eager to see the face of my dear wife. I snatched this shield from a corpse; but now carry it back, purged of guilt, to your brother's body; no son but you have I now. But your first duty, my son, must be to warn Paulus, the Roman general: he must strive to prolong the war and give Hannibal no chance of a battle. Hannibal, overjoyed by the divine omens, hopes for an immediate engagement and immeasurable slaughter. Restrain, I entreat, Varro's madness; for it is said that he is urging his standards on. For me this will be consolation enough at the end of a wretched life, to have warned my countrymen. And now, my son, give the last embrace to the father whom you have found and lost in the same hour." Thus he spoke and, doffing his helmet, embraced his son, who stood motionless in horror, with trembling arms. Fearing for his terror-stricken son, he strove by his words to heal the shame felt for the wound inflicted, and to make excuses for the stroke: "None was present to see what we have done, none was privy to it. Was not the mistake concealed by the darkness of night? Why tremble so? Rather suffer me to embrace you, my son. I, your father, myself pronounce you innocent, and I entreat you to end my troubles and

close my eyes with your hand.” The unhappy youth groaned deeply, and could find no voice or words in reply; but he made haste to stop the flow of dark blood and bind up the deep wound with a piece torn off his own garment; and his tears fell fast. At last the voice of his complaint forced its way through his groans: “Is it thus, father, that cruel Fortune brings you back to your country and to us? is it thus she restores father to son and son to father? Thrice and four times happy was my brother, whom death prevented from recognizing his father. But I whom the enemy did not kill — behold! I recognize him by wounding him. This at least Fortune should have permitted, to comfort me for my sin — she should have spared me the clear proof of our ill-starred kinship. But the cruel gods shall no longer find it possible to hide our sufferings.”

While the distracted son complained thus, the father from loss of blood breathed forth his life into empty air. Then the young man raised his sad eyes to heaven and cried: “O Queen of heaven, thou that didst witness the dreadful deed wrought by my polluted hand, thou whose light guided my weapon in the night to my father’s body, these eyes and this accursed countenance shall no longer profane thy deity.” With these words he drove his sword into his own body; and, when the blood flowed forth from the dark wound, he checked it and wrote his father’s message in letters of blood upon his shield—” Varro, beware of battle!” Then he hung the shield on the point of his spear, and threw himself down upon the body of the father he so deeply mourned.

Such were the omens for the coming battle that Heaven sent to the Romans. By degrees darkness departed, and the night that witnessed that dreadful deed gave place to rosy dawn. The generals, Carthaginian and Roman, summoned their men to arms in customary fashion; and a day began for the invaders, the like of which will never be seen again. “You need no words of encouragement,” said Hannibal; “you have marched victorious all the way from the Pillars of Hercules to the Iapygian fields; brave Saguntum has been wiped out; the Alps have granted you a passage; and the Po, the proud father of Italian rivers, flows down now in a conquered channel. The Trebia is hidden beneath the bodies of the slain; the corpse of Flaminius lies upon the Lydian ° land; and the fields, furrowed by no plough, are whitened far and wide by Roman bones. A greater achievement than all these is at hand; a day is dawning that shall bring with it more bloodshed. For me fame is enough, and more than enough, to repay me for the toils of war; let the other gains of victory be yours. All the treasure that Roman ships have brought down the rich Hiberus, all that Rome has displayed in her triumphs over Sicily, and also any booty from the Libyan shore that she has stored up — all this shall fall to your swords, with no casting of lots. Take home with you all the spoil that you get by the sword; I, your general, seek no fame from riches. It will be for your benefit, that the Dardan robbers have for centuries past conquered and pillaged the world. To you I speak who trace your origin back to ancient Tyre and Sidon: whether the acres of Laurentum, ploughed by Roman husbandmen, are your choice, or whether you prefer the fields of

Byzacium, where a hundred blades of corn spring from one seed — I shall allow you to choose the land you like best, as part of your reward. I shall give you also the meadow's watered by the yellow stream of the Tiber, as a wide pasture-land for the flocks taken from the enemy. Next I say to the allies of foreign blood who fight in the ranks of Carthage: if any of you lift up a hand red with Roman blood, he shall be henceforth a citizen of Carthage. And do not be misled by the sight of Mount Garganus and the land of Daunus: you are standing now before the walls of Rome. Although the city lies at a distance and is far removed from this battlefield, she shall fall here and now, and never again shall I summon you to arms; when the fight is over, march straight against the Capitol."

Such was his speech. Then they threw down the protecting rampart and hurried over the trenches that delayed them; and the general drew up his line in suitable order on the winding banks, following the lie of the ground. On the left wing, ready for battle, stood the Nasamonians, a barbarous host, and with them the Marmaridae of giant stature; next were fierce Moors and Garamantes and Macae; Massylian warriors and a swarm of Adyrmachidae — a people who dwell by the Nile and rejoice to live by the sword, and whose skins are for ever blackened by their merciless sun. Nealcus was appointed captain and commander of these troops. Then on the right wing, where the Aufidus makes bends and meanders round its own banks with circling waters, there Mago was in command. Here fought the light-armed peoples who came from the rugged Pyrenees, filling the river-banks with confused noise; and their crescent-shaped shields shone in the sun. Foremost were the Cantabrians; and there were bare-headed Vascones, and Balearic slingers who fight with leaden bullets, and the sons of the Baetis. The centre was commanded by Hannibal himself, conspicuous on horseback, and was composed of stout warriors from Carthage and companies of Gauls whose limbs had often been bathed in the waters of the Po. But where the river, falling back with retreating stream, offered no protection to the combatants, there the elephants bore huge towers and upper-works on their sable backs, swaying to and fro like a moving rampart and raising the tall structures to the sky. Lastly, the Numidians had orders to ride all round about, to rove from point to point and busy themselves over all the field.

Thus Hannibal disposed his eager forces. Again and again he appealed to them and could not say enough: he roused each man by reminding him of his past exploits; he boasted that he knew the arm that launched each hissing javelin; and he promised to be the eyewitness of all that each man did. Meanwhile, Varro sent his army forth from the camp and laid the foundations of disaster; and the Ferryman of the pale river rejoiced to make room for the expected ghosts. The vanguard halted, forbidden to go on by the letters of blood upon the lifted shield; the portent struck them dumb and motionless. A fearful sight was before them: the ill-fated pair lay locked in an embrace, and the son had laid his hand on his father's breast, to hide the fatal wound. Tears

were shed, and grief for Mancinus was renewed by his brother's death; men were affected also by the evil omen and by the resemblance between the corpses. Quickly they inform Varro of the crime committed in error, of the dreadful deed, and of the shield that forbade a battle. He cried in wrath: "Carry these omens to Paulus; for he, whose womanish heart is filled with fears, may be affected by that parricidal hand, which, when the avenging Furies came, perhaps used his father's blood to write that infamous dying message."

Then with words of menace he assigned to all their station on the field. Opposite fierce Nealces and the barbarous clans under his command Varro stood himself, with Marsians and Samnite standards and natives of Iapygia. In the centre of the field, where he saw that Hannibal was stationed, Servilius had orders to face the attack and bring on the men of Picenum and Umbria. The rest of the troops were on the right wing, with Paulus in command. Finally, Scipio had orders to deal with surprise attacks by the flying troops of Numidians, and was bidden to extend his lines, wherever the enemy's cavalry laid a trap by breaking their formation.

And now the two armies closed; and the rapid movement of men, together with the neighing of hot-breathing horses and the loud clashing of weapons, sent a dull roaring noise through the moving ranks. So, when the winds begin a battle on the deep, the sea is big with pent-up fury and storms that will soon drench the stars; then, churned up from the bottom, it breathes out sounds of menace through the rocks; and, driven from its caves, torments the restless water with its foaming eddies.

Nor was the trouble confined to earth, when this crack of doom was heard: the madness of strife invaded heaven and forced the gods to fight. On one side fought Apollo and Mars with him, and the Ruler of the stormy sea; with them was Venus in despair, and Vesta, and Hercules, stung by the slaughter of captured Saguntum, and likewise worshipful Cybele; and the native gods of Italy — Faunus and father Quirinus; and Pollux who takes turns of life with his brother Castor. On the other was Juno, daughter of Saturn, with her sword girt round her, and Pallas who sprang from the Libyan waters of Lake Tritonis; and Ammon, the native god of Africa, whose brow bears curving horns, and a great company of lesser deities as well. When they all came on together, Mother Earth shook beneath the tread of those mighty beings. Some of them went apart and filled the mountains round with their presence, while others rested beneath a high cloud; and heaven was left empty when they came down to battle.

A tremendous shout went up to the deserted sky, loud as the challenge sent up to heaven by the army of the Earthborn on the plain of Phlegra, loud as the voice with which Jupiter, creator of the universe, demanded fresh thunderbolts from the Cyclopes, when he saw the aspiring Giants coming, with mountains piled on mountains, to seize the throne of heaven. Nor was any spear the first to be thrown in that mighty conflict: a hissing storm of missiles was

discharged all at once with emulous rage; and men on both sides, eager for blood, were killed themselves by the cross-fire; and, even before the furious sword was drawn, a great number of the combatants lay low. In their eagerness, men even stood on the bodies of their comrades, and trod them under foot, in spite of their groans. The pressure of the Carthaginians could not dislodge nor turn aside the Roman line; nor could the steady ranks of Carthage be broken up; the sea might as well try to wrench Calpe from its seat by the impact of its waters. Blows failed for want of room; and the close-packed dead had no space to fall. Helmet, clashing fiercely against helmet of a foe, flashed fire; shield, striking shield, fell to pieces; and sword broke against sword. Foot pressed against foot, and man against man. The ground was hidden from sight by a coating of blood; and thick darkness overhead, caused by showers of missiles, concealed the starry sky. Those to whom Fortune had assigned a station in the second line fought with long poles and far-reaching spears, as if they were in the van of the host. And those who were banished to the third line and could win no glory strove to rival the prowess of those in front by hurling missiles. Behind them shouting did the work of war, and soldiers who were denied the chance of fighting assailed the enemy with volleys of abuse. Every kind of weapon was employed: some used stakes, others burning brands, and others weighty javelins, while others plied stones and slings and flying lances. Here an arrow went hissing through the sky, and there a *falarica* which even city-walls must fear.

Ye goddesses, whose priest I am, how can I hope with mere mortal voice to set forth for future ages all the story of that day? Do ye grant me such bold utterance that I can sing of Cannae with but one tongue? If my fame is dear to you, if ye frown not on a mighty enterprise, then summon hither all your music and Apollo your sire. But would that Romans would thereafter bear prosperity with as much constancy as they showed in that dark hour. I pray that Heaven may be satisfied without testing the race of Troy, whether they can endure such an ordeal again. And thou, Rome, doubtful of thy doom, weep not, I pray, but bless those wounds which shall bring thee eternal glory. For never shalt thou be greater than then. Later victories shall sap thy strength, till naught but the story of thy defeats ° shall preserve thy fame.

And now Fortune, shifting from side to side, had baffled the ardour of both armies by keeping the event uncertain; and the hopes of Roman and Carthaginian hung long in the balance, while the battle raged on equal terms. So when light breezes stir the green blades of corn and the wind bends the unripe ears, the tops of the wheat move this way and that, and sway and bow and shine with a gentle changing motion. But at last Nealcēs and his savage horde, charging with a fierce shout, broke the Roman line and scattered it. The close ranks broke up and the enemy rushed furiously through the gaps upon the frightened foe. Then torrents of blood flowed in a dark stream over the plain; and not a man who fell was pierced by one spear only. The Romans, fearing to be wounded in the back, welcomed the fatal stroke to their breasts, and by

death avoided dishonour.

Scaevola, ever a lover of danger and equal to any emergency, stood among the foremost in the centre of the fray; when so many had fallen, he had no wish to survive them but desired a glorious death worthy of his great ancestor. When he saw that the day was lost and that ruin was spreading, "Life is short," he cried, "and little of it remains; let me prolong that little; for valour is an empty name unless the hour of death is sufficient to win glory." With these words he gathered all his strength and rushed furiously to the centre where Hannibal was clearing a path with his unresting right hand. Then, when Caralis, in triumph, was about to fix on a tall tree the armour taken from a victim, Scaevola stabbed him, and his fury drove the sword in up to the hilt. He fell and rolled over, biting that foreign soil and crushing down the pains of death upon the ground. Nor could the rage and united valour of Gabar and Siccha stop Scaevola: brave Gabar, who stood firm, lost his right hand cut off in the fight; and while Sicca, stricken with grief, hastened to help his friend, he trod incautiously upon a sword and fell, cursing too late his unshod feet; and there he lay on the right hand of his dying comrade. At last the increasing fury of Scaevola attracted the deadly weapons of lightning-swift Nealcēs. The Carthaginian sprang forward, eager for the rewards of victory, and made more eager by Scaevola's famous name. He seized a boulder torn by a torrent from a cliff and carried down from the lofty mountains, and hurled it furiously in Scaevola's face. His teeth rattled, struck by that heavy weight; his features were destroyed; matter, mixed with brains and blood, gushed out through the nostrils, and a black discharge from the eyes flowed down from the crushed eye-sockets and mutilated forehead. Then Marius fell, while striving to rescue his friend, Caper, and fearing to survive his fall. They were born on the same day, and poverty was the lot of both their families; they were natives of the sacred city, Praeneste; they had been school-fellows, and the fields they tilled lay close together. In liking and disliking they never differed; it was a lifelong marriage of two minds; and brotherly love made them rich in poverty. In death they were not divided; and of all their prayers Fortune granted them one only — to die in battle side by side. The armour of both became the prize of Symaethus, their conqueror.

But the Carthaginians were not permitted to enjoy for long so great a gift of Fortune. For Scipio, pitying the men whose backs were turned in flight, came up, terrible and menacing; and with him came Varro, the cause of all the suffering, and fair-haired Curio, and Brutus whose ancestor was the first consul. Supported by these warriors, the army would have regained the lost ground by a fresh effort, had not the sudden onset of Hannibal arrested the ranks as they ran forward. When he saw Varro far off on the field and the lictors in their scarlet tunics moving round him, "Ha!" he cried; "I recognize the state and the badges of a consul; even so looked Flaminius, not long ago." Then in fury he thundered on his huge shield, to signify his eager rage. Unhappy Varro! Death might have made him the equal of Paulus; but heavens

wrath would not suffer him to fall there by Hannibal's hand. How often was he to reproach the gods for saving him from the sword of the Carthaginian! For Scipio rushed forward and quickly brought life where death was imminent, and turned the danger from Varro to himself. And Hannibal, though he lost the glory of winning the choicest spoils, was not sorry to change his antagonist for one more mighty, and to punish Scipio for rescuing his father by the river Ticinus, now that the chance of a duel was at last offered him. There they stood, the two mightiest warriors that earth has ever seen meet in battle; reared in far distant lands, in prowess they were well matched; but otherwise the Roman was superior — in sense of duty and of honour.

Then Mars, fearing for Scipio, and Pallas, fearing for Hannibal, lighted down in haste from a hollow cloud upon the battle-field. And the appearance of the gods made both armies tremble, but the champions were undismayed. Wherever Pallas turned her breast, a baleful fire flashed far and wide from the Gorgon's face, and the dreadful serpents on the aegis sent forth their hissings. Her blood-shot eyes blazed — one might think that a pair of comets were flashing — and the ample crest that crowned her helmet rolled waves of flame to the sky. And Mars, driving the air before him by the movement of his spear, and covering the plain with his shield, wore a breastplate, the gift of the Cyclopes, which sent forth fire of Etna; and, as he rose high, his golden plume struck the heavens.

The champions, though on battle bent and each measuring at close quarters what he could dare to do, were aware, nevertheless, that gods had come down in arms; and both rejoiced to have them for witnesses and became more eager for battle. And now Pallas turned aside with her right hand the spear strongly hurled at Hannibal's breast; and Mars, taught by the example of the fierce goddess to help Scipio, straightway put in his hand a sword forged on Aetna, and bade him do yet mightier deeds. Then the Maiden was roused to fury: a sudden flush suffused her fierce countenance; and, when she looked askance, her disordered aspect was more terrible than the Gorgon's face. She shook her aegis, and all the serpents reared up their hideous bodies; and her first furious onset made even Mars retreat step by step from the fray. Then the angry goddess quickly tore away part of a mountain near her and hurled the mass of rugged rock at Mars; and the noise, carried far away, terrified the isle of Saso and shook its shores.

But this duel was not hidden from the King of Heaven. He made haste to send Iris down, girt about with clouds, to quell their exceeding wrath. "Go, goddess," he said, "and glide swiftly down to the land of Oenotria; and bid Pallas to abate her fury against her brother, and not to hope that she can reverse the fixed laws of Fate. Tell her this also: if she persists and still cherishes her anger — for I know the fierceness and rage of her fiery heart — she shall learn how far my dreadful thunderbolts outdo her aegis."

When the maiden of Tritonis heard this message, she doubted for a space,

uncertain whether to yield to her father's weapons. "I shall quit the field," she said; "but can his defeat of Pallas turn destiny aside? Or can he from his height in heaven avoid seeing the fields of Garganus reek with carnage?" Thus she spoke, and caught up Hannibal in the bosom of a cloud and bore him to a distant part of the field. Then she left the earth.

But Mars, encouraged by the retreat of the goddess to the sky, renewed his purpose. Hidden in a cloud, he raised with his own mighty hand the Romans prostrate on the field and brought them back to battle. They turned their standards about and began a fresh slaughter, and fear fell upon the foe. But now the gaoler of the winds, whose prison keeps the blasts under control, and who is obeyed by every wind that sweeps the sky — Eurus and Boreas, Caurus and Notus — yielded to the prayer of Juno who offered him no small rewards, and unchained for battle the fury of Vulturnus, the wind that is lord of the Aetolian plains. Him she chose as the instrument of her deadly wrath. First he dived into the white-hot crater of Etna and caught fire from there; then he lifted up his flaming face, and flew forth with a dreadful roaring over all the land of Daunus, driving before him a dark cloud of thick dust. The blast made the Romans blind and dumb and helpless; the wind whirled fiery masses of eddying sand — piteous to tell — into their faces, and rejoiced to obey orders and fight furiously against the ranks. Then in vast destruction down fell soldiers and weapons and trumpets; and every lance was carried backwards by the blast, and every Roman missile fell useless behind their own backs. And the same blast was of service to the Carthaginian weapons: the howling wind quickened their javelins, as if they had been launched with a thong, and drove their spears onward. At last the soldiers, stifled by the thick dust, shut their mouths tight, and mourned that they must die an inglorious death. Vulturnus himself, his fair hair hidden in black darkness and covered deep with sand, at one time turned his victims round and assailed their backs with his hissing wings; at another time he attacked them in front with boisterous blast, rattling their weapons full in face, and hissing at them with open mouth. Sometimes, when they were bent on battle and just bringing their swords to an enemy's throat, the wind thwarted the intended blow and plucked away the hand in the very act of striking. Nor was he content with spreading havoc through the Roman army, but belched forth his howling blasts against Mars himself, and the hurricane twice caused the god's topmost crest to quiver.

While the fury of the wind battled thus against the Roman troops and kindled the anger of Mars, the Maiden Goddess together with Juno addressed her Father thus: "See the storms that Mars is rousing against the ranks of Carthage, and the carnage with which he gluts his fury. Say, is it not thy pleasure now that Iris should go down to earth? Yet the purpose of my presence there was not to destroy the Trojans — let Rome hold empire together with my pledge, and there I would fix the abode of the Palladium ° — no, but I would not allow Hannibal, the glory of my Libyan birthplace, to be slain in the flower of his youth, and such promise to be nipped in the bud."

Then Juno took up the tale, wrathful at her unending task: "Nay!" she cried: "that all the world may know the immense extent of thy power and thy vast superiority over all the gods, use thy flaming bolt, my husband, to shatter the citadels of Carthage — I beg for no mercy — and bury her soldiers in a huge chasm of the earth and plunge them in the depths of Tartarus, or overwhelm them in the sea."

Then Jupiter made answer with gentle words: "Ye strive against destiny, and cherish unsound hopes. That young warrior, against whom thou, my daughter, wert fain to fight, shall destroy the Carthaginians and assume their name and bear to the Capitol the laurel for the conquest of Libya. That other to whom thou, my wife, givest courage and glory — I tell his fortune — shall turn his sword away from the Italian nation. The date of disaster is not distant: the day and hour are coming, when he shall regret that he ever crossed the Alps." Thus Jupiter spoke and sent Iris down in haste from Olympus, to recall Mars and bid him leave the battle. And Mars did not refuse to obey: he departed, loudly protesting, to high heaven, delighting as he did in clarions and trumpets, in wounds and blood and the shouting of the warriors.

When the field was free at last from the contending gods, and Mars no longer filled the plain, Hannibal rushed up from the remotest part of the battle, whither he had fled step by step before the divine weapons. With a great shout he brought with him horsemen and footmen and heavy siege-engines, and the huge beasts that carry towers on their backs. And when he recognized a warrior harassing the light-armed troops with his sword, anger flashed from his blood-stained features: "What Fury," he cried, "what god has driven you to battle, Minucius, that you should dare to face me a second time? Where is Fabius now, he who was once a father to you and saved you from my spear? You ask too much: be content with having escaped once from my hand." Then, together with his insults his spear went forth and pierced the breast of Minucius with the force of a battering-ram, and cut off the reply he would have uttered.

Nor was the steel enough to gratify his rage. The huge black beasts were brought up, and the Roman soldiers were matched against monsters. For Hannibal rode along the line, and ordered the Moors, whose goads controlled the Lucan kine in battle, to prick their charges to speed, and to hasten forward the herd of elephants. Trumpeting wildly, and compelled by many a stab, the great beasts of war came quickly on. A tower, freighted with men and, javelins and fire, was borne on each dusky back and discharged a fierce hail of stones over the distant ranks; and the Libyans, seated aloft, poured a shower of darts all round from their moving rampart. The line of white tusks stretched far in serried ranks; and to each tusk was fastened a blade, whose point came close and flashed down straight from the curved upper part. Here, in the general alarm, an elephant drove its murderous tusk through the armour and body of Ufens and carried him shrieking through the trampled ranks. Nor had Tadius an easier death: where the corslet with its many folds of linen

protected his body, the persistent point of a tusk bored its way in by degrees and then swung the man aloft unwounded, while his shield rang. The brave man was not terrified by danger in this strange form, but turned it to glorious account: when close to the elephant's forehead, he stabbed both its eyes with quick thrusts of his sword. Maddened by the grievous wound, the beast rose on its hind legs and reared up till it threw off the heavy tower on the ground behind it. A piteous sight, when weapons and men and the blinded beast suddenly came crashing down together to the ground!

The Roman general ordered his men to hurl lighted torches against the fighting monsters, and to shower dark sulphurous brands upon the moving forts carried by the elephants. They obeyed at once: the backs of the beasts sent up smoke and flame, as the fire grew; and fed by the roaring wind, it spread over the fighting-towers and devoured them. Even so, when the shepherd burns the grass on Pindus or Rhodope, and the fierce blaze spreads through the woods, the leaf-clad heights catch fire; and suddenly the flame of fire leaps from point to point and shines over all the lofty range. Scorched by the burning pitch, the beasts ran wild and cleared a wide path through the ranks. Nor was any man bold enough to fight them at close quarters: to attack from a distance with javelins and showers of arrows was all they dared. Maddened by the heat, the huge beasts in their torment tossed the fire on all sides and spread it, till they plunged headlong into the stream beside them. But deceived by the shallow water that overflowed the level plain, they rushed far along the banks, and the flame, rising above the water, went with them. At last they dived beneath the stream, where the water was deep enough to cover their huge bodies.

But, where battle was possible, and before the Moorish monsters were set on fire, the Roman soldiers surrounded them at a distance and assailed them with javelins and stones and flying bullets, like men besieging a citadel or attacking a fortified place on high ground. Mincius showed courage worthy of a warrior and worthy of better fortune: coming close, he raised up his drawn sword; but his brave deed miscarried; for the trunk of the trumpeting monster, discharging hot and panting breath, wound its angry coils round him and lifted him up; then it brandished his body in that dreadful grasp, and hurled it high in air, and dashed the crushed limbs of the poor wretch upon the ground — a mournful sight.

Amid these disasters Paulus sighted Varro on the field and thus taunted him: "Why are we not fighting Hannibal hand to hand? Did we not promise Rome that he should stand with fetters round his neck before your triumphal car? Alas for our country! Alas for our people who in their wickedness bestow their favour amiss! ° Now that they are suffering such calamities, they will find no answer to this question: was Varro's birth or Hannibal's the worse calamity? and which should they have prayed Heaven to avert?" While Paulus spoke thus, Hannibal pressed hard on the flying Romans, and discharged all the spears of Carthage against their backs, in full view of Paulus. The consul's

helmet was struck and his shield battered; but on he rushed, none the less fiercely, into the centre of the foe.

But now, when Paulus had parted from him and gone to fight far away, Varro's reason tottered. He pulled at the bridle and turned his horse round and said: "Rome, thou art punished now for having put Varro in command while Fabius still lived. But what means this divided mind, this change of fortune? Is it a trap laid for me by the Fates? I long to make an instant end of all things by taking my own life. But some god arrests my sword and keeps me alive that I may suffer even worse. Can I live and carry back to Rome these rods, broken and spattered with the blood of citizens? How shall I show my hated face through the towns of Italy? How shall I, a fugitive from battle, see Rome again? Hannibal himself could desire for me no more cruel punishment."

Further protest was cut short by the approach of the enemy: their attack drove him back, and his war-horse with loosened rein carried him swiftly away.

BOOK X

ARGUMENT

DESCRIPTION OF THE BATTLE CONTINUED: VALOUR AND DEATH OF PAULUS (1-325). FLUSHED WITH VICTORY, HANNIBAL INTENDS TO MARCH ON ROME NEXT DAY; BUT JUNO SENDS THE GOD OF SLEEP TO STOP HIM (326-370). HE YIELDS, IN SPITE OF THE STRONG PROTESTS OF MAGO (371-386). THE REMNANT OF THE ROMAN ARMY RALLY AT CANUSIUM: THEIR MISERABLE PLIGHT (387-414). METELLUS PROPOSES THAT THE ROMANS SHOULD LEAVE RALY; BUT SCIPIO THREATENS DEATH TO HIM AND HIS SYMPATHIZERS (415-448). HANNIBAL SURVEYS THE BATTLE-FIELD: THE FAITHFUL HORSE OF CLOELIUS: THE STORY OF HIS ANCESTRESS, CLOELIA: THE BODY OF PAULUS IS FOUND AND BURIED (449-577). DISTRESS AT ROME (578-591). FABIUS ENCOURAGES HIS COUNTRYMEN (592-604). HE ALSO CALMS THE FURY OF THE POPULACE AGAINST VARRO (605-622). VARRO RETURNS TO ROME (623-639). THE SENATE ADOPTS MEASURES TO ENLIST SOLDIERS AND CONTINUE THE WAR (640-658).

WHEN Paulus saw that the enemy was gaining ground, even as a wild beast dashes of its own accord upon the ring of spears that surrounds it, and so, at the cost of wounds, brings its assailants closer, so he fought his way to the centre of the battle, rushing into every danger and courting death from every sword. He cried to his men with a terrible voice: "Stand firm, I implore you, and receive the steel in your breasts without flinching, and carry unwounded backs to the world below. Nothing remains save a glorious death. I, Paulus, shall be your leader still as you go down to Hades." Then on he went, swifter than Thessalian Boreas or the arrow that comes back to the fight from the bow of the retreating Parthian. Where Cato, full of martial spirit and forgetful of his youth, was fighting, Paulus rushed upon the foe and rescued the youth from death, when he was hard pressed by nimble Vascones and Cantabrians with showers of darts. The foemen fell back and withdrew in fear. So a hunter gleefully chases a roe-deer in a distant valley, and follows close till it is weary, hoping soon to put his hand upon it; but, if a fierce lion suddenly emerges from a cave before him and stands in full view, gnashing its teeth, then the red blood leaves the hunter's cheeks, and he drops the weapon that will not serve him at such a pass, and thinks no longer of the quarry he once counted on. Now Paulus thrust his sword-point at close range against foes who held their ground; now his missiles overtook the frightened cowards who turned their backs. He finds pleasure in fierce frenzy and gains glory from defeat; a multitude of nameless enemies fall before his single sword; and, had but a second Paulus been present in the Roman host, Cannae would have lost its fame.

At last the Roman wing gave way and the front rank fell to pieces in full retreat. Oeres and Opiter, who came from the vine-clad hills of Setia, were slain, and likewise Labienus, whom rocky Cingulum sent from its high walls. Soldiers of Carthage slew them all at the same time but in different ways; for Labienus was run through the body by a spear; and, of the brothers, one was wounded in the shoulder, and the other in the thigh, when they fell. Maecenas too was slain by a dart that pierced his groin; his name was held in high honour in the Lydian land where his ancestors once were kings over Etruria.

Despising life, Paulus pressed through the centre of the fray, seeking Hannibal; there was but one fate he dreaded — to die and leave the Carthaginian general alive.

But Juno feared the man's might; for, if a duel began, such a storm of passion would not have ended in nothing. Therefore she took the form of cowardly Metellus: "Why," she asked, "do you, the consul on whom alone the hopes of Rome depend, defy Fortune and rage furiously to no purpose? If Paulus survives, the empire of Rome still stands; if he dies, he drags down his country with him. Do you mean, Paulus, to go forth against that warrior in his pride, and to deprive us of our leader in our time of trouble? Just now, in his joy of battle, Hannibal would dare to fight the Thunderer himself. Already Varro has turned his bridle-rein — I saw him do it — and made off, reserving himself for better times. Give Fate time to work; and, while you may, snatch from death a life that matters more than ours; you will have fighting enough hereafter."

Paulus sighed and answered: "Have I not cause enough to seek death in battle, when my ears have heard such infamous counsel from a Metellus? Fly, madman, fly! I pray heaven that no weapon of the enemy may wound you in the back. Untouched and unscathed may you depart and enter the gates of Rome with Varro as your companion! Worst of cowards, did you think roe worthy of life on such terms and unworthy of a noble death? Hannibal forsooth is raging, he whose valour would now challenge Jupiter himself. How far have you declined from the high emprise of your ancestors! When could I prefer to fight or against whom to match myself? Hannibal, whether conqueror or conquered, will make my name famous for ever."

Uttering such reproaches, Paulus sped off to the centre of the foe. Acherras was making his way back to where the ranks of his supporters were thick, and finding a path by stealth through close-packed warriors and a hedge of shields; but Paulus, swifter of foot, overtook and slew him. So a Belgian hound pursues a boar he cannot see; never giving tongue, with nose to the ground he tracks unerringly the beast's wanderings over hill and dale, and ranges over uplands that no line of hunters has ever surrounded; nor does he cease from following the scent once caught, till he comes upon the lair hidden deep in the thorn-brakes.

But the consort of Jupiter, when Paulus would not cease from fighting and her words proved unavailing to stop him, changed her form again: she took the likeness of the Moor, Gelesta, and summoned Hannibal, who knew her not, away from the heat of battle. "Glory of Carthage," she said, "whose fame will never die, we implore you to turn hither your armed right hand; for Paulus is fighting fiercely by the banks of the swollen river; and the death of no other foeman can bring you greater fame." With these words she hastened Hannibal to a distant part of the field.

On the high bank of the river a warrior named Crista harassed the African host; and his six sons fought together round their father. The family was poor

but known to fame among the Tudertes; and Crista himself had a name for deeds of arms throughout Umbria, and taught all his troop of sons to bear arms and fight. And now this band of brothers, led by their hardy instructor, had glutted themselves with slaughter of men, and then laid low with countless wounds an elephant with a tower on its back. Then fire-brands followed, and they were watching with joy while the fallen monster was burning, when suddenly a helmet flashed and plumes waved bright above a higher helmet. The old man, who recognized Hannibal by the light he shed, was no laggard: willingly he urged on his troop of sons into the fierce conflict, bidding them hurl their weapons thick and fast, and disregard his fire-breathing nostrils and the flames that came from his helmet. Thus the bird of mighty Jupiter, whose care brings up her eaglets in the nest to be fit carriers of the thunderbolts, turns them to face the sun and examines them, testing their genuine descent by the rays of Phoebus. And now Crista was fain to set an example for the contest that summoned them: see, his spear flies swiftly past through the space between. But the point could not penetrate the many plates of the golden corslet; the spear hung down, and the feeble blow betrayed the failing powers of the thrower. Then Hannibal accosted him: "What madness induced your hand, feeble with age, to strike such harmless blows? Scarce did your quivering spear scratch the surface plates of Gallician gold. See! I give you back your own weapon; your famous sons should take me rather to teach them skill in arms." And straightway he pierced the breast of hapless Crista with his own spear.

Then from the other side — terrible to see — six javelins hurled by six arms came flying, and as many spears were hurled with might. So, when Moorish hunters in the land of Libya have beset the den of a mother-lioness and press her hard, her cubs at once begin a furious battle but cannot prevail because their teeth are not yet grown. Hannibal parried all six darts with his shield; then, gathering himself together behind it, he withstood the impact of the spears with their crashing blows; and, not content with all the wounds and slaughter he had dealt out already, he breathed hard in wrath, if he might not slay all the six and lay their corpses beside their father's, and destroy the hapless family, root and branch.

Now he addressed Abaris, his squire, who shared his martial ardour and ever accompanied him to battle: "Give me supply of weapons. Yon band of brothers who assault my shield are eager to go down to the dark waters of Avernus; and soon shall they reap the fruits of their foolish devotion to their father." As he spoke, he pierced Lucas, the eldest of them, with a javelin; the point went home, and the youth fell with upturned face on his brothers' shields. Volso's turn came next. He was trying to pluck forth the fatal steel, when Hannibal laid him low, piercing his nostrils through his shield with a pilum which he had chanced to pick up from a heap of corpses. Next Vesulus, whose foot slipped in the warm blood of his brothers, was beheaded by a swift sword-cut; and then, O inhuman warfare! he hurled helmet and severed head

together, using them as a weapon, at the backs of the retreating brothers. Then Telesinus, smitten to the marrow by a stone, where the backbone knits the frame together, fell prostrate; and he witnessed the fall of his brother Quercens, who was stunned by a bullet hurled from a distant sling, even while Telesinus was breathing out his life and closing his swimming eyes. Perusinus was staggering over the ground and sometimes stopping, disabled at once by grief and fear and rapid movement, but not bereft of courage, when Hannibal stabbed him above the groin with a stake which his squire had snatched from the back of a dead elephant and handed to him. The fierce thrust of the scorched brand held him down. He had tried to appease that furious wrath by entreaty; but the fatal heat filled his mouth as soon as he opened it, and the breath of it drove the fire down to the lungs. Thus at last fell Crista, a name long famous in Umbria, and all his sons with him. So a tall oak-tree, planted long ago by our forefathers, when smitten by Jupiter's thunderbolt, sends up smoke; and the flames and sulphur of heaven make havoc of the boughs revered for centuries, until it crashes in wide ruin, conquered by the god, and the huge trunk, as it falls, covers all the scions that grow round it.

While the Tyrian leader performed these feats near the waters of Aufidus, Paulus avenged his own coming death by slaying many victims, and fought like a conqueror among a thousand foes. Down went huge Phorcys, who came from the caves of Calpe, sacred to Hercules; on his shield was engraved the Gorgon's head; for that cruel goddess derived her birth and beginning from Calpe. Phorcys pressed forward, proud of his ancient race and descent from Medusa, the monster who turned men to stone. As he aimed a furious blow at the left groin of Paulus, the consul seized him by the crest of his tall helmet and turned the blow aside: then, dashing him down upon the ground, he drove his sword downwards through him, where the belt curves round the base of the spine and protects both the hips. A hot stream of blood gushed forth from the gaping entrails; and the dweller by Atlas went down beneath the soil of the Aetolian chief.

In the midst of this carnage there was a sudden alarm. A fresh onset of war was launched, and the Roman rear was surprised by troops trained by Hannibal, a master of stratagem, for this very purpose. Pretending to desert from the Carthaginian army, they had surrendered. Now, equipped with guile, they rushed in a body upon the Roman rear, with hearts wholly bent on slaughter. They lacked not for spears and swords; for they tore weapons from the corpses. From far off Galba saw an enemy seize a standard and carry it off; defeat has no power to quench a brave man's spirit; and with an exertion of all his strength he caught up the spoiler and struck him dead ere he could escape. But while he grasped his prize and wrenched it from the dying hand that was slow to yield it up, Amorgus came up quickly and ran a sword through him; and Galba fell and died, balked of his high emprise.

Meanwhile, as if cruel Enyo had not yet glutted her savage wrath, the Sirocco lifted the surface of the field in whirling clouds of dust, and drove the

burning sand in all directions. And now the tempest with frightful howling blew the resisting bodies of men to a distance, as far as the limit of the plain, dashing them against the sunken banks, and sinking them in the swollen river. Such was the end of ill-starred Curio; and here the Aufidus marked the limit of his life with an inglorious death. For, while stopping with furious anger the terrified ranks and trying to arrest them by throwing his body in the way, he was driven headlong forward by the mass of fugitives and swallowed up by the swollen stream; down he sank to the bottom and lay on the sands of the Adriatic, without honour in death.

Mighty in endurance and incapable of bending the neck to Fortune, Paulus rushed right against the weapons of the victorious foe. Nothing gave him confidence now but his longing for a soldier's death, and his certainty that he must die. Then Viriathus, the high-souled ruler of a Spanish kingdom, drove before him a war-wearied Roman and slew him under the eyes of the consul and close beside him. O grief! O tears! Servilius, the best warrior in all the host, the best after Paulus, was slain by the sword of the barbarian, and his single death added a darker stain to the guilt of Cannae. Paulus could not contain his fierce anger. Though the wild fury of the wind in his face disabled him and veiled the daylight with dust, he broke through the thick dark cloud of sand and strode on in wrath. While Viriathus in Spanish fashion was shouting a savage song of victory and beating on his shield, Paulus attacked him and pierced the vital part in his left breast. This was his last victim, his last labour; no longer might Paulus take part in the war, nor might Rome make use of him hereafter in the great battles still to come. A huge stone, whose enormous weight was hurled by an unseen hand, struck him in the face, driving the fragments of his brazen helmet into the bone and covering his face with blood. Then he drew back and rested his failing limbs on a rock near by; gasping from his streaming wound, he sat down upon his shield, a formidable figure with his gory face. So a huge lion shakes off the lighter spears; but when at last the sword has been driven home in his breast, he stands in the centre of the arena, quivering but resigned to the blow; the blood streams from mane and mouth and nostrils, and from time to time he utters a dull roaring, and spits out blood and foam from his wide jaws. Then the Libyans came down upon Paulus; and Hannibal himself came galloping where the wind drove him, and where his sword, his charger, and the fierce beasts that fight with their tusks, had cleared a path. When Piso, buried beneath weapons, saw Hannibal riding over the dead, he raised himself with an effort on his lance and stabbed the horse's belly with his uplifted point. When the beast fell, he tried in vain to bestride it. But Hannibal picked himself up in a moment, though the horse had thrown him when it fell sprawling on its head; and thus he spoke: "Do the Roman ghosts come back again to life, to fight a second time? Can they not rest even in death?" With these words he rose to his full height and, while Piso tried to lift his wounded limbs, plunged his sword in up to the hilt.

Behold, Lentulus, wounded in the foot by a Cretan arrow, was galloping off the field, when he saw Paulus seated on the rock wet with his blood, and staring with fierce eyes as he sank down to death. Lentulus changed his purpose and felt ashamed of flight. It seemed to him that he saw Rome burning now, and blood-stained Hannibal now standing at her gates; now for the first time he saw before him the Aetolian plain, the grave of Italy. "What still remains," he cried, "to prevent the enemy from marching on Rome tomorrow, if you, Paulus, abandon the ship in such a storm? By Heaven I swear — if my words are harsh, grief prompts them — that, unless you take command in this terrible war and live on against your will amid the tempest, you are more guilty even than Varro. Sole hope of our suffering country, take my horse, I entreat. I will lift your weakened frame on my own shoulders and seat you safely on the saddle." Thereupon the consul answered, spitting out the streaming blood from his mutilated mouth: "Go on and prosper, worthy son of brave ancestors! Nor is the prospect dark, when such stout hearts as yours still are found in the realm of Romulus. Spur your horse as hard as your wound will let you, and fly; bid them close the city gates instantly; the Destroyer will rush against her walls. The control of affairs must be given to Fabius. It was madness that resisted our warnings. My life is ended; and nothing remains but to prove to the ignorant populace that Paulus knows how to die. Shall I be carried back to Rome, a wounded and dying man? What would not Hannibal give to see me retreating? No such intention has Paulus; and my ghost shall not go down thus humbled to the shades below. I who once — But why should my failing accents detain you, Lentulus, with useless complaining? Away! and use your spear-point to urge your weary steed from hence." Then Lentulus made off for Rome, carrying his weighty message. Nor did Paulus suffer his last moments to pass without striking a blow. So a tigress when mortally wounded gives way at last and lying down fights against death; she opens the jaws that have no strength to bite in earnest, and the tip of her tongue licks the spears with efforts that cannot gratify her rage. When Iertas came close, brandishing his weapon in triumph and sure of his victim, Paulus rose up suddenly and plunged his sword in his foe's body. Then he looked round for Hannibal, eager to yield up his life, a warrior's life, to that glorious hand. Not so: he was overcome by a shower of darts from every side, from Numidians and Garamantians, from Gauls and Moors and Asturians. Thus Paulus died. A wise heart and a mighty arm were lost in him; if he had been given sole command in the war, he might perhaps have ranked as the equal of Fabius. His noble death gave fresh glory to his country and raised his fame to the sky.

The hope and courage of the Romans fell with their general; the army, like a headless thing, was overthrown by fierce assaults; and victorious Africa raged over all the field. Here lay the men of Picenum and brave Umbrians, and there Sicilian warriors and Hernican troops. Everywhere were lying scattered the standards, borne by warlike Samnites or men from the Sarnus, or

by Marsian contingents; the ground was covered with battered shields and helmets and useless swords, 'with targets broken by collision 'with other targets, and with foam-covered bits, wrenched from the mouths of mettled steeds. The Aufidus, red with blood, cast up his swollen waters over the plain and in rage restored to the banks the corpses that belonged to them. So an Egyptian vessel is seen like an island in the great sea; but, when the rainy East-wind has dashed her upon the rocks, she covers the sea with scattered wreckage; the surface is strewn with floating benches and masts, with stern-ornaments with tattered sails, and with hapless sailors spitting out the brine.

Hannibal had spent the livelong day in stubborn conflict and fierce slaughter; and, when the darkness robbed his frenzy of that glorious day, he ceased at last from fighting and spared his men from slaying yet more Romans. But he was anxious and wakeful, and resented the inaction of night. When the gods had given him so much, it stung him to think that he had not yet gained his object — to enter the gates of Quirinus. Resolved to march on the morrow, he intended to hasten thence with swords still drawn, while the soldiers' blood was hot and their hands stained with carnage; and already he sees the barriers broken and the walls on fire, and makes the burning of the Capitol follow close on Cannae.

The daughter of Saturn was disturbed by Hannibal's design. Knowing well the displeasure of Jupiter and the destiny of Italy, she took steps to curb the rash ardour of Hannibal and his eager hopes of a success he could never win. At once she summoned Sleep, the regent of silent night, by whose aid she often conquers and closes her brother's eyes against his will. She smiled on him and said: "I do not summon you, divine Sleep, for a burdensome task, nor do I ask of your silken wings to overcome Jupiter and place him at my mercy. Not now need you close a thousand eyes, nor conquer with deep darkness the guardian of the heifer, Inachus' daughter — the guardian who made light of your divinity. I pray you to send a strange dream to the Carthaginian general, that he may not be eager now to behold the forbidden walls of Rome; for the lord of Olympus will never suffer him to enter there."

Swiftly he did her bidding and winged his way through the darkness, carrying juice of poppy-seed in a curving horn. In silence he glided on, and went first to Hannibal's tent; then he waved his drowsy wings over the recumbent head, dropping sleep into the eyes, and touching the brows with his wand of forgetfulness. Then Hannibal's excited brain was troubled by unpeaceful dreams. He dreamed that he was even now surrounding the Tiber with a great army, and standing defiantly before the walls of Rome. Jupiter himself was seen — a shining figure on the summit of the Tarpeian rock; his hand was raised, to launch fiery thunderbolts; the surrounding plains smoked with sulphur, and the blue waters of cold Anio were shaken; again and again the dreadful fire was repeated and flashed before his sight; and at last a voice came down from the sky: "You have gained glory enough, young man, at Cannae. Stay your steps; for the Carthaginian may as soon storm our heaven

as burst his way within the sacred walls of Rome.” He was appalled by the dream, and dreaded a future and more terrible war. Then Sleep, having done Juno’s bidding, left him; but daylight could not wash out the dreadful vision from his mind.

While the general’s sleep was thus disturbed by groundless alarms, Mago came, reporting that the Roman camp with the remnant of the army had surrendered during the night; and behind him came a rich array of booty. He promised that, when the fifth night was followed in succession by day, Hannibal should feast and make merry on the Tarpeian height. Concealing the divine warning and suppressing his fears, Hannibal pleaded in excuse the wounds and weariness of the soldiers after their fierce conflict, and spoke of over-confidence due to success. Then Mago, as much disappointed as if he had been ordered to turn and march back from the very walls of Rome, thus protested: “Then our mighty effort has not defeated Rome, as Rome herself believed; it has only defeated Varro. What fate makes you throw away the bountiful gift of Mars and keep your country waiting? Let me rush forward with the cavalry, and, I swear by my head, the walls of the city will be yours and the gates will fly open before you without a battle.”

While Mago spoke thus in his rage and his more cautious brother refused to believe him, the Roman soldiers had begun to rally behind the walls of Canusium and to build a rampart round the fugitives beside the town. How mean, alas, was the aspect of that beaten army, without eagles, without standards, with no consul in chief command, and no axes borne before him by lictors! Men struggle to support upon feeble limbs their frames, sick with fear and mutilated, as if they had been crushed in the fall of some great building. Sometimes a sudden shout was heard, sometimes there was silence with downcast looks. Most of them are defenceless, with no shield on the left arm; there are no swords to fight with; every horseman is wounded; rejecting the pomp and pride of war, they have plucked the splendid plumes from their helmets. Their corslets are pierced with many a spear, and in some breastplates a Moorish arrow is still sticking and hanging down. Sometimes with cries of sorrow they ask for their lost comrades. Some weep for Galba and Piso, and for Curio who deserved to die sword in hand, while others lament Scaevola, that stout warrior. Each of these is mourned by some; but to all alike the death of Paulus is grievous as the loss of a father: “How true a prophet he was, when he foretold the evils that have come upon us, and thwarted Varro’s folly! How often he tried in vain to save Rome from to-day’s defeat! How brave too he was in battle!” But those who felt anxiety for the future made haste to dig trenches along the city walls, or used such materials as they had to fortify the gates. And, where the plain lay open, with nothing to obstruct the assaults of the enemy, they planted fire-hardened boughs shaped like deers’ antlers, whose concealed points would wound unseen the horses’ feet.

But now, on the top of defeat and incurable disaster, a treasonable panic

and a more dreadful madness stirred the hearts of those who had escaped the Carthaginian sword. They planned to cross the sea and by a change of clime to escape the Tyrian blades, the might of Carthage, and Hannibal. The leader of the exiles was Metellus, a man who took no delight in war though his family had gained high renown. He pressed his shameful design upon cowardly spirits and degenerate hearts, and had in view a hiding place in some distant land, which the name of Carthage would never reach, nor any news of their own forsaken country.

But when Scipio heard of this plan, his wrath was kindled. He snatched up his sword — as mighty a figure as when he confronted Hannibal in deadly combat on the battle-field. He burst open the doors of the place where cowards were hatching their plot to bring disgrace and destruction upon Italy; he rushed towering in. Then he brandished his naked sword before their frightened eyes as he spoke: “O Father ° that inhabitest the Tarpeian temple, next after heaven thy chosen abode; and thou, daughter of Saturn, whose heart is not yet softened by the sufferings of the Trojans; and thou, fierce Maiden Goddess, who bindest on thy breast the aegis and the terrors of the Gorgon; and ye gods of Italy — hear me when I swear voluntarily by your divinity, and by the head of my heroic father, as sacred to me as any god! I swear that never while I live shall I leave the realm of Lavinium nor suffer others to leave it. Make haste, Metellus, and call heaven to witness, that, even if the walls of Rome blaze with Carthaginian brands, you will not dare to turn your steps to any foreign land. If you refuse to swear it, the Hannibal, the thought of whom terrifies you and breaks your sleep, is present here, sword in hand. You shall die; and no man who slays a Carthaginian shall win more glory than your slayer.” These threats put an end to their design. At once they pledged their lives to their country in the manner prescribed, and swore to heaven the oath that Scipio dictated, and so cleansed their hearts of guilt.

While the Romans were thus engaged with troubled hearts, Hannibal was riding over the battle-field, reviewing his dreadful handiwork and feasting his eyes upon wounds. A numerous staff surrounded him, and the sights he showed them were welcome to the cruel eyes of the Carthaginians. Amid these heaps of dead lay Cloelius, with many a wound in the breast and at the point of death. Sinking fast and sighing out his latest breath, he was just able with a faint effort to raise his drooping head and support it on his feeble neck. His horse knew his master; he pricked up his ears and neighed loudly; then he threw Bagaesus, his captor who was then riding him towards the battle-field. Galloping at speed, he flew over mangled corpses and ground made slippery by pools of clotted blood, and halted by the face of his stricken master. Then with sunk neck and sloping shoulders, he bent his knees, as he had been trained to do, to let his master mount; and in his anxious concern he showed an affection that was all his own. No more gallant horseman than Cloelius had ever ridden that mettled steed, either reclining at full length on the flying back, or standing erect with no saddle under him, while the horse flew over

the race-course and covered the distance at top speed.

Then Hannibal, marvelling much at a horse which showed the feelings of a man, asked who it was that was fighting so hard against grim death — what was his name and rank. And, as he spoke, he put Cloelius to a speedy and merciful end. Cinna answered him. Deceived by Roman reverses, he had taken sides with Carthage and now rode beside the conqueror. “Brave general,” he said, “it is worth your while to hear the early history of his family. Rome, which now rejects the rule of Carthage, was herself once ruled by kings. But when she resented the reign of Superbus and expelled the tyrant, at once a great army came from Clusium’s royal dome — you may have heard tell of Porsena and Horatius and the Etruscan invasion. Porsena, supported by the power and manhood of Etruria, strove to restore the exiled kings by war. Many an effort they made without success, and the foreign king pressed hard upon Janiculum. At last peace was decided on: they ended hostilities, stopped the war, and agreed to a treaty; and hostages were given in pledge of its fulfilment. But Roman hearts could not be tamed — witness heaven! — but were ready to face any danger for the sake of glory. With other Roman maidens Cloelia was sent across the river to the king as a pledge for peace — young Cloelia who was not twelve years old. Of brave deeds done by men I say nothing; but this maiden, in spite of the king and the treaty, in spite of her youth and the river, swam fearlessly across the astonished Tiber, stemming the stream with childish arms. If nature had changed her sex, perhaps Porsena would never have been able to return to the Tyrrhene land. But, not to detain you longer, from her this young Cloelius is descended, and owes his glorious name to that famous maiden.”

While Cinna told this tale, a sudden shout was heard not far away on their left hand. From a disordered heap of weapons and mangled corpses they had drawn forth the body of Paulus in the centre of the pile. How changed, alas! how unlike the Paulus whose prowess lately disordered the ranks of Carthage, or the Paulus who overthrew the kingdom of the Taulantes and bound the king of Illyricum in chains! His grey hairs were black with dust, and his beard defiled with clotted gore; his teeth were shattered by the impact of the great stone; and his whole body was one wound.

Hannibal’s joy was redoubled by the sight. “Fly, Varro, fly!” he cried, “and save your life — I care not, so long as Paulus is dead. You are a consul: tell the whole story of Cannae to the Senate and the people and to Fabius, the man of inaction. Once again, Varro, if you love life so much, I shall give you leave to fly. But this hero, worthy of my enmity, whose heart beat high with valour, shall receive burial, and his grave shall be honoured. How great is Paulus in death! The fall of so many thousands gives me less joy than his alone. When fate summons me, I pray to die like him, and may Carthage survive my death!” Thus he spoke, and ordered the bodies of his soldiers to be buried when rosy Dawn should issue from her chamber on the following day, and piles of arms to be raised, as a burnt-offering to Mars. The men, though

weary, made haste to do his bidding. They dispersed to the neighbouring copses and felled the trees; and the high woods on the leafy hills resounded with the axe. Here ash-trees and tall poplars with white foliage were smitten and cleft by sturdy arms, and there holm-oaks, planted by a former generation. Down came oaks and pine-trees that love the shore, and cypresses that deck the funeral train and mourn beside the pyre. And lastly they hastily built funeral pyres — a mournful duty and a tribute that means nothing to the dead — until Phoebus plunged his panting steeds in the waters of Tartessus, and the moon's disk departing from the sky brought on the blind darkness of black night. Then, when the chariot of the sun shone forth with dawning fire and the earth resumed its familiar colours, they kindled the pyres and burnt the corrupting bodies of their dead on a foreign soil. They felt a dreadful apprehension of the uncertain future, and an unspoken fear invaded their inmost hearts, that, if the fortune of war turned against them later, they themselves must lie in this unfriendly earth. Then, as an offering to the War-god, a huge pile of armour was raised up to the sky. Hannibal with his own hand held up a tall pine-torch with fire for foliage and called on the god to hear his prayer: "Hannibal, victorious over the Italian nation, burns these first-fruits of battle and offerings of conquest; and to thee, Father Mars, whose ears were open to my prayers, this host of surviving men dedicates the choicest armour." Then he threw the torch upon the pyre, and blazing fire made havoc of the burning mass, till the crest of flame burst through the smoke and rose to the sky, flooding the fields with bright light. From here Hannibal went quickly to witness the funeral rites granted to Paulus, proud of showing honour to a dead enemy. A tall pyre was reared, and a soft bier was made of green turf, and offerings were laid upon it, to honour the dead — the shield, the sword dreaded by those who had felt it, the rods and axes taken in the battle, broken now but once a badge of power that all men feared. No wife was there, no sons, no gathering of near kinsmen; no customary masks of ancestors were borne on high litters before the corpse to grace the funeral procession. Bare was it of all trappings; but the praise of Hannibal was glory enough in itself: sighing he threw on the body a covering bright with rich purple dye and a mantle embroidered with gold, and uttered this last tribute to the dead: "Go, pride of Italy! Go whither spirits may go that exult in brave deeds! To you fame is secured already by a glorious death, but I must struggle on as Fate drives me, and she hides future events from my knowledge."

So Hannibal spoke; and suddenly, mid the crackling of the flames all round, the spirit of Paulus sprang forth and rose triumphant to the sky.

Meanwhile rumour waxed ever louder and louder till it reached heaven. Soon it found its way over sea and land, and came first of all to Rome. Putting no trust in their walls, the terrified citizens were content to rely upon the citadel and nothing else. For they had no fighting men left, and Italy was nothing now but an unsubstantial name. If the enemy had not yet burst in through the gates, they imputed his delay to contempt. Men thought that they

saw the houses burning and the temples pillaged, their sons foully slain, and the smoke rising up from the Seven Hills. A single day mourned for the dead corpses of two hundred high magistrates, and mourned for the tottering walls of the depopulated city which had lost twice thirty thousand fighting men; and this after Trebia and the battle by Lake Trasimene; and of the allies also an equal number had fallen at the same time. But, none the less, the surviving senators did their duty and entered upon the functions prescribed to them by lot. Fabius found speed and was everywhere, crying out to the panic-stricken people: "Believe me, there is no longer any reason for delay. Let us make haste to man the walls and baffle the enemy's approach. Ill fortune is increased by the inaction of cowardice, and defeat is made worse by fear. Go quickly, ye young men, and pull down the armour in the temples. Strip the walls of your houses with speed, and take down for service the shields you took in fight. We are enough to save our country, if no one of us withdraws in fear from battle. The dreaded foe may be formidable in the open plain; but the naked Moor, for all his speed and activity, will never break down city walls."

While Fabius thus encouraged hearts that had failed for fear, a report that Varro was approaching spread up and down through the city and filled all hearts with secret uneasiness. So, when the captain of a wrecked ship is saved from the sea and swims ashore alone, men are at a loss and uncertain whether to welcome the sea-tossed man or to disown him; they cannot bear that the captain only should be saved when his ship is lost. What a stain must cling to Varro's name, when he dares to approach the gates, and presents himself, a bird of ill-omen, to his horror-stricken countrymen!

Fabius smoothed down these protests. He told them it was a shameful thing to be angry with a defeated general, and so he averted the people's indignation. Men who claimed Mars as their ancestor should not (he said) be mastered by adversity, nor be unable to hide their grief; nor should they seek solace for their mourning in punishing others. "But if I am allowed to speak a word of reproof," said he, "that day on which I saw Varro proceed to the camp was more painful to me than that on which I see him return without an army." By his words their threats were silenced and their feelings underwent a sudden change: now they pity Varro's misfortune, or reflect that Hannibal has lost the satisfaction of slaying both the consuls. Therefore all the populace poured forth in long procession to thank him; and they protested that he had acted nobly, when, relying on the ancient glory and power of his country, he refused to despair of the city inhabited by the sons of Laomedon.

None the less, sad at his failure and sore ashamed, Varro drew near the walls with faltering steps and weeping eyes; it was pain to him to raise his eyes from the ground and look upon his native city and recall their losses to the citizens. Though the Senate and people came out then to meet him on his return, he felt that they were not there to thank him, but that each man was demanding a lost son or brother, and that unhappy mothers were ready to tear out the consul's eyes. Thus his lictors kept silence as he entered the city and

he claimed no respect for the high office which the gods had condemned.

But the senators and Fabius put sorrow in the background and turned quickly to their tasks. Slaves, chosen for their strength, were armed in haste; the barracks were thrown open to them; for pride gave way to the safety of the state. They were determined to bring, by any agency, the realm of Aeneas back to the land of the living, and to arm even bondsmen in defence of the Capitol and the empire and glorious freedom. They took off from their own children the purple-bordered garment of boyhood and put armour on their unaccustomed shoulders. Boys hid their faces behind the helmet, and were bidden to reach manhood in slaughter of the foe. Likewise, when they were begged to ransom at an easy rate the multitude of Roman prisoners — and the number of petitioners rose to many thousands — they persisted, to the astonishment of Hannibal, in their refusal to redeem them. For they held it worse than any misdeed or any crime for an armed man to surrender. Then sentence was passed on soldiers guilty of desertion: they were banished to distant Sicily, to serve there until the invader should retreat from Italy. Such was Rome in those days; and, if it was fated that the Roman character should change when Carthage fell, would that Carthage were still standing!

BOOK XI

ARGUMENT

MANY PEOPLES OF ITALY REVOLT FROM ROME AND JOIN HANNIBAL (1-27). CAPUA TOO IS INCLINED TO GO OVER TO THE CARTHAGINIANS: THE WEALTH AND LUXURIOUS HABITS OF THE CITIZENS (28-54), ON THE MOTION OF PACUVIUS, THEY SEND VIRRIUS AND OTHER ENVOYS TO ROME, ASKING THAT ONE OF THE TWO CONSULS SHOULD BE A CAMPANIAN: THIS DEMAND IS INDIGNANTLY REFUSED BY TORQUATUS, FABIUS, AND MARCELLUS (55-129). CAPUA GOES OVER TO HANNIBAL: DECIUS ALONE PROTESTS BUT IN VAIN (130-189). HANNIBAL STARTS FOR CAPUA: HE ORDERS DECIUS TO BE ARRESTED: DECIUS DEFIES HIS THREATS (190-258). HANNIBAL VISITS THE CITY AND IS ENTERTAINED AT A GREAT BANQUET (259-368): TEUTHRAS OF CUMAE, A MUSICIAN, PLAYS AND SINGS (288-302). THE SON OF PACUVIUS INTENDS TO STAB HANNIBAL WHILE FEASTING, BUT IS INDUCED BY HIS FATHER TO GIVE UP HIS PLAN (303-368). MAGO IS SENT TO CARTHAGE TO ANNOUNCE THE VICTORY (369-376). HANNIBAL WINTERS AT CAPUA: VENUS ENFEEBLES THE SPIRIT OF HIS ARMY: HE HIMSELF TAKES PLEASURE IN THE MUSIC OF TEUTHRAS (377-482). MEANWHILE MAGO REPORTS AT CARTHAGE THE SUCCESSSES OF HANNIBAL AND MAKES A FIERCE ATTACK UPON HANNO (483-553). HANNO REPLIES, URGING THAT PEACE SHOULD BE MADE (554-600). BUT REINFORCEMENTS ARE SENT BOTH TO SPAIN AND ITALY (600-611).

NEXT let me tell of the peoples who went over to the side of Libya and the camp of Hannibal after the signal victory on the plains of Apulia. Nowhere do men remain loyal for long when Fortune proves unstable. Too prone, alas, to distrust the unfortunate, the states vied with one another in open offers of friendship to faithless Carthage. Fiercest of all were the Samnites, ever ready to keep alive ancient feuds, and eager to gratify their hatred afresh when occasion offered. Their example was followed by the Bruttians, a fickle folk whose late repentance was to avert their doom; by the treacherous Apulians who own no fixed alliance; and by the Hirpini, light-minded and restless men who had no reason to break faith. It was like a horrible plague that spread infection all over the country. Now Atella and Calatia sent their soldiers to Hannibal's camp, their fears prevailing over their sense of duty. Tarentum too, the city of Phalantus, proud and fickle, threw off the Roman yoke. Crotona on the height opened her gates in friendship, and taught the descendants of the Thespiadae to bow their necks to the bidding of the African barbarian. A like madness affected the Locrians. The low-lying coast, where Greater Greece preserves Argive cities and bends round till it is washed by the Ionian sea, was attracted by the victories of Libya and her success in war, and swore to serve under the dreaded Carthaginians. And also the vainglorious Celts who dwell by the river Po attacked Italy in her distress; they had ancient grievances, and hastened to assist the enemy with their full strength.

It might be lawful for Celts, lawful for the tribes of the Boii, to renew impious warfare; but who could believe that Capua would take the same mad decision as the tribe of Senones, and that a city of Trojan origin would ally herself with a barbarous ruler of Numidians — who could believe this now, when times have changed so greatly? But luxury, and sloth fed by riotous debauchery, and utter shamelessness in sinning, and scandalous respect for wealth and wealth alone — such vices preyed upon an indolent and listless people and a city freed from the restraints of law. Their savage cruelty also

bore them to their doom. And they had the means to pamper their vices. No people of Italy possessed gold and silver in more abundance — so favoured were they then by Fortune; their garments, even those worn by men, were dyed with Assyrian purple; their princely banquets began at noon, and the rising sun found them at their revels; and their way of life was defiled by every stain. Moreover, the senators oppressed the people, the masses welcomed the unpopularity of the senate, and civil discord made the parties clash. Meanwhile the old men, more corrupt themselves, outdid the headstrong follies of the young. Men notorious for humble birth and obscure origin asserted their claims, expecting and demanding to hold office before others, and to rule the sinking state. Then too, it was their ancient custom to enliven their banquets with bloodshed, and to combine with their feasting the horrid sight of armed men fighting; often the combatants fell dead above the very cups of the revellers, and the tables were stained with streams of blood.

Thus demoralized was Capua, when Pacuvius, a man whose name is known only because of his misdeeds, worked cunningly upon the minds of the citizens, in order to make them more eager to join the Carthaginians. He urged them to demand of Rome what he knew that Rome would never grant — indeed he did not wish it to be granted — that Capua should claim an equal share in the highest office and that the rods should pass in turn from one consul to the other. And, if the Romans refused to share their curule chair and to admit a partner, with a second set of axes, to the high office, then one who would avenge the rebuff was near and in full view. Therefore a chosen body made haste to carry the message. Their chief was Virrius, an eloquent speaker but a man of low origin and second to none in violence.

When he had set forth the outrageous proposals of a brainsick mob at a great meeting where all the Roman senators were assembled, and even before he had ceased to enrage his hearers by his high-flown eloquence, a unanimous shout of angry refusal rose from the whole assembly; and then each separate senator rebuked him, till the building shook with their contending voices.

Then Torquatus rose. His brow severe recalled that of his noble ancestor. “How now?” he asked. “Have you dared to bring such a message from Capua to the walls of Rome — these walls which Carthage and Hannibal, even after their victory at Cannae, dared not attack? Have you never heard how it fared with the insolent spokesman of the Latins, when they came to the Capitol and made a like request? Not a word was spoken: he was flung forth from the temple doors and rolled down with such violence that he was dashed against the pitiless rock. Thus he atoned, under the eyes of Jupiter, for his insolence; and the penalty for his blasphemous speech was death. Look at me! I am descended from that consul who drove the speaker forth from the Thunderer’s temple, and whose unarmed hand defended the Capitol.” Then in his rage he shook his fist in the faces of the envoys and was about to repeat the action of his ancestor; but when Fabius saw him proceeding to actual violence, he spoke next, grinding his teeth as he spoke: “Out on such utter shamelessness!

See! a consul's seat is vacant, deprived of its occupant by the stress of war. Which, pray, of your number do you intend to place there? Whom do you propose, to fill the room of Paulus? Are you perhaps, Virrius, summoned first and foremost by the lot with the permission of the Senate? and does the purple robe put you on a level with our Brutus? Go, poor fool, to the mark you are aiming at: let treacherous Carthage make you her ruler." His fiery speech was not finished when Marcellus, no longer content to groan and hold his peace, burst out in fury and blazing wrath: "Are you, Varro, so utterly stunned by the fierce ordeal of battle? What sluggish endurance ties your tongue, so that you, the consul, can put up with the dreams of these madmen? Will you not instantly turn them out from the temple, drive them headlong to the city gates, and compel these effeminate wretches to learn the power of a consul elected in Roman fashion? I warn you to depart at once from Rome — you who are never sober and are doomed soon to perish. A general at the head of an army shall give you the answer you deserve in the right place — before the walls of Capua." Then all the House rose as one man and loudly threatened the envoys. The men of Capua themselves hastened to go forth; and Virrius, resenting so sharp a rebuff, had the name of Hannibal on his lips. Thereupon Fulvius, whose prophetic soul assured him of future glory, and who could already see with his mind's eye the ruin of Capua, spoke thus: "Even if you conquer Hannibal and bring him here to Rome as your captive, never again shall you be permitted to enter the sacred dwelling-place of Quirinus. I beg you will hasten to the goal, whither your folly summons you." Then the envoys took back this threatening message in haste to Capua, and reported the grim reply of the angry Senate.

Is it your pleasure, Almighty Father, that the future shall be hidden in such utter darkness? A happier age will one day come, when loyal Rome shall welcome a consul from Capua; the rods which she long withheld from armed force she will then surrender willingly and confidently to the high-souled descendants of her foes.^o This penalty, however, for the insolence of their ancestors shall remain, that Capua shall not send voters to Rome before Carthage sends them also. — Virrius, skilfully mixing truth with falsehood, first set forth what the Senate had said and done, and then sounded to his excited hearers the fatal note of bloody war. The frantic people cried out for arms and for Hannibal. They rushed together from every quarter and invited the Carthaginians to their city. Men recalled the mighty achievements of the Tyrian youth: how, rivalling the glory of Hercules, he had burst the barrier of the Alps and overrun the peaks that reach to heaven; how he dammed the river Po with heaps of dead; how, ever victorious, he dyed the Etruscan lake with Roman blood; how he gave eternal glory to the Trebia, and himself in battle sent down to Hades both Paulus and Flaminius, the Roman leaders. To all this they add his early prowess in the sacking of Saguntum, his crossing over the Pyrenees and the Ebro, and the sacrifice offered by his father when he swore in boyhood to make war against Rome. He alone, they said, was impervious in

battle to all weapons, though so many leaders had been slain and so many routed. "When the goodness of Providence allows us to join hands with this hero and to ally our-

selves with him, shall Capua, forsooth, put up with the pride and baseless insolence of an effete people, and be ruled by a state which refuses us, as if we were slaves, the rods of the consulship and equal rights? Varro, forsooth, they think more worthy of that high title, that his flight may be made more conspicuous by the consul's purple."

Talking thus wildly, they were about to send envoys, chosen by lot, to make an alliance with the Carthaginians. But Decius, the sole glory of Capua in that hour, refused to put aside the firm purpose of his brave heart. When he was admitted to the conclave and temporizing was impossible, he spoke thus:—"Fellow-citizens, are you about to violate the ties which our fathers cherished, and make friends with a man whom the gods have condemned for breach of treaty? How utterly you have forgotten the path of duty! It is a noble thing, and a property of noble nations and noble men, to show loyalty to the distressed. Now is the time to go to battle in defence of the Romans, and to take the field while their state is critical and their wounds call for treatment. This is the time to serve them, when success lingers and when stern Fortune summons us to help. To court the prosperous is by no means the glory of a noble mind. Hasten hither to their support! I know their godlike spirits and hearts that can bear every great disaster; they can bear, I assure you, Cannae and Lake Trasimene and the noble death of Paulus. These are the men who dislodged the enemy established in your city and rescued Capua from the tyranny of the Samnites. These are the men who, when that menace was driven out, gave you a constitution and put an end to the fighting of the Sidicini. Compare the allies whom you are deserting with the new allies whom you are gaining. Shall I, with Trojan blood in my veins, I, to whom Capys of old, the kinsman of great Iulus, bequeathed his sacred rites and his name derived from Jupiter — shall I consort with half-human Nasamonians and Garamantians, as cruel and savage as wild beasts, and pitch my tent cheek by jowl with a native of Marmarica? Shall I put up with a leader, whose sword now usurps the place of justice and sworn agreements, and all whose glory is derived from bloodshed? God forbid! Decius does not so confuse right and wrong that he is capable of such a choice. The greatest boon with which grudging Nature has equipped man is this — that the door of death stands open and suffers us to depart from a life that is too hard." Such was the appeal that Decius made in vain to deaf ears.

The chosen body of envoys made a treaty with Hannibal. He sent ahead a numerous troop of Autololes, and they soon arrived with noise and confusion. He himself was coming with the main body, moving in haste over the plains. Then Decius spoke: "Friends, now is the time and now the hour! Rally round me, while the arm of vengeance achieves a deed worthy of Capua and of me as leader. Lay these barbarous soldiers low. Let each man among you be eager

to snatch this crown of glory. If Hannibal tries to enter, block the gates against him with corpses and wipe out your guilt by the sword. That bloodshed, and nothing else, will wash away the stain with which your hearts are polluted.”

While he spoke thus in vain and no man welcomed his words, Hannibal learned the hostility and desperate design of Decius. His heart swelled high with anger, and he ordered a chosen troop to bring the obstinate man at once to his camp outside the walls. That austere virtue, that breast armed with loyalty and love of justice, that heart greater than all Capua, stood there unshaken and unterrified. With frowning brows he listened to the general's threats and even assailed him with bitter speech. Then Hannibal raised his voice to a shout as he rebuked the man who defied all the standards and all the swords of Carthage. “Paulus is dead,” he cried, “and Flaminius is dead; and now I am matched against this madman, Decius, who is fain to contend with me, that he may win glory and honour in death. Seize your standards, ye captains, and go forward with speed. I would fain find out whether Capua opens her gates to me in defiance of Decius, even as the Alps opened a path to me at the outset of my campaign — the Alps whose peaks strike the sky and which only a god ° had trodden before me.” His face was flushed with blood, and his angry eye flashed fire; he foamed at the mouth; and the breathing that issued from his panting lungs expressed the inarticulate rage of his breast. Thus he rode into the city, escorted by all the senators and surrounded by the rabble, rushing to behold the general's face, while he gave vent to all his fury and stormy passion.

The heart of Decius also was kindled by the approach of danger. He saw that the time had come, when he, though unarmed, might win more glory than the ever-victorious general. He did not run away nor hide himself in the seclusion of his own house, but lived on his quiet life with fearless mien, as free as if Hannibal had never entered Capua. But now, alas, a savage band of armed soldiers quickly seized him and set him down before the feet of Hannibal who sat there in state. From his high seat the conqueror thundered at him with angry speech: “Do you intend with your single hand to prop the falling building and restore a dead Rome to life? Poor fool! are you the man to snatch from me the great gifts of the gods? They kept me alive merely that I might be conquered by Decius, Decius the carpet-knight, weaker than any woman born on the Tyrian shores of our native Carthage. But why should I submit to insult? Hasten, soldiers, to fasten round the neck of this hero the fetters he deserves.” Thus he spoke, and the flow of his abuse was still unchecked. So, when a lion springs upon the herd and settles aloft upon their necks, he roars terribly in his victorious rage; then he drives in his claws to keep his great weight steady, and devours the panting steer, perched high upon its neck. But Decius, while they bound him, said: “Put on the fetters with all speed: they are a fitting symbol of Hannibal's entrance and the just reward for this ill-starred alliance. Decius is indeed the fit victim to be slain. For Hannibal delights in human blood, and we should do wrong to appease

him by the sacrifice of oxen. Look at his friendship! look at his alliance! He has not yet entered the senate-house or the temple doors, but already the cruel tyrant opens the prison. Proceed, and follow up your noble beginning with like deeds! In the nether world I shall have news of your fall, crushed beneath the ruins of Capua." No more was he suffered to say: his head was veiled in a black mantle, and he was carried off still defiant in the sight of his countrymen.

Thereupon the conqueror's rage at last sank to rest. Calm and well-pleased, in triumph he turned his gaze upon the buildings and temples of the city, and learned one thing and another — who was the founder of the city, how many men they had under arms, how many talents of silver and copper were available for war, the quality of their cavalry, and lastly the number of their infantry. They showed him their lofty citadel and told him of the Stellatian plain with its bountiful harvests. By now Phoebus was driving his weary steeds down the sky to their goal, and Evening spread her gradual shade and darkened his car in its course to the sea. Then the citizens made a feast as their manner was; the city kept holiday, and banquets were held at tables piled with regal splendour. Hannibal himself, adorned like a god and received with divine honours, was placed high upon a seat of honour covered with far-shining purple. Those who served at the meal were divided into many companies: it was the duty of some to set the dishes, of others to keep the fires alight, and of others to bring round the wine-cup in due order; and yet others were appointed to pile up the store of food. Heavy golden cups, chased in relief by craftsmen of old, sparkled on the board. The bright lighting banished night, and the lofty chamber hummed with the sound of moving attendants. The soldiers of Carthage, unaccustomed to such banquets, were astonished and drank in with wondering eyes that unfamiliar scene of lavish display. Hannibal himself kept silence while eating, disapproving the splendour of the feast and the great retinue that ministered to a need so easily satisfied; but, when he had eaten enough, the gift of Bacchus softened his harsh mood. Then at last he regained a cheerful aspect and laid aside his pressing anxieties.

Now Teuthras, a citizen of Cyme, played on the Euboean lyre, and his singing charmed ears deafened by the ungente note of the fierce war-trumpet. For he sang of Chaos, once a mass lighted by no star, where dawn never rose, a benighted world. Then he told how the god had severed the expanse of sea and placed the round world in the centre of the system; how he appointed lofty Olympus to be a habitation for the gods. He told of the reign of Father Saturn over a righteous race. Next he sang of Jupiter — his sweet and secret dalliance, and his union with Electra, daughter of Atlas; how their son was Dardanus, worthy of his divine parents; and how Dardanus gave the Thunderer a grandson, Erichthonius of high descent; then the long succession passed through Tros and Ilus to Assaræus and thence to Capys, inferior to none in glory and great deeds; and how he bequeathed his name to the city. Carthaginians and men of Capua together applauded the singer. First of all

Hannibal in solemn fashion poured forth a libation in honour of Capys, and the rest of the company followed his example, spilling wine on the tables in customary fashion, and growing heated as they drank.

The assembled Carthaginians gave themselves up to relaxation and revelry. But there was one young man there whom I must mention; for I will not pass over your design in silence, Perolla, or fail to record your purpose, which, even though it failed, proceeded from a noble mind. He, alone unaffected by wine and not enfeebled by the poison of the wine-cup, was revolving in his mind a glorious task — to fight Hannibal and kill him. And, to make his noble desire more marvellous, he was the son of Pacuvius, but had spurned his father's intrigues. When his father, burdened by a feast of many courses, walked slowly away from the hall, Perolla went out behind him; and it became possible to reveal his plan and explain his startling design, when they had left part of the dwelling behind them and came to an unoccupied space at the back of the building. Then Perolla spoke: "Hearken to a plan worthy of Capua and of ourselves." Then he drew back his gown and revealed a sword by his side: "I purpose to end the war by this blade, to cut off the head of Hannibal and carry it in triumph to the Thunderer. This sword shall seal the alliance which treachery has stained. If your aged eyes cannot bear to look on such a sight, if you shrink from a deed too bold for your declining age, then withdraw to the safety of your own house and leave me to my purpose. You hold Hannibal to be the chief of men, and you rank him with the gods; how much more famous than the Carthaginian shall your son be soon!" Fire flashed fiercely from his eyes, and in his thought he was already striking the blow. But his father, whose ears at once refused to hear a design of such dreadful import, fell trembling to the ground and in terror kissed his son's feet again and again. "By what remains to me of life, by a father's rights, and by your life, dearer to me than my own, I entreat you to abandon your purpose; let me not witness the hospitable board defiled with blood, the wine-cups filled with gore, and the tables upset in mortal conflict! Will you be able to withstand him whom neither armies nor walled cities can withstand, when his frown comes close and the fire flashes from his eyes? Will you endure the thunderbolts launched from that head, if the sight of your sword calls forth the dread voice that routs whole armies on the field? If you think that he sits unarmed at table, you are wrong. His armour is the immortal glory he has gained by constant warfare and hecatombs of victims slain. If you come close to him, you will marvel to see before you Cannae and the Trebia, the dead of Lake Trasimene and the mighty shade of Paulus. Again, will his officers and those who sit at meat beside him lift no finger while such a scene is acting? Keep still, I entreat you, and abandon a plan which, if successful, must cost you your life. Does not the example of Decius and his cruel fetters teach you to cool your passions?" Thus the father spoke. But, when he saw his son deaf to fear and burning with desire of high renown, he went on thus: "I entreat no more. Go back to the banqueting-hall; let us make haste. The task before you

now is not to stab the Carthaginians when they fight in defence of their chief; mine is the throat on which you must test your blade. For, if you purpose to attack Hannibal, through my heart you must drive your weapon. Despise not my age and weakness. I shall throw my body in the way, and my death shall snatch from your hand the sword which you refused to surrender at my entreaty." Then his tears gushed forth. Thus by the high design of Providence Hannibal was saved, in order to meet Scipio in arms; nor did Fate permit a foreign hand to perform so great an exploit. A splendid figure was Perolla in his wrath, and well he deserved to accomplish his great design. But how much fame he lost by abandoning his purpose, when the mere intention is so glorious! Then they hastened back to the feast and smoothed the trouble from their brows. At last sleep came and broke up the merry-making.

When the following day was about to reveal the steeds of Phaethon, and his swift chariot was already shining beneath the surface of the sea, the son of great Hamilcar had long been busily engaged. He bade proud Mago repair to the towers of Carthage and report to the senate the exploits of their general. Booty was sent with him and chosen captives and spoils stripped from the dead in bloody warfare, as thank-offerings to the gods for success in battle. Another of Hannibal's cares was Decius; he, alas, was sent to the Libyan land, to be kept till the general returned and could inflict punishment at leisure. But Jupiter on high had pity on the innocent sufferer, and turned his course aside to the ancient city of Battus. And here Ptolemy, the Macedonian king of Egypt, rescued him from the threats of the men who brought him in their ship, and released him from his bonds. And the same land that had saved his life soon afterwards received his bones, to lie undisturbed in a peaceful grave.

Meantime Venus did not miss the welcome opportunity to destroy the discipline of the Carthaginians by the insidious weapon of pleasure, and to tame their fierce hearts by luxury. She bade her children scatter their invisible arrows broadcast and kindle unseen fires in every breast. Then she smiled sweetly on the boys and said: "Let Juno, elated by success, give herself airs and despise us. That is no wonder; for what are we? Strong is her hand and strong her arm; we but gently launch our tiny shafts from the bows of boys, and our wounds are followed by no blood. But be up and doing, my children; the time has come for you to help me and inflame the hearts of the Tyrians with your invisible weapons. With dalliance, with excess of wine and sleep, you must rout an army that neither sword nor fire could shatter, nor the chariot of Mars with its utmost speed. Let the taste for luxury steal into Hannibal's heart; let him drink it in, and not blush to rest his limbs on an embroidered couch, nor refuse to drench his locks with perfume of Assyria. He used to boast of sleeping under the winter sky; now let him prefer to spend whole nights under a roof. He used often to take his food on horseback with his helmet on and the horse at speed; let him change his habits and give up the peaceful day to the god of wine; and then, when he has well drunk, let him welcome the lyre after the feast and either spend the night in drowsy sleep or

watch and wake all night in my service.” When Venus spoke thus, her sportive infantry clapped their snowy wings and flew down from high heaven. The Moorish soldiers felt the fiery arrows, and their hearts were melted in a moment by that shower of bolts. They call for wine and dainty food, and for a repetition of song that sounds sweet to the musician’s lyre. No mettled horse now sweats on the open plain; no lance, hurled to a distance, tasks the bare arm. They bathe their limbs, drowsy with sleep, in water heated over the fire; and their stern valour is sapped by the bane of luxury. Even Hannibal, breathed upon by a deceitful Cupid, piles high the festal board and courts the hospitality of eager hosts, till by degrees he grows degenerate and discards the virtues of his race; for his mind was poisoned by the unseen arrow. Capua is now a second home to him: he calls it a second Carthage and honours it as much; and the character which victory could not hurt is shattered by the seductions of vice. For the men of Capua set no limits to the luxury and profligacy of their lives: they went further and further: using various arts, they sought to set off their banquets by means of stage-plays: so Memphis on the Nile resounds ever with the Phrygian flute and matches Spartan Canopus ° in its revelry. Teuthras above all charmed Hannibal, filling his ears with sweet music both of the voice and of the instrument; and he, when he saw the general marvelling at the sound his fingers drew from the strings, began by degrees to set forth the splendid triumphs of the Aonian lyre; and he sang in unison with the music in a voice that might surpass the dying swan. And this was the song he chose out of many, as most grateful to those who sat at meat:

“Long ago the nations of Greece — marvellous to tell — heard the shell of the tortoise sound, and the shell had power to draw stones and bring them of their own accord, to make walls for a city. The lyre on which Amphion played built walls round Thebes and bade the towers rise high at its music; and the stone climbed up of itself upon the ramparts that came to the call of the musician. Another lyre calmed the stormy sea with its music and arrested the seals; it drew after it Proteus in all his changes of shape, and carried Arion on the sea-beast’s back. A third lyre, whose strains moulded the minds of heroes and the spirit of great Achilles in the cave of Mount Pelion — the lyre that Cheiron loved, could quell the raging sea or the wrath of Hell itself, when he struck the strings. But the chords which Orpheus struck beside the Riphean Strymon, charming the gods above and the gods below the earth, earned a place in heaven and shine there among the bright stars. Even his mother, together with the whole train of her sister Muses, marvelled at his playing. At his music neither Pangaeus nor Haemus, the mountain of Mars, nor remotest Thrace, could stand still. Wild beasts and forests, rivers and mountains, followed him. The bird forgot her loved nestlings, stopped her flight, and hung arrested in the motionless air. Moreover, when the Argo at Pagasae refused to launch out on the blue water which on land she had never known, the sea, summoned by the lyre, obeyed the music and came up to the stern of the sacred bark. The Thracian bard charmed with his quill the sunless land and

the crackling flames of Acheron, and stopped the stone from rolling. Alas for the cruelty of the Ciconian women and the madness of the Thracians! alas for Rhodope pronounced guilty by the gods! When the Hebrus bore his severed head to the sea, both banks followed it; and then, when it was carried along by the rushing waves, suddenly the sea-beasts emerged from the water and bounded high at the low sound of that voice all over the sea." Thus Teuthras, votary of Castalia and the Muses, enfeebled by his music the soldiers' war-hardened hearts.

Meanwhile Mago had been wafted by gentle breezes to the Libyan land. His ship, wreathed with laurel, entered the desired harbour, and the glittering spoils on her lofty bows shone from a distance across the water. Then the shouting of the sailors, which had long been rising from the open sea, filled all the shore with its sound; and, when the rowers all together brought the oars back sharply to their breasts, the sea foamed under the stroke of a hundred blades. Eager to snatch a hasty joy, the citizens waded out into the water, and the exuberant crowd eagerly hailed the good news with a storm of applause. Hannibal is ranked with the gods. All the women, all the little children, rejoicing at their mothers' bidding, and all the older citizens — senate and people alike — think him worthy of divine honours and the slaughter of oxen. Thus Mago came back to Carthage and entered the gates that rang with the report of his brother's exploits. The senate assembled in haste, and the senate-house was packed with a great assembly. Mago prayed to the gods in the fashion of his sires and then spoke thus: "I bring news of a great victory: the strength upon which Italy relied has been shattered; and I myself played no small part in the work. The gods favoured us in the battle. There is a land which bears the name of a famous king of Aetolia and was possessed by Daunus in an age long past; the rapid stream of the Aufidus flows round the watery plains and cuts off the promise of harvest by its floods; and later, dashing against the waves of the Adriatic, with a loud noise it forces the salt water to retreat seawards.

Here the Roman commanders — Paulus, a name honoured in Latium, and Varro — took the field, when the darkness of night had hardly been dispelled; and the far-seen glitter of their weapons added a brighter light to the rising sun. We marched quickly from the camp to meet them; for my brother was driven on by a passionate desire for battle. The earth shook and the welkin rang as we fought. Then our general, as great a leader in war as this earth ever bore, hid the river and the plains with heaps of corpses. Before my eyes all Italy was routed and fled from him alone, from the fierce onset and the sound of his warfare. Before my eyes degenerate Varro threw down his arms and galloped from the field. I witnessed also the death of brave Paulus, when he fell, pierced through with many a dart, above the corpses of his men. The great slaughter of that day avenged the Aegatian Islands and the treaty of subservience; we could not wish to pray for more than was granted us then by divine favour. If such a day came over again, Carthage would be the sole ruler

over all nations and would be honoured over all the world. As evidence of the slaughter, behold these tokens, which it is the custom of high-born Romans to wear on their left hand.” Therewith he poured forth before their astonished eyes glittering rings of gold; and the truth of his words was confirmed by the goodly heap of rings. Then he began again: “Rome is undermined, and it only remains to wrench her from her foundations and level her with the ground. Let us make the effort,” he cried; “recruit your armies weakened by so many losses, and open wide your treasury for the pay of mercenaries. Our elephants, so dreaded by the Romans, are now few in number; and our want of food-supplies troubles us.”

While speaking thus he directed fierce looks at Hanno whose crooked mind had long been tortured by the growing fame of Hannibal: “Do you approve *now* of the deeds that our hands have wrought? Am I permitted *now* to refuse a Roman for my master? Or will you vote a second time for the surrender of Hannibal? Unhappy man, be softened at last by so many glorious trophies, and change that heart, so black with the poison of jealousy and so full of bitter gall. See, that hand, that hand which you wished to give up to the Roman torturers, has filled shores and rivers, lakes and spreading plains, with Roman blood.” Thus Mago spoke, and the manifest sympathy of his hearers gave him confidence.

Then Hanno answered, urged on at once by jealousy and anger: “Such abuse does not surprise me, coming from a brain-sick youth. He is proud by nature, and it is easy to recognize his brother’s disposition and the stingless venom of his tongue. He need not suppose that I have changed and am giving up my policy in despair. For I propose that we should now sue for peace, should now lay down the arms that are stained by a breach of treaty, and avoid a war that will destroy us. Or rather, do you yourselves weigh well his proposals; there is no other decision for us to come to. He asks for arms, soldiers, and gold, for fleets, provisions, and elephants. Had he been defeated, he could not have asked for more. We have drenched the soil of Italy with Roman blood, and all Latium is laid low on the battle-fields. Then suffer us at last, noble conqueror, to forget our troubles and take our ease at home; suffer us to keep some children in the families so often thinned by the insatiable demands of war. Now, yes now, I say — I pray that my forecast may prove untrue and my mind may be the victim of a mere delusion — the fatal day is at hand. I know the stubborn hearts of the foe, and I foresee the martial ardour that defeat will breed. It is Cannae, Cannae that I fear. Lower your standards, or rather, make haste to sue for peace and demand it. You will not get it. Believe me, their resentment is hatching a worse destruction than that which they have suffered; and they will make this peace more readily when victorious than when they are defeated. Or rather tell us, you who proclaim those great deeds so proudly and fill the ears of the ignorant with your frothy flood of words — tell us, why that brother of yours, that match for Mars in battle, the greatest general whom earth has ever borne, has never yet set eyes

on the walls of Rome. Shall we, forsooth, snatch from their mothers' laps boys who are not yet fit to carry heavy armour, and make them fight? Shall we, at his demand, build a thousand ships of war and ransack all Libya for elephants, in order that Hannibal may prolong his command and fight on for years and exercise a tyrant's sway till the day of his death? But I appeal to you — for the trap is set in our sight — rob not your homes of your loved ones, but set a limit to the armies and the power of these potentates. Peace is the best thing that man may know; peace alone is better than a thousand triumphs; peace has power to guard our lives and secure equality among fellow-citizens. Let us then after so long recall peace to the city of Carthage, and banish the reproach of treachery from Dido's city. If Hannibal has such a passion for war and disobeys his country when she bids him sheathe the sword, then I advise you to refuse all supplies to such a madman, and I move that Mago report this answer to his brother."

He would have added more; for he had not yet said enough to gratify his wrath; but loud cries of dissent confounded him:— "If Hannibal, the glory of Libya, the invincible general, excites your anger, shall we leave the conqueror in the lurch just when he is reaching the goal, and refuse to send him supplies? Shall the jealousy of one man delay the imperial power which is already secured?" Then they eagerly voted the supplies required for war, and, in the presence of a witness, made a show of their devotion to the absent general. Next they decided to send supplies also to Spain, though malicious envy belittled Hannibal's immortal deeds and sought to refuse the assistance needed for the increase of his fame.

BOOK XII

ARGUMENT

HANNIBAL LEAVES CAPUA: HIS TROOPS HAVE LOST THEIR VIGOUR AND FAIL IN ATTACKS UPON NEAPOLIS, CUMAE, AND PUTEOLI (1-103). HE VISITS BAIÆ AND OTHER FAMOUS PLACES (103-157). HE MARCHES AGAINST NOLA BUT IS BEATEN OFF BY MARCELLUS (158-294). THE ROMANS BECOME MORE HOPEFUL AND ARE FURTHER ENCOURAGED BY AN ORACLE FROM DELPHI (295-341). THE WAR IN SARDINIA: TORQUATUS DEFEATS HAMPAGORAS: A TRIBUTE TO THE POET ENNIUS (342-419). HANNIBAL BURNS SEVERAL CITIES AND TAKES THE CITY OF TARENTUM BUT NOT THE CITADEL (420-448). HE RETURNS TO DEFEND CAPUA AGAINST A ROMAN BLOCKADE, BEATING TWO ROMAN ARMIES ON THE WAY: HE BURIES THE BODY OF TI. SEMPRONIUS GRACCHUS (449-478). UNABLE TO FORCE HIS WAY INTO CAPUA, HE MARCHES AGAINST ROME (479-540). CONSTERNATION AT ROME (541-557). HE EXAMINES THE WALLS AND SURROUNDINGS OF THE CITY, BUT IS DRIVEN BACK TO HIS CAMP BY FULVIUS FLACCUS WHO HAD HASTENED BACK FROM CAMPANIA (558-573). TWO ATTEMPTS TO FIGHT A BATTLE ARE FRUSTRATED BY A TERRIBLE STORM SENT BY JUPITER (574-667). MAKING A THIRD ATTEMPT, HE IS STOPPED BY JUNO, ACTING BY JUPITER'S COMMAND (668-730). REJOICING OF THE ROMANS (731-752).

UNKINDLY Winter was now hiding in the earth his icy head, his temples fraught with storms, and his cloud-capped brow that towers aloft with menace of gales; and healthful Spring was cheering the land with her gentle zephyrs and clear warm weather. Then the Carthaginians burst forth from Capua with terror in their van, and harassed all the surrounding country. Thus the serpent hides away in winter while the Rhiphaean mountains are frozen by the North-wind's breath; but at last, when the season gives it confidence, it glides forth from its secret lair and glitters with a new skin, lifting up its shining head and breathing forth venom from its erected throat. When Hannibal's dreaded standards gleamed over the land, the country became a desert: driven by fear men shut themselves up behind fortifications and awaited the enemy, trembling for their lives and distrusting even their walls.

But the former hardihood which had burst through the Alps and cleared a path for the army, which had mastered the Trebia and defiled the Etruscan lake with Italian blood, was no longer there. Their limbs were sluggish and flabby, enervated by luxury and ease, by wine and the enticements of sleep. Once they had been used to spend cold nights under a stormy sky while wearing their heavy breastplates, and had often despised a tent when the rain and hail of winter were pouring down; even at night they did not put off sword and buckler, quivers and lances, but treated their weapons as parts of their bodies. But now the helmet was a burden, the light shield felt too heavy, and their spears made no whizzing sound as they went forth.

When Hannibal renewed the strife, mild Parthenope was the first to feel it, not because the city was wealthy or because he despised its courage; but the harbour was the attraction: he wanted safe anchorage for vessels coming from Carthage. That city is now an abode of peace, a resting-place where the Muses dwell, and life there is free from pressing anxieties. Parthenope, daughter of Achelous, gave the city its famous name. She was one of the Sirens, and her singing long ruled the waves, when her boding voice sang melodious destruction across the water to hapless sailors. The front of the city was

defended by the sea, and therefore Hannibal attacked it on the landward side; but all his efforts failed to break open an entrance: he was baffled in the attempt and vainly belaboured the barred gates with the blows of his battering-rams. The victor of Cannae stood helpless before a Greek city; and the event proved the wisdom of his caution, when he refused to march from the bloody field of Daunus against the citadel of Rome. "You called me a laggard who could not follow up his victory, because you were not allowed to scale the walls of Rome immediately after the battle. Well, then, enter Naples and make for me, in a city defended by Greeks, the banquet which you promised to set in the abode of the Thunderer." Thus he reproached his men, and, fearing for his fame in time coming if he were to fall back baffled from the first city he attacked, he shrank from no risks and used stratagems to sharpen his assault. But fire flashed suddenly from the walls, and a shower of missiles was discharged unexpectedly from the whole circuit of the ramparts. Even so, when the tawny bird of Jupiter has hidden her young on the top of a cliff, if a serpent climbs noiselessly up the height and opens its dreaded jaws near the nestlings, the mother-bird flies round and round the nest, attacking the foe with her beak and the talons that are wont to carry thunderbolts.

Wearied out at last he thought to shift his quarters to the seaport of Cumae hard by, to challenge Fortune by change of place, and to prevent loss of reputation by causing unrest. But Gracchus, the governor of the city, a surer defence than the walls themselves, kept the enemy away from the place, preventing them from encamping again by the gates and from hoping again to force an entrance. Hannibal lost courage: he rode about at furious speed and examined closely all the country round; and he tried once more to excite his men by reminding them of their past deeds: "Great Heavens!" he cried; "soldiers, forgetful of your past, is your onward march to be stopped for ever by Greek cities? Will you nowhere draw the line? A mightier obstacle than the Alps, forsooth, blocks your way, and I bid you climb peaks that touch the sky! And yet, if a land like that were before us now and other cliffs were suddenly to rise as high as heaven, would you not go forward, if I led you, and carry your arms up the heights? Are you the men to stand and gape, barred by the ramparts and walls of Cumae, and by Gracchus who dares not stir outside the gates? I see it all but certain, that the world will impute to chance every result of your exertions. By Lake Trasimene where the gods favoured us, by the Trebia and by the ashes of Saguntum, I implore you to make yourselves once more worthy of the reputation you trail after you; and remember Cannae."

Thus their leader sought to lift up and steady the hearts enfeebled by luxury and enervated by prosperity. And here, while studying all the means of approach, he saw a temple shining on the summit of the citadel; and Virrius, the harsh governor of proud Capua, then explained its origin. "That building above us," he said, "was not the work of our time: it was raised by other hands in ancient days. When Daedalus — so the legend runs — feared the power of

the Cretan king, he found a way to escape from our world and leave no trace for Minos who pursued him over the whole earth. He dared to ascend the sky on wings not his own and to reveal to mankind the art of flying. Keeping his body poised amid the clouds, he floated on, and the strange winged creature alarmed the gods. He taught his son also to put on a counterfeit semblance of wings and attempt the flight of birds; but, when the feathery oarage melted, he saw him fall and splash the stormy sea with his ill-starred wings. Yielding to his sudden grief, Daedalus smote, his breast, and his blows steered his flight though he knew it not. And here he raised a temple to Phoebus in gratitude for his voyage through the clouds, and here put off his daring wings.”

So Virrius spoke; but Hannibal was counting up all the idle days that had passed without battle, and was ashamed of inactivity. He groaned at his failure; and looking back at the town he had besieged in vain, he sought to wreak his anger on the city of Dicaearehus. But here too his attempts were foiled, now by the sea, now by the massive stone walls and the exertions of the defenders. And, while his men laboured on and on, endeavouring to force a difficult passage through obstruction, he himself visited the strange sights which the neighbouring waters and land presented.

The nobles of Capua attended him. One explained how the hot springs of Baiae got their name, pointing out that they were named after a mariner who sailed with Ulysses. Another told how the Lucrine lake was called Cocytus in former times, and praised the road which Hercules made over the sea, when the son of Amphitryon, after mastering the Spanish herd, parted the waters asunder. A third pointed out Lake Avernus, formerly called Styx by the people, but now, under a new name, famous among healing waters. Once dreaded by birds and awful in the gloomy shade of a dark forest, it sent up a poisonous exhalation to the lowering sky; the infernal deities were worshipped there with savage rites still kept up by the cities. A swamp, not far away — legend tells that it opens a way to the river Acheron — opens up darksome abysses of stagnant water, and reveals hideous fissures in the earth, and sometimes startles the ghosts below by a flash of light. Then his guides tell Hannibal that close at hand, wrapped in gloom and sunk for long ages in subterranean mists, the city of the Cimmerians lay deep in earth under a pall of shade; and they describe the unfathomed night of that Tartarean city. Next they point to the fields that ever breathe out fire and sulphur and boiling pitch. A black steam rises from the ground; and the earth, long heated by subterranean fires, rumbles and heaves and sends up blasts from Hell into the air. Mulciber is in labour and sends forth a dread sound of hissing from his uneasy caves. At times he struggles to burst his caverns or emerge from the sea; then he sends forth a mournful and menacing rumbling and devours the torn bowels of the earth, and mutters as he undermines the crumbling mountains. Men say that the Giants whom the might of Hercules overthrew shake the earth that lies piled above them; the distant fields are scorched by their panting breath, and, whenever they threaten to burst the framework of

their burden, the gods tremble. They could see Prochyte, the place appointed for savage Mimas, and Inarime in the distance, which stands above Iapetus, while he spouts forth black smoke and flame from his mutinous jaws, and seeks, if he is ever suffered to get free, to renew his war against Jupiter and the gods. They showed Hannibal Mount Vesuvius, where fire has eaten away the rocks at its summit, and the wreckage of the mountain lies all around, and the discharge of stones seeks to rival the death dealt by Etna. He saw Misenum also which preserves the name of the Trojan who lies buried there, and Bauli, built by Hercules close by the sea. He looked with wonder at all the anger of the sea and the unrest of the land.

When he had beheld all these sights, he returned to the high walls of the Pheretiaes, and laid waste the Nysaeen heights of Gaurus where the vine-plant flourishes luxuriantly; and from there he quickly moved his army to Nola, a colony from Cumae. Nola, situated on a plain, is easy of approach, but is surrounded by a ring of many forts, whose high ramparts prevent access to the level ground. But Marcellus, who came to aid and support them, was not the man to shelter his troops behind the forts: his object was to defend the town by striking the first blow. When he saw the Carthaginians moving like a distant cloud across the plain and advancing towards the city, he shouted out: "To arms, my men! to arms! the murderous foe is at hand"; and as he shouted he took arms himself. As he cried aloud, his officers gathered round him in haste and fastened the general's blood-red plume to his helmet. Then his voice rang out, as he made a speedy disposition of his forces: "You, Nero, must guard the entrance of the right-hand gate; and you, Tullius, pride of the Volscians, march your countrymen and the soldiers of Larinum to the gate on our left; but, when I give the word, open the gates in silence and hurl a sudden shower of missiles over the plain. I myself, when the gate is opened, shall charge into their midst and the squadrons of cavalry will follow me." While Marcellus spoke thus, the Carthaginians were trying to pull down the ramparts; and, disdaining to use ladders, they sought to breach the walls.

Everywhere the trumpets brayed, the soldiers shouted, and the horses neighed; the clarion sounded together with the deep boom of the horn; and armour rang on the bodies of the eager combatants. The gates were thrown down, a fierce attack rushed forth, and the squadrons surprised the enemy as they galloped forth in a flood. So a swollen river overflows when its dykes are broken, and so the sea is dashed upon the rocks by the force of the Northern blasts, and so the winds, when they break prison, make war on the earth. When Hannibal saw this avalanche of arms and men advancing, he lost courage and confidence. The Roman leader pressed hard on his dismay: as he rode in front, he bent down to spear the backs of the flying foe. At one time he plied his men with encouragement—"On! on! make haste! This is our hour and Heaven is favourable. Yonder lies the way to Capua." Then again he addressed Hannibal:—"Stay! whither are you rushing? It is you, the leader of the host, and not your fugitive soldiers, that I blame. Stay! Here we have

weapons and a field to fight on. Let the soldiers cease from slaughter and watch our single combat. I, Marcellus, challenge you to battle.” Thus the Roman general spoke; and the Carthaginian was fain to fight, for honour’s sake and for the prize of victory.

But Juno could not behold this scene with a mind at ease, and turned Hannibal from his purpose as he was rushing upon his doom. He strove to rally and recall his panic-stricken men: “Is this the state in which we come forth from the lap of Capua and her baleful hospitality? Stand fast, miserable men, whose fame, once so high, has become your disgrace. Believe me, if you retreat to-day, you will find safety nowhere. You deserve that all Italy should fall upon you; and the result of all your fierce fighting is this, that, if you are beaten now, you have lost all hope of peace and of life.” His shouting drowned the trumpets, and the noise of his angry rebuke made its way through the tumult to their ears.

Young Pedianus fought bravely there in the armour of Polydamas. He claimed descent from Troy and Antenor as his ancestor; he was a worthy scion of his race, the pride of the sacred river Timavus; and his name was dear to the Euganean land. Father Eridanus, the Venetian clans one and all, and the men who rejoice in the spring of Aponus — these declared that he had no rival, either in battle or when he preferred the peaceful company of the Muses and the obscurity of a studious life, and charmed away trouble with the music of the lyre. No youth was better known to Mars, and none better known to Apollo. He was riding at full gallop on the heels of the retreating enemy, when he recognized the helmet and plume taken from Paulus after death. The wearer was young Cinyps, proud of this great gift from his general. Cinyps was the favourite of Hannibal, and the comeliest of all the host; and no face was radiant with more charm than his, like ivory which remains ever new and bright in the air of Tibur, or the jewel brought from the Red Sea which glitters in a lady’s ear and dazzles the eye with its purity. When Pedianus saw him in the rearguard, conspicuous by the plume he wore, and recognized the glittering helmet, he rushed on him in fury, as if the ghost of Paulus had risen suddenly into view from the nether world, demanding his lost armour: “How dare you, meanest of cowards, to wear that sacred head-piece, which, even if your general wore it, would make men cry out against the injustice of Heaven? Behold, Paulus!” Then he called the hero’s ghost to watch, while he drove his sharp spear through the ribs of the fugitive. Next he sprang from his horse, and tore away the great consul’s helmet and plume; and Cinyps saw himself stripped. Death robbed him of all his beauty: a Stygian hue spread over his snow-white skin and destroyed his comeliness. His ambrosial locks were disordered; his neck gave way, and the wounded head fell forward over the marble throat. Thus the star of Venus, when it returns from Ocean and displays itself with new-spangled brightness to its mistress, grows dim if a sudden cloud comes over it, and hides its failing light, growing smaller in the darkness. Pedianus himself, when he had snatched the helmet, was struck

dumb by the sight of the uncovered face, and checked his fierceness.

Then he carried off the helmet amid the loud shouts of his men, and urged on his fiery steed, which champed the foaming bit till the blood came. Marcellus, fighting fiercely, met him in the haste and confusion of battle, and recognized the glorious trophy: "Well done!" he cried, "son of Antenor, and worthily of your brave ancestors! But one thing still remains: let us spoil Hannibal of his helmet." Eagerly he hurled his deadly spear, and it sped with a dreadful whizzing noise. And perhaps he would have gained his end, had not brave Gestar met the weapon and stopped it by throwing his body in the way. He stood beside his general and sheltered him; and the heavy spear, which thirsted for another's blood, pierced him through and wreaked its mighty wrath upon the wrong victim. Hannibal rode off in haste, troubled by his narrow escape from death, and galloped back in rage to the camp. And now the Carthaginian army, wholly bent on flight, turned and ran a headlong race for safety. Behind them came the Roman pursuers; and each man glutted his long-pent resentment of defeat, and each held up his bloody sword, for Heaven and the avenging deities to see. That day first proved, what none would have dared to believe, though the gods had promised it — that the Libyan leader could be withstood in battle. They seized chariots and men and elephants; they tore off the armour from living combatants and carried it away; and then they left off, content to have seen Hannibal's back at the point of their spears. Then they praised Marcellus as equal to Mars in glory; and he rode on escorted by a triumphant procession, a greater man than when after victory he bore the choice spoils to the Thunder-god's temple.

When Hannibal had with difficulty repulsed the enemy from his camp, he vented his anger thus: "When can I wash away this stain, and how much Roman blood will be needed to cleanse it? Has Italy been permitted to see me turn my back? O mightiest of the gods, dost thou consider me, the victor of Trebia, worthy of such disgrace and defeat? And you, so long invincible but now, alas, defeated in peace by the luxury of Capua, I was not untrue to my past, I did not lower my victorious standards before the Romans: it was you who made me retreat. When I summoned you to arms, I saw you slink off in fear, as if I had been the Roman general. What is left of your former spirit, when you dare to turn your backs and neglect my call?" Thus Hannibal spoke; but the Roman troops went back to the walls of Nola, shouting loud and bearing their spoil with them.

And now Rome, so long accustomed to hear news of defeat to her armies, and never relieved by success, took heart again at this first sign of heaven's favour, when the news of a victory came at last. First of all, they punished for their slackness all those who had been slow to enlist and face hardship, and had concealed themselves amid the thunder of war; and next they condemned the men who had clung to life and therefore devised a trick to evade the sworn agreement made with the Carthaginians; and so the nation was cleared of that guilt. Metellus also, who had proposed to abandon Italy, was punished for his

ill-advised policy and heinous crime. Such was the spirit of the men at Rome; and indeed the women were as high-hearted as the men and claimed a share of the praise. All the matrons came eagerly forward, bringing their family jewels for head or hand and ornaments torn from their necks, as a contribution for the war. Nor were the men displeased to let the women have precedence in so noble a cause and at such a crisis: they were glad to have given the opportunity for a sacrifice that will never be forgotten. The High Court of the Senate followed suit. With eager rivalry, they poured out private wealth for public ends, rejoicing to strip their houses bare and keep back nothing for their own use in better times; and even the nameless populace were of the same mind. Thus a united Rome made use of all her members and once more raised towards heaven her sore-stricken head.

Hope, so sweet to the suffering, was also brought by the envoys who bore the answer of Apollo from Cirrha. For they reported that they had heard glad tidings at the shrine, when the divine voice thundered through the grotto, and the priestess, possessed by the god, muttered her message: "Children of Venus, dismiss from your hearts all graver fears. You have done now with defeat and all the calamities of war that were appointed for you. Lighter tasks remain, and danger, but not destruction. Only make prayer and supplication to the gods and wet their altars with warm blood. And do not run away from your troubles. Mars will help you; and the Seer of Delos himself, who, as men know, ever lightened the sufferings of Troy, will turn away imminent danger from you. But remember this: to Jupiter before other gods a hundred altars must smoke in his honour and victims must be slaughtered by a hundred knives. His power will drive the angry cloud and fierce storms of war away to Libya; and you yourselves shall see him shaking the aegis for battle in a stormy sky." And, when news came that this message had been proclaimed in the cavern of Parnassus, and the divine word reached the ears of the people, they made haste to climb the hill of the Capitol, and prostrated themselves before Jupiter, and honoured his shrine with the blood of beasts. Then they sang a paean, and prayed that the oracle might come true.

Meanwhile Torquatus, now advanced in years, was attacking the island of Sardinia, where he had fought before, with an army from Italy. For Hampsagoras, proud of the name which he had inherited from Trojan ancestors, had invited the Carthaginians to start a fresh campaign in the island. His son Hostus was a goodly youth and worthy of a better father; and Hampsagoras, no friend to peace and devoted to barbarous customs, relied upon his son's youthful vigour and hoped by war to revive his own feeble old age. When Hostus saw Torquatus and his army coming on with speed and eager for battle, he eluded them by his knowledge of the country and fled through secret byways in the forest; and so, escaping by familiar short-cuts, he concealed himself in a wooded valley under the shade of trees.

The island of Sardinia, compassed about by the sound of the waves, is made narrow at the ends by the sea that shuts it in; and the land within its

borders is irregular in shape, resembling the sole of a naked foot. Hence it was called Ichnusa by the first colonists from Greece. But afterwards Sardus, proud of his descent from the Libyan Hercules, named it anew after himself. Then some Trojans, scattered over the seas after the sack of Troy, came and settled there against their will. Iolaiis, too, increased the fame of the island when he brought thither a band of Thespiadae on ships of Thespieae. Legend also tells that, when Actaeon was torn to pieces — the grievous penalty he suffered for seeing Diana while bathing — his father, Aristaeus, appalled by so strange a tragedy, fled across the sea to the bays of Sardinia, guided, it is said, by his mother, Cyrene, to this unknown land. The island is free from snakes and breeds no poisons; but the climate is gloomy and the air infected by the swamps that abound there. The side that looks toward Italy and defies the waves with its rocky cliffs is sultry; and inland the feeble crops are burnt up by excessive heat, when the South-winds blow at midsummer. But the rest of the island flourishes under the special favour of Ceres.

Such is the nature of the land, and here Hostus slipped away from Torquatus again and again through the trackless woodlands; he was hoping for a Carthaginian army and Spaniards also to help him in the fighting. As soon as he was encouraged by the landing of their ships, he burst forth at once from his concealment; and the armies, bristling with spears, faced each other, eager to come to close quarters. Spears, hurled from a distance, speed across the open space between the hosts; and at last they take to the sword, that tried and trusty weapon. Fearful carnage followed; they slay and are slain, and death by the ruthless blade overtakes man after man on either side.

I cannot hope to tell of all these countless deaths and dreadful deeds in a manner worthy so great a theme, or find words to match the ardour of the combatants; but grant me this, Calliope, in reward of my pains — that I may hand down to long ages the noble deeds, too little known, of a great man, and crown the poet's brow with the wreath he deserves. Foremost in the fight was Ennius, a scion of the ancient stock of King Messapus; and his right hand held the vine-staff, the distinguishing badge of the Roman centurion. He came from the rugged land of Calabria, and he was a son of ancient Rudiae — Rudiae which now owes all her fame to this child of hers. He fought in the van; and, even as the Thracian bard long ago dropped his lyre and hurled missiles brought from Rhodope, when Cyzicus made war upon the Argo, so Ennius had made himself conspicuous by slaying many of the enemy, and his ardour in battle grew with the number of his victims. Now, hoping to win everlasting fame by disposing of such a dangerous foe, Hostus flew at Ennius and strongly hurled his spear. But Apollo, seated on a cloud, mocked his fruitless endeavour and sent the weapon wide into the distant air. Then he spoke: "Too insolent, too bold are you: give up your design. That sacred head is dearly loved by the Muses, and he is a bard worthy of Apollo. He shall be the first to sing of Roman wars in noble verse, and shall exalt their commanders to the sky; he shall teach Helicon to repeat the sound of Roman

poetry, and he shall equal the sage of Ascrea in glory and honour.” Thus Phoebus spoke, and Hostus was struck by an avenging arrow which pierced both his temples. Panic-stricken by their prince’s fall, his soldiers turned and fled, rushing all together from the field. When Hampsagoras heard of his son’s death, he was distracted with rage: with hideous yells such as barbarians utter, he stabbed his own heaving breast and hastened to join his son in the nether world.

Hannibal meanwhile, beaten by Marcellus and sorely mauled in battle, had abandoned fighting in the open and turned his superior strength against hapless Acerrae. He gave the town to fire and sword, and then, hurling himself against Nuceria with as heavy a hand and as fierce an anger, razed the walls to the ground. Next came Casilinum, where he struggled long against the ill-matched efforts of the defenders, till at last he gained entrance by a stratagem and granted the besieged their lives in return for gold. Then he shifted his army to the Daunian plains and turned his fury against any spot whither booty or anger drew him. Petilia, unhappy in her loyalty and a second Saguntum in her fate, was set on fire, and the smoke went up from her ruined houses; yet once she had prided herself on preserving the arrows of Hercules.

Tarentum too had gone over to the invaders, and the Carthaginians had entered her gates. But a close-packed Roman garrison was quartered in the far-shining citadel, confident in their strong position. Then Hannibal devised a wondrous plan. The Tarentine fleet was at anchor and hidden away in the harbour; for the sea bursts in through the rocks by a narrow entrance and floods an ample basin with water separated from the main. Therefore, as the ships were shut in and prevented from sailing forth by the citadel commanding the entrance, Hannibal artfully brought them out by transporting them over dry land on the side away from the citadel. A slippery surface was laid down underneath wooden wagons, and wheels, moving easily over the hides of freshly-slain bullocks, carried the ships through the meadow-land. And soon the fleet, moving on over hills and through thickets without the help of oarsmen, reached the shore and rode upon the waves.

While Hannibal startled the sea by conveying the fleet in this strange fashion, news came that filled him with a fever of anxiety. While he was far away, trying to take their town from the descendants of Oebalus and ploughing the fields for the first time in history with the beaks of ships, he heard that Capua was besieged, even her gates broken down, and her wretched inhabitants exposed to all the horrors of war. In anger he gave up his enterprise. Shame and wrath together lent him wings; he flew through the surrounding country at furious speed and rushed eagerly to the conflict, threatening vengeance. So, when a tigress has lost her cub and dashes forth in pursuit, the distracted beast traverses the whole Caucasus in a few hours and takes a flying leap over the Ganges, until her lightning speed finds the footprints of her young one; then she catches her enemy and wreaks all her fury upon him.

Centenius, foolhardy and careless in danger, faced him but was soon routed and his force dispersed. Yet Hannibal got little glory by it. For Centenius, who had once carried the vine-staff of a Roman centurion, had hastily stirred up the country people and thrown his ill-armed levies against the foe to be destroyed. Twice seven thousand men were slain, nor did the victor halt: twice seven thousand more, fully armed, were led by Fulvius, no better skilled in war for all his famous name; and again the enemy dashed on over their prostrate bodies and refused to check the rate of their march. One thing only made Hannibal pause: seeking a reputation for humanity, he gave burial to Gracchus, though rejoicing at his death. For Gracchus, while seeking by means of a conference to gain the adherence of the false Lucanians, had been treacherously and foully slain by his host; encompassed by hidden guile he had been murdered, and Hannibal snatched at the credit of giving him burial.

But when it was known that Hannibal was hastening to Capua, no stone was left unturned. Both consuls flew to the spot, and all the forces from Nola; the younger Fabius brought his men with speed from Arpi; Nero from one quarter and swift Silanus from another urged their armies on night and day for instant battle. From all sides they assembled; and Rome was resolved to pit all her generals against that one young commander. He himself encamped aloft on Mount Tifata, the height that rises close by the walls of Capua, and looked down thence upon the city below. But now, when he saw himself surrounded by so many armies, and the city of his allies blockaded, so that it was impossible either for him to enter or for the Capuans to sally forth, he was troubled for the issue. At one time he thought of shattering every obstacle with the sword; or again he might swerve from his present purpose, and devise some stratagem to draw that great host away from the closed gates and set free the beleaguered city. Thus then he spoke to himself, and thus he turned over his anxious thoughts: "Whither does my wavering purpose summon me? Shall I face the risk again, though the lie of the land is against me? Shall I turn my back, with Capua looking on? Or shall I sit here close by on the mountain and suffer the city of my allies to be sacked before my face? That is not like me: — Fabius and his Master of the Knights did not find me discomfited when I escaped triumphantly through the hills beset by Roman soldiers, and forced the cattle, by setting light to their horns, to scatter through the fields tossing fire-brands. Not yet have I lost all my cunning. If the defence of Capua is denied me, I shall find it possible to besiege Rome."

When this was settled and his mind made up, he did not wait until the Sun brought his fire-breathing steeds up from Ocean. With voice and gesture he urged his men to march, and revealed his daring design: "On, soldiers, on! with courage superior to every hardship, and increase your speed to the utmost limit of human endurance. Rome is your object. The Alps and Cannae paved the way for our present march. On with you, and dash your shields against the Roman walls, and take vengeance for the destruction of Capua. The fall of Capua is a price worth paying, if you see the Palatine Hill and the

Thunder-god evicted from his abode on the Capitol.”

Thus appealed to, they marched with speed. Rome rang in their ears, Rome stood before their eyes. They believed that, thanks to their general's adroitness, this enterprise was better timed than if he had led them there straight from the field so fatal to the Aeneadae. Quickly they crossed the river Volturnus in boats; and the rearguard, in order to delay the Romans, set fire to the boats and left them useless. Then the soldiers hurried through the territory of Sidicinum, and Thracian Cales, the abode of Orithyia, named after her son. Next they laid waste the land of Allifae, dear to Bacchus, and the country where the nymphs of Casinum dwell; and soon the speedy column passed Aquinum, and Fregellae where a buried Giant sends up smoke. On they rushed over the heights where the warlike men of Frusino cling to their rugged rocks, and where Anagnia rises on a swelling ridge, a fertile land for corn. And at last Hannibal set foot on the plains and corn-fields of Labicum and left behind the walls of Telegonus, battered by the ram already but not worth delay at such a crisis. Nor did the beauty of Algidus detain him, nor Gabii, the city of Juno. With furious speed he rushed forwards to the banks where cold Anio, gliding noiselessly, winds smoothly with sulphurous waters towards Father Tiber.

Here he proudly planted his standards and measured out his camp; and, when the banks shook beneath the trampling of his horsemen, their noise straightway drove Ilia down in fear to hide in the sacred grotto of her spouse, and all the nymphs of the stream took flight. Meanwhile the Roman women, as if the walls were already levelled, ran aimlessly to and fro in their distraction like madwomen. Their terror saw ghosts standing before them — ghosts of mangled men, who met their death by the fatal streams of Trebia and Ticinus; the bleeding forms of Paulus and Gracchus and Flaminius moved before their eyes. The streets were blocked by the crowds. But the Senators stood erect and formidable in wrath, and their grim aspect quelled the mighty panic. Yet sometimes silent tears burst forth from beneath a helmet. “What,” they asked, “does Fortune threaten us with, and what is the purpose of the gods?” The young men were distributed for service among the high towers, and each said to himself: “It has come to this, that Rome now is content if she can but defend her walls!”

Hannibal granted his men a short night's sleep, that they might rest after their furious march. He himself kept watch; he was never willing to rest, and thought that every hour claimed by sleep was so much lost to life. He put on his shining armour and ordered his Numidian horsemen to gallop in front. Then he rode swiftly round the walls, and the trampling of the horses raised panic in the city. Now he examined the approaches, now he beat on the closed gates with angry spear and enjoyed the terror of the citizens. Or again, he stood motionless on some eminence, bending his gaze upon the city, learning the name of each spot and the origin of its name. He would have surveyed it all, and his piercing eye would have left no part unseen, had not Fulvius come

up in furious haste, without entirely abandoning the siege of Capua. Then only did Hannibal, having feasted his eyes on the sight of Rome, turn his triumphant squadrons towards their camp. And, when night was banished from the sky, and the sea grew red with sunrise, and Dawn called men back to their labours, he sent his army forth from the demolished rampart, and, as he rode along, shouted with all the power of his voice: "Comrades, I adjure you by your countless laurels and your right hands consecrated by bloodshed, go forward and rival your former deeds; let your boldness in battle be as great as the fear in Roman hearts. Destroy this one obstacle, and nothing will remain in the whole world for you to conquer. Nor, though they spring from Mars, let that parentage delay your attack: you will take a city that is accustomed to be taken, a city that the Senones entered in their thousands. Perhaps the Senators are already duly seated on their high curule chairs, even as their ancestors sat, preparing for a glorious death and waiting for you to inflict it."

Thus spoke Hannibal; but the men of Rome, on their side, needed no speech or appeal from any leader. They found incentive enough in the sight of women and children, and of loved parents weeping and holding out their hands in supplication. Mothers hold up their infants and stir the eager hearts of the men by the children's cries, and imprint kisses on hands that grasp the sword. The men are eager to march and breast the enemy outside the walls in close array; and they look back at their dear ones and choke down their tears. But, when the opened gate turned on its hinges and the host sallied forth together in arms, the noise of beaten breasts, mingled with sobs and prayers, rose up over the high walls to heaven; and the matrons shrieked, baring their breasts and letting loose their hair. At the head of the army rode Fulvius. "It is an open secret," he said, "that Hannibal was no free agent when he came to attack our homes: he was driven in flight from the gates of Capua." He was about to say more, when he was interrupted by a fearful crash and loud rumbling in the sky; and a tempest burst suddenly from the clouds.

Jupiter was returning from the land of the Ethiopians, when he saw Hannibal's threatening approach to the ramparts of Romulus. At once he summoned the gods and bade them defend the Dardan city and each to take his place on the Seven Hills. He himself, raised high on the Tarpeian Mount, stirred up all his armoury — winds and clouds and angry hail, thunder and lightning and black rain-storms. The firmament was struck and trembled, darkness veiled the sky, and earth was hidden by the black robe of night. The enemy were blinded by the storm, and Rome, though close beside them, was hidden from their eyes. The flame, hurled through the clouds upon their ranks, kept roaring on, and the fire hisses against their limbs. Then the South-wind and the North, and the dark-winged South-west wind, began a war fierce enough to satisfy the anger in the breast of Jupiter. A deluge of rain came down, mingled with pitchy hurricanes and black storms, and covered all the surrounding plains with foaming waves. The Ruler of the gods, high on his hill-top, hurled a thunderbolt with his lifted arm and smote the shield of

Hannibal. The general was resolved never to give way; but the point of his spear was melted, and his sword was fused, as if it had been plunged in the furnace.

But, though his weapons were scathed by the fire, Hannibal still rallied his men, telling them that the fire from heaven was blind, and the tumultuous roaring of the winds a mere empty din. At last, when his men had suffered and all heaven had come crashing down, without their seeing an enemy or an enemy's sword through the rain, he ordered a retreat to the camp, and thus revived his wrath and sorrow: "Rome, you may thank the winds and stormy weather, forsooth! for a single day's reprieve; but the morrow shall never snatch you from my grasp, not if Jupiter descends to earth in person." While he spoke thus and gnashed his teeth, behold! the heavens cleared and the sun shone out, the clouds dispersed and the sky became pure and bright. The Aeneadae recognized the hand of the god: laying down their weapons, they held their hands up humbly towards the lofty Capitol and wreathed the temple on the hill with festal laurel. Then they looked at Jupiter's face, cheerful now though bathed in sweat a little while ago: "O supreme Father of the gods," they prayed, "grant that Hannibal may be slain in battle by a bolt from heaven. No other hand has power to destroy him."

Thus they prayed and then kept silence, after Hesperus had hidden the earth beneath the shades of night. But when the sun raised his ruddy torch and hid the morning-star, and mortal men resumed the business of life, back the Carthaginians came, nor did the Roman soldiers remain in their camp. Swords were not yet drawn, and a space, only the length of a spear-cast, separated the armies, when suddenly the brightness of the sky grew dim, and thick darkness came on; daylight fled and Jupiter began to arm for battle a second time. On came the winds, and a thick mass of fiery cloud was whirled before the South-wind. Jupiter himself thundered, till Rhodope and Taurus, Pindus and Atlas, were shaken by it. The pools of Erebus heard it, and Typhoeus, hidden in deep darkness, recognized the sound of war in heaven. The South-wind attacked, driving on a pitch-dark cloud with pelting hail, and turned Hannibal about, forcing him to retreat to his camp, in spite of his reluctance and his idle threats.

But when the invader had laid down his arms and was protected by his ramparts, the skies cleared and the face of heaven smiled again: it was hard to believe that so benign a Jupiter had lately wielded bolts and vexed with his thunders a sky so peaceful. Hannibal held out: he promised and vowed that the fury of the elements would not again attack the army, if only they recovered their native valour and thought it no sacrilege for Carthage to sack Rome. Where, he asked, were the thunderbolts of invincible Jupiter hidden away, when the sword was strewing the Aetolian plain ° with corpses, or when the Etruscan lake was swollen with human gore? "If the Ruler of the gods," said he, "is fighting in defence of Rome and hurling bolt after bolt from his high place, why, when he is so busy, is he unwilling to strike down me, his

adversary? Are we to turn our backs, and be routed by winds and rough weather? Show once more, I entreat you, that firmness of purpose with which you resolved to fight a second war, in spite of treaties and of the covenants of our senate." Thus he sought to inflame their ardour, until the Sun loosed the foaming bits of his steeds. Night brought him no peace of mind, nor did sleep dare to visit his stormy breast; and his frenzy came back with the dawn. Once more he summoned his frightened men to arms, and clashed on his shield with a terrible din, and rivalled with his armour the roll of thunder.

But when he heard that the Roman Senate, trusting in divine aid, had sent reinforcements to the land of the Baetis, and that the troops had started from Rome during the night, he attacked with increased violence, indignant that Rome cared so little for Hannibal and that the besieged citizens should thus take their ease. He was nearing the walls, when Jupiter addressed Juno and soothed her fears by this warning: "Spouse and sister whom I love, will you never, never check this Carthaginian youth whose insolence knows no limit? He destroyed Saguntum and levelled the Alps; he put fetters on the sacred river Po and polluted the lakes. Let that pass; but does he intend also to force his way into the habitations of the gods and into our citadels? Bring him to a halt; for, as you see, he is now calling for fire, and means to kindle flames in rivalry of my thunderbolts."

Saturn's daughter thanked him for his warning. Full of anxiety she flew down from heaven and took Hannibal by the right hand: "Madman, whither are you rushing? Are you intent on a warfare that is beyond the power of mortal man?" Thus speaking she dispersed the cloud of darkness and revealed herself in her real semblance. "You have not now to do with settlers from Troy or Laurentum. Look up and see! For I will remove the cloud for a space from your eyes and suffer you to behold all things. Where yonder peak rises high, the Palatine, so named by the Arcadian king, is held by Apollo; he makes ready for battle, his full quiver rattles, and his bow is bent. Again, where the tall pile of the Aventine rises beside the other hills, see you how the maiden daughter of Latona brandishes torches kindled in the stream of Phlegethon, and thrusts forth her bared arms in her eagerness for battle? Then look elsewhere and see how Mars, the fierce warrior, has filled all the field named after himself. Janus from one side and Quirinus from another, each god from his own hill, come forth to war. And then behold the mighty form of Jupiter — how he shakes the aegis till it vomits forth fire and storm, and how he gluts his fierce wrath with bursts of flame. Turn your face hither and dare to look at the Thunder-god. When he shakes his head, what storms, what mighty bolts you see obedient to his nod! What fire flashes from his eyes! Yield at last to Heaven, and fight no more against it like the Giants." With these words she turned him from his purpose and restored peace to earth and heaven. Though slow to learn peace and moderation, yet he was awed by the faces and fiery limbs of the immortals.

As he departed and ordered the standards to be wrenched up from the soil

of the camp, Hannibal looked back and swore he would return. At once the sun in heaven shone brighter, and the quivering blue of the sky glittered in the sunlight. But when the Aeneadae from their walls saw the standards pulled up and Hannibal retreating in the distance, they exchanged looks in silence and conveyed by gestures what they dared not believe while panic still clung to their hearts: — they supposed that Hannibal did not mean to depart; that this was a trick and a stratagem — an instance of Punic treachery; and mothers kept silence as they kissed their babes. But, when at last the army marched out of their sight, their fears vanished and their suspicion of a trick was lulled to rest. Then indeed they flocked to the temple on the Capitol; and, exchanging embraces, they acclaimed with mingled voices the triumph of Tarpeian Jupiter and decked his shrine with garlands. Next they threw open all the gates; and from every quarter the people came rushing with joy, seeking for pleasure that had long been beyond their hopes. Some gaze at the spot where Hannibal's pavilion had been pitched, others at the high seat whither he had summoned his army to address them, or at the camping-ground of the warlike Asturians, savage Garamantians, and fierce Ammonites. Now they bathe in the running water of the river; now they rear altars to the nymphs who haunt the Anio; and then, having purified the walls with sacrifice, they return to the rejoicing city.

BOOK XIII

ARGUMENT

HANNIBAL WITHDRAWS TO THE RIVER TUTIA, AND IS PREVENTED FROM ATTACKING ROME AGAIN BY DASIUS, A DESERTER, WHO EXPLAINS THAT THE CITY IS IMPREGNABLE SO LONG AS IT CONTAINS THE PALLADIUM. HE RETURNS TO THE LAND OF THE BRUTTII (1-93). THE ROMANS TAKE CAPUA (94-380).

SCIPIO'S FATHER AND, UNCLE ARE DEFEATED AND KILLED IN SPAIN (381-384). THIS NEWS INDUCES SCIPIO TO DESCEND TO HADES, TO SEE THE SPIRITS OF HIS KINSMEN (385-396). HE SEES MANY GHOSTS OF FAMOUS MEN AND WOMEN IN HADES. FINALLY, THE SIBYL PREDICTS THE DEATH OF HANNIBAL (397-893). HE THEN RETURNS TO THE UPPER WORLD (894, 895).

SLOWLY Hannibal marched away, and the Tarpeian hill had hardly disappeared from his sight when he turned a threatening face towards Rome and prepared to march back again. He encamped by the Tutia, a slender stream unknown to fame, which flows down noiselessly into the Tuscan river, with no banks to mar the meadowland. Here he found fault, now with the captains of the host, now with the prohibition of the gods, and now with himself. "You who raised the level of the Lydian lake with bloodshed — you who shook the land of Daunus with the thunder of your warfare, — whither are you now retreating, all courage lost? No sword-point, no lance has pierced your breast. If our mother Carthage were now to appear before you, her high head crowned with towers, what excuse could you give, soldiers, for retreating with no wounds to show? 'Foul weather, rain and hail together, and thunder, drove us back, dear native land.' Drive out this womanish weakness, men of Tyrian race, that prevents you from fighting unless the sky is clear and the weather fine."

Dread of the gods filled their hearts; their weapons still smelt of the lightning, and the Thunder-god, the wrathful champion of Rome, was still before their eyes. Yet they had not lost the power to obey and to carry out every order they received; and the desire to carry the standards back to Rome grew stronger in the ranks and spread by degrees to the outside of the circle. So, when a pebble breaks the surface of a motionless pool, in its first movements it forms tiny rings; and next, while the water glints and shimmers under the growing force, it swells the number of the circles over the rounding pond, until at last one extended circle reaches with wide-spreading compass from bank to bank.

There was one dissenting voice. This was Dasius, the glory and the shame of Argyripa — a man of noble birth, who traced his origin to Diomedes, son of Oeneus and king of Aetolia. A wealthy man but a faithless ally, he had joined himself to fiery Hannibal, distrusting the rule of Rome. Thus he spoke, recalling the tradition of former generations: "When an army carried on a long campaign against the citadel of Troy and warfare halted bloodless before the walls, Calchas explained their difficulty. (The brave hero Diomedes had kept the tale in mind and often told it, when Daunus, his father-in-law, asked to hear it over their wine.) Calchas assured the Greeks that, unless they could

contrive to carry off the image of the Warrior Goddess from the shrine in the citadel that guarded it, Ilium would never yield to the army of Sparta, nor would Leda's child return to Amyclae. For the gods had decreed that no city which was ever occupied by this image could be taken by any invader. Thereupon my ancestor, the son of Tydeus, with Ulysses as his companion, made his way into the citadel, as Calchas had indicated, and slew the guards in the very porch of the temple; then they carried off the divine Palladium and threw open Troy to our conquering fortunes, with evil result. For when Diomedes had founded a city within the borders of Italy, he felt uneasy because of his crime and sought by worship to appease the Trojan deity and make his peace with the household-gods of Ilium. A vast temple was already rising on the lofty citadel, a dwelling-place distasteful to the goddess from Laomedon's city, when the Maiden of Lake Tritonis appeared in her divine form amid the profound silence of the midnight, and warned him thus: 'Son of Tydeus, this work of yours is not adequate to do honour to such great glory; Mount Garganus and the Daunian land are no fitting place for me. Go to the land of Laurentum, and seek there for the man who is now laying the foundation-stone of a happier Troy. Carry to him the fillets and chaste guardian-goddess of his ancestors.' Alarmed by this warning, Diomedes went to the realm of Saturn. By this time the Trojan conqueror was founding another Troy at Lavinium and hanging up armour from Troy in a sacred grove at Laurentum. But when Diomedes came to the stream of the Tuscan river and pitched his glittering camp on its bank, the sons of Priam trembled for fear. Then the son-in-law of Daunus held forth in his right hand a branch of silvery olive. He brought with him soldiers whose weapons glittered, as a pledge of peace, and spoke thus while the Trojans muttered in displeasure: 'Son of Anchises, lay aside the recollections of rage and fear. For all the sweat and blood we poured out by Xanthus and Simois, rivers of Ida, and by the Scaean gate, we are not to blame: we were driven on by the gods and the inexorable Sisters. Say, why should we not spend under happier auspices what yet remains of life? Let us join hands that grasp no swords. She whom you now behold shall be the witness of our alliance.' Thus he asked pardon of the Trojans, and displayed to their startled sight the image on the stern of his ship. When the Gauls dared to break through the walls of Rome, this goddess put a speedy end to them, and of that vast horde not a single man out of so many thousands returned in peace to the altars of his country."

By these words Hannibal was discouraged. He ordered his men to pull up the standards, and they rejoiced, being eager to depart. They marched to the spot where Feronia's temple of surpassing wealth stands in a sacred grove, and where the sacred river Capenas waters the fields of Flavina. Legend told that the treasure of the temple had never been rifled since its remote foundation, but had grown from time immemorial by means of offerings pouring in from all quarters; and gold, guarded by fear alone, had been left there for centuries. By plundering this temple, Hannibal steeped in guilt his

greedy horde of barbarians, and steeled their hearts with contempt of the gods. Next it was decided to march far away, to where the fields ploughed by the Bruttians stretch out towards the Sicilian sea.

While Hannibal sadly bent his steps towards the shore near Rhegium, victorious Fulvius, having driven away the invader from his native city, brought news of disaster to the blockaded people of Capua, and prepared to put the finishing touch to their misery. He grasped the hand of every man famous in arms, and said: "Fight, to repel this disgrace. Why is treacherous Capua, a second Carthage to our state, still standing, after breaking her treaty and sending Hannibal against Rome, and after her claim to hold one of the consulships? Why does she, at ease behind her lofty towers, look out for the arrival of Hannibal and his Libyan host?" His words he backed up with deeds. He made his men rear high wooden towers, to rise above the top of the walls; or again he made haste to bind together beams with clamps of iron, that he might break the tall gate-posts and batter down the barriers of defence. Here rose a mound of earth whose sides were formed of planks arranged lattice-wise; and there high mantlets, teeming with arms, showed their protected roofs. When all the devices suggested by experience were complete, he gave the word at once and bade them scale the walls by the ladders. Thus he filled the citizens' hearts with dreadful panic; and suddenly a favourable omen smiled upon his enterprise.

There was there a hind of a colour seldom seen by mortal eyes — whiter than snow and whiter than swansdown. When Capys was tracing out the walls of his city with the plough, his heart was touched by the grateful affection of this little creature which the forest had given him; he had reared it and tamed it by his kindness. Soon it lost its wild nature, coming readily to its master's table, and even fawning with pleasure when he stroked it. The matrons were accustomed to comb the gentle creature's flanks with a golden comb, and to renew its whiteness by bathing it in the river. The hind had become the deity of the city; the people believed that it had Diana for its mistress, and offered incense to it as to other deities. This animal was long-lived: it was fortunate enough to prolong a green old age through a thousand years of activity, and numbered as many centuries as the city founded by the Trojan exiles; but now death came to it at last. For a fierce pack of wolves had entered the city in the darkness of night — an evil omen in time of war — and the hind, startled by their sudden onset, had sallied forth from the gates at early dawn, and sought, in wild alarm, the fields that lay near the walls. The soldiers, delighting in the chase, caught it, and their general, Fulvius, slaughtered it as an acceptable offering to Leto's daughter, and prayed that the goddess might assist his enterprise.

Then, trusting in the goddess, Fulvius quickly moved forward the troops that surrounded the besieged city; and, at a point where the walls diverged from the straight line to make a curve, he invested them with a dense ring of assailants and penned them in like a beast in the toils. While the citizens

trembled, Taurea rode forth from the gate; his helmet-plume rose high as he controlled the hot temper of his foaming steed: Hannibal himself admitted that none of his Autololes or Moors could hurl the spear in battle with as much force as Taurea. His horse was restive and refused to stand still amid the blare of the trumpets; but the rider schooled him by force, and when he saw himself within earshot of the enemy, shouted at close quarters: "Let Claudius," he cried — this Claudius was a famous swordsman who had gained glory in a thousand battles—"let Claudius, if he has confidence in his right arm, come forth alone hither to the field, and meet me here in single combat."

The Roman, when he heard the challenge, only waited till the general's sanction gave him leave to begin; for the soldiers were forbidden, on pain of death, to fight for their own hand. When the command of Fulvius made him free to accept the challenge, he rushed forth jubilant, and rode over the open plain, sending up a billowy cloud of gathering dust. Disdaining the help of a thong or the use of a knotted strap to add force to his weapon, Taurea brandished his spear with the strength of his unaided arm. Then in furious rage he hurled his spear into the air. Far different was the purpose of the Roman: he scanned closely every part of the other's body, seeking the surest place for his point to penetrate. Now he brandished his spear, and again he cheeked it, and made a feint of striking; at last he pierced Taurea's shield through the centre, but the point was cheated of the blood it coveted. Then he drew his sword quickly from the sheath. And now Taurea, fleeing from imminent death, urged on his flying steed with the iron upon his heel. Rut the Roman was more nimble in pursuit of his retreating foe and pressed hard at full gallop upon the fugitive. Both entered the gate, the vanquished driven on by fear, and the conqueror by rage and love of glory and by thirst for the blood that was his due. The citizens could hardly believe their eyes and doubted their own senses, when they saw a single foeman gallop boldly into the town; but, while they trembled, he rode on unterrified right through the city and returned safe to his own army by the gate on the opposite side."

Then all hearts burned with equal zeal and effort to attack the walls and force their way into the town. Weapons and fire-brands flashed together. Stones were hurled in showers, and spears rose to the height of the bastions. Nor was it easy for any man to distinguish himself by valour: — rage lent equal strength to every arm. Cretan arrows darted through the sky and flew on to the centre of the city. Fulvius rejoiced that there was no further need for encouragement or appeal; for one and all were eager for the fray. When he saw their high spirit, and also that each man was his own leader in action, he rushed with mighty force against the gate and sought out glorious hazards.

Three brothers of equal age guarded the gate, and each had a chosen band of a hundred men who kept watch and were stationed together. Among the brothers Numitor excelled in beauty, Laurens in speed of foot, and Taburnus in size and stature. Nor were they armed alike: one was a marvellous archer; another brandished the spear and fought with an envenomed point, distrustful

of the naked steel; while the third was skilled in hurling fire-brands and lighted torches. They were like Geryon, that dread monster with triple body who is said to have lived long ago on the beach of Atlas: when he fought, his three hands plied different weapons: one hurled fierce fire, and a second, behind the first, shot arrows, while the third brandished a stout spear; and so with a single effort he inflicted three separate wounds. When the consul saw the brothers, each fighting with his different weapon, and the heap of corpses round the gate, and the gate-posts red with the blood of the attackers, he brandished his spear with furious strength and threw it. The spear, made of Italian yew, clove the air and bore with it cruel death; it pierced the body of Numitor in the side, which he had exposed while holding out his bow and raining arrows with lifted arms. But Virrius, hotheaded but of little account in battle, was not content to fight within the confinement of the walls: in his headstrong folly he opened a gate, sallied out into the plain, and exposed his hapless followers to the rage of the victorious Romans. For Scipio rushed to meet their onset and mowed down the opposing ranks, insatiable in his fury.

The shady hill of Tifata had given birth and nurture to Calenus, a fierce warrior; great was his body, and his fiery spirit as great. Often did he surprise a lion in its lair, or go to battle with head uncovered, or wrestle with a steer and force down to earth the horns of an angry bull; and often he gained glory by some desperate deed. When Virrius made his precipitate sally from the town, Calenus followed; but he wore no corslet, either because he despised its protection or to gain time; and, carrying less weight, he harassed the Romans who panted under their heavy armour, and drove them before him in defeat and disorder. Already he had run Veliternus through the belly; already he had overthrown Marius with a stone torn from the earth — Marius who was wont to tilt with Scipio, his equal in age, in mimic warfare. In his death-agony he cried to his friend for help, and the stone crushed in his open mouth. Grief doubled Scipio's strength. Even as he wept, he hurled his whizzing spear, eager that his friend should find consolation for his fall by seeing his enemy dying. Like a bird cleaving the clear sky, the spear pierced the breast of Calenus and shattered his huge frame. With such force the light Liburnian galley skims over the surface of the deep; when the oars, drawn back to the rowers' chests, strike the water in unison, she flies swifter than the winds, and a single stroke of their blades carries her further than her own length.

Volesus had quickly thrown down his shield, that he might reach the city with more speed; he overtook Ascanius who was rushing over the open plain, and cut off his head with the sword; the head lay in front of the man's feet, and then the headless body fell further on; so fast was he running. The besieged could no longer hope to defend walls already unbarred. They beat a retreat to the town, and (horrible to tell) shut out their comrades as they begged to be admitted: the hinges turned and the bolts were forcibly thrust home, when such precautions were too late. This made the Romans press their attack more fiercely against the beleaguered city. And, if black night had not

thrown her robe of darkness over the earth, the eager soldiers would have broken down the gates and passed through them.

But the darkness did not bring the same rest to both armies. On one side there was untroubled sleep, such as the conqueror knows. But Capua, terrified either by piteous complaints and shrieks of the weeping women or by the laments of the troubled senators, prayed for an end to her sufferings and a limit to her hardships. Virrius, the arch-traitor, was discomfited. Expelling from his heart all desire of life, he told the assembled senate that they must not rely on Hannibal to save them. "I hoped" — so he cried aloud—" that we should rule Italy; and I promised that, if Fortune and Heaven favoured the Carthaginian armies, the empire of Trojan Quirinus should be transferred to Capua. I sent a force to batter down the walls of Rome and the Tarpeian citadel; and I had the boldness to demand that one of the two consuls should be of our nation, carrying the rods of office and ranking with his colleague. I am content to have lived till now. To-night is ours: if any man would fain go down to the river of Acheron with Freedom as his companion for ever, let him come to my table and sup with me. There the wine shall spread through his frame and overpower his senses; death shall lose its sting, and he shall swallow the antidote for defeat, and disarm Fate by means of merciful poison." Thus he spoke and went back to his house, and many went with him. In the centre of the house a great pyre of oak-wood was raised, to receive them all alike after death.

The populace meanwhile were still maddened by rage and fear. Now, too late, they remember Decius and the harsh sentence of exile passed upon his noble courage. The goddess Loyalty looked down from heaven and troubled their traitorous hearts. A mysterious voice was heard and filled all the air: "Ye mortals, break not your oaths with the sword, but keep faith unstained. Loyalty outshines the purple sheen of monarchs. If a man rejoices to break his plighted word in the hour of danger, and betrays the dwindling hopes of his friend, neither his household, nor his wife, nor his life, shall ever be free from mourning and tears. Loyalty, whom he despised and wronged, shall hound him ever over land and sea, and persecute her victim day and night." Hidden in a cloud, a Fury was present now at every meeting and every meal, lying on the couches and boldly sharing the feast. In person she hands to the guests the foaming cup of deadly poison, and offers them with lavish hand the penalty of death. Meanwhile Virrius gave time to the deadly drink to reach his inmost parts; then he ascended the pyre, embraced the friends who were dying together with him, and bade the fire to be kindled at once.

Darkness was near its ending, and the conquerors came rushing on. And now the people of Capua saw Milo standing on the wall and calling to his comrades to follow. Then the gates were thrown open by the terrified citizens; and those who had lacked courage to escape punishment by death made their way with faltering steps to the hostile camp. The city stood open; the people confessed their mad folly and unbarred their houses polluted by hospitality to

the Carthaginians. Women and children came flocking, and sorrowing senators, and the rabble whom none could pity. There stood the Roman soldiers, leaning on their javelins, and gazed at those men, unable to bear either prosperity or adversity, who now swept the ground with beards that covered their breasts, and now defiled their grey hairs in the dust, while, shedding unmanly tears and putting up shameful prayers for mercy, they filled the air with womanish wailings.

While the soldiers looked with wonder at such weakness, and waited eagerly for the command to raze the walls, a sudden awe, felt but not expressed, came over them, and some divine power tamed their ferocity, making them loath to hurl their fire-brands and reduce all the temples of Capua to ashes in a single conflagration. A merciful god made his way by slow degrees into their inmost hearts. Unseen by any eye, he taught them all that Capys had laid the foundations of that proud city in ancient times, and showed that it was expedient to leave human habitations for that vast extent of plain. By degrees their angry passions died down, and their violence was softened and weakened.

It was Pan whom Jupiter had sent, in his desire to save the city founded by the Trojan — Pan, who seems ever to stand on tiptoe, and whose horny hoof leaves scarce any print upon the ground. His right hand plays with a lash of Tegean goat-skin and deals sportive blows among the holiday crowd at the cross-ways. Pine-needles wreath his locks and shade his temples, and a pair of little horns sprout from his ruddy brow. He has pointed ears, and a rough beard hangs down from his chin. He carries a shepherd's crook, and the soft skin of a roe-deer gives a welcome covering to his left side. There is no cliff so steep and dangerous, but he can keep his balance on it like a winged thing, and move his horny hoofs down the untrodden precipice. Sometimes he turns round and laughs at the antics of the shaggy tail that grows behind him; or he puts up a hand to keep the sun from scorching his brow and surveys the pasture-lands with shaded eyes. Now, when he had duly done the bidding of Jupiter, calming the angry passions of the soldiers and softening their hearts, he went swiftly back to the glades of Arcadia and to Maenalus, the mountain that he loves; on that sacred height he makes sweet music far and wide with his melodious pipe, and all the flocks from far away follow it.

Then, when the Roman general ordered that the gates should not be fired and the walls should be left standing — such moderation did him honour — the soldiers put away swords and fire-brands. From the temples of the gods and from houses glittering with gold, booty was brought forth in abundance, and all the appliances of luxurious living, and the delights that had brought ruin to their possessors — womanish garments stripped from the backs of men, tables imported from foreign lands, and cups whose orient pearls whetted the taste for extravagance. Of silver plate there was no end, and there was heavy gold plate also, embossed with carving and intended only for feasts. There were long processions of slaves everywhere; and money enough

to carry on a protracted war was taken from private houses; and the hordes of menials who had waited at the banquets of the rich were past counting.

When Fulvius sounded the recall and stopped the plundering of the houses, he spoke from his lofty seat, a zealous rewarder of brave deeds: "Milo, son of Lanuvium, whom Juno the Preserver gave to us, receive now the decoration which Mars confers on the conqueror, and bind your brows with the turrets of the mural crown." Then he summoned those of the nobles whose guilt marked them out as the first victims, and punished their crime as it deserved by the headsman's axe.

But here Taurea, brave in defiance — I cannot think it right to conceal a noble deed, even if done by an enemy — shouted out in anger: "Will you take with the steel the life of one greater than yourself, and take it with impunity? Shall the lictor do your bidding and lay the severed head of a hero before the feet of cowards? Never shall Heaven give this power to the Romans." Then, fronting his judge with a fierce stare and a frenzied laugh, he drove his trusty sword instantly through his own breast. Fulvius answered him thus: "Die with your country and share her fall! Mars will judge each of us, for courage and for bravery in battle. You, if you thought it beneath you to submit to just punishment, might have met death in battle."

While Capua thus atoned with blood for her fatal error, meanwhile cruel Fortune, who deals out sorrow and joy together, had slain the two Scipios on Spanish territory — once the boast of their country and now her grief. It chanced that young Scipio was then resting in the city of Dieaearchus. Fighting was over, and he was revisiting his home, when rumour brought him bitter tears to shed for the untimely death of his kinsmen. Though it was not his wont to yield to misfortune, he beat his breast now and rent his garments in the violence of his grief. No efforts of his friends, no regard for his high station and military command, could restrain him: his love raged against the cruelty of Heaven and refused all consolation. Day followed day, and was spent by him in lamenting. The faces of his lost kinsmen were ever present before his eyes. Therefore he determined to call up the dead, the spirits of his dear ones, and to soothe his great grief by speech with them. He was encouraged by the nearness of that swamp, where the stagnant water of Acheron marks the unsightly descent to Avernus. He was eager to learn at once the secrets of the future.

Thus young Scipio bent his steps to Cumae, where Autonoe then ruled, as Apollo's priestess, the sacred tripods and grotto; and to her he revealed the purpose of his sad heart, and asked to see his kinsmen face to face. The priestess did not tarry long: "It is customary," she said, "to slay black-fleeced sheep before the dawn, as offerings to the dead in their graves, and then to bury in an open trench the blood that flows from the throats of the still living victims. Then the pale kingdoms will render up their inhabitants to your view. As to your further demands, a greater priestess than I shall answer you. For I will summon up a response all the way from the Elysian Fields, and will

permit you to see at your sacrifice the shade of that ancient Sibyl who declares the mind of Apollo. Up, then! and when dewy night has moved past her middle point, then purify yourself and go to the neighbouring gorge of Avernus and take with you the animals I have named, as a sacrifice to soften the stony heart of Pluto. Take honey also with you and an offering of unmixed wine.”

Encouraged by this advice and by the name of the priestess whose aid was promised him, Scipio made ready in secret the prescribed victims. Then, when night in her course had reached the hour appointed and the darkness past was equal to the darkness yet to come, he rose from his bed and went to the stormy entrance of the gate to Tartarus, where the priestess, faithful to her word, was sitting in the deep recess of the Stygian grotto. Then, where the earth begins to part and the hollow hateful to heaven opens up, while its wide mouth pants and belches forth acrid air from the marsh of Cocytus, she led him on and bade him hasten to dig a trench in the earth with his sword and slay the victims in due order; and with quick-drawn breath she muttered mystic words. First of all, a black bull was offered to the Invisible King, and next an unmated heifer to the goddess of Henna. Lastly, chosen sheep with woolly fleeces were slain in honour of Alecto and of Megaera, the Fury who never smiles. And over them honey was poured, with an offering of wine and milk. “Stand firm, young man,” she cried, “and endure the sight of those who are rising from all Erebus. I see all Tartarus approaching, and the Third Kingdom of the world presents itself to our sight. Lo, shapes of all kinds come flocking, and all mankind who have been born and have died since the primal chaos; soon you shall see everything — Cyclopes and Scylla, and the Thracian horses that fed on human flesh. Fix your gaze firmly upon them all, and grasp your drawn sword undaunted. If any spirits press forward to drink of the blood before the form of the chaste Sibyl advances, hew them in pieces. But meantime look at yonder unburied ghost which comes quickly hither and desires to have speech with you. Until the funeral fire has consumed his body, he is permitted to speak as he was wont, without tasting of the blood.” Scipio looked at him, and was appalled by the sudden sight: “Great leader,” he said, “what mishap has robbed your suffering country of your aid, at a time when cruel war calls for such men as you? For Appius need yield to no man either in valour or in craft. Ten times has the dawn returned since I came back from Capua and saw you under cure for your wounds; and you regretted nothing, except that your wounds prevented you from approaching the walls of the city and sharing the glory of victory.” The general answered: “It was only one day later that the pleasant sight of the sun’s coursers was taken from me on my sickbed, and I sank for ever in the dark stream of death. But the piety of my friends is slow to act, and seeks to observe the meaningless rites and customs of the people; hence they delay to burn my body, meaning to carry it far away to the tomb of my fathers. Therefore I entreat you by our rivalry in feats of arms, keep away from me those drugs which preserve the body from

corruption, and suffer my wandering spirit to enter Acheron without delay.”

And Scipio replied: “Noblest scion of ancient Clausus, no business of my own (and I have heavy tasks to perform) shall take precedence of your request. All over the world the practice is different in this matter, and unlikeness of opinion produces various ways of burying the dead and disposing of their ashes. In the land of Spain, we are told (it is an ancient custom) the bodies of the dead are devoured by loathly vultures. When a king dies in Hyrcania, it is the rule to let dogs have access to the corpse. The Egyptians enclose their dead, standing in an upright position, in a coffin of stone, and worship it; and they admit a bloodless spectre to their banquets. With the peoples of the Black Sea it is the custom to empty the skull by extracting the brain and to preserve the embalmed body for centuries. The Garamantes, again, dig a hole in the sand and bury the corpse naked, while the Nasamones in Libya commit their dead to the cruel sea for burial. Then the Celts have a horrid practice: they frame the bones of the empty skull in gold, and keep it for a drinking-cup. The Athenians passed a law, that the bodies of all who had fallen in battle in defence of their country should be burnt together on a single pyre. Again, among the Scythians the dead are fastened to tree-trunks and left to rot, and time at last is the burier of their bodies.”

While thus they spoke, the ghost of the Sibyl approached, and Autonoe bade them stop their discourse: “Here,” she said, “here is the priestess, the fountain of truth; to her so much is revealed that Apollo himself would not claim to know more. The time has come for me to depart in company with your band of followers, and place the victims upon the fire.”

But when the ancient dame of Cyme, that depository of hidden things, had tasted with her lips the blood of the victims, she gazed on the goodly face of the young hero: “While yet I enjoyed the light of heaven,” she said, “my voice was not silent but rang out to the nations from the cave of Cyme. And then I prophesied of you and your part in the future fortunes of the Roman people. But your nation did not give due heed to my sayings. For your ancestors lacked the wit to collect or preserve my oracles. But mark me now, my son, and you shall learn, since you would fain know it, your own destiny and the destiny of Rome that depends on yours. For I see that you are eager to learn from me a forecast of your life, and to have sight of your kinsmen’s ghosts. Trusted with command before the proper age,^o you shall be victorious in battle on the Ebro, and shall avenge your sire; with the sword you shall put an end to the rejoicing of the Carthaginians; and, when you have conquered the Carthage in Spain, you will welcome the conquest as an omen for the war. Then you will be chosen for a higher office; and Jupiter will continue to watch over you until he has driven all the invaders back to Africa and himself brought Hannibal to be conquered by you. Shame on the unjust citizens, who will deprive of home and country a hero who has done such things!” Thus spoke the prophetess and was turning her steps to the dark pools of Hades.

Then Scipio said: “However hard the lot in life assigned me, I shall

struggle to overcome it; the consciousness of innocence is all I ask. But, famous Maiden, since the purpose of your life was ever to help mankind in their troubles, I entreat you to stay your steps a while, that you may name the spirits of the speechless dead and reveal to me the dreadful abode of Hades.”

She consented, but said: “The realm you seek to see is not one to be desired. The countless generations of past ages dwell here in darkness and flit through the shadows. For all alike there is but one habitation. In the midst there is a vast extent of empty space; and down hither, driven by one common doom, come all things — whatever has been born of earth or sea or the fiery air since the beginning of the world and the barren plain has room for all the dead and for those who have yet to be born. Round this realm there are ten gates. One of these admits warriors, men born to endure war’s hardships; the second opens to those who made laws and famous statutes for their nations, and were the first to found walled cities; the third admits honest countryfolk dear to Ceres, who come down to Hades untouched by the poison of unfair dealings. The next gate is reserved for those who discovered fine arts and a civilized way of life, and uttered poems which their father, Phoebus, need not despise. The next, called the gate of shipwreck, lets in those whom winds and fierce storms destroyed. The sixth gate opens wide for the multitude who are oppressed by sin and confess their guilt; close by the entrance sits Rhadamanthus and demands penalties and punishes unsubstantial death. The seventh gate is unbarred for the companies of women, and here chaste Proserpina tends her dewy groves. The next gate is known for the crying of infants; and hither come a multitude of babes who died on the threshold of life, and maidens whose wedding-torches lighted their funerals instead. Next, in a place apart and radiant with gloom dispersed, stands a shining portal which leads to the Elysian Fields by a secret shady path; and here dwell the righteous, not in the realm of Hades nor under the cope of heaven, but, beyond the Ocean stream and hard by a sacred spring, they drink the water of Lethe and forget their past. Last is the tenth gate; glittering with gold, it enjoys the privilege of light and shines as if the moon’s disk were close beside it. By this gate souls rise again to heaven and, after the lapse of five thousand years, enter new bodies and forget Pluto. Here pale Death, with her hideous jaws agape, paces to and fro continually and wanders from gate to gate.

“Then there lies stretching far and wide a lifeless morass, with no creature to be seen, and muddy pools. Here fierce Phlegethon burns its banks with overflowing stream and rolls along fiery rocks, resounding with a roaring blast of flame. Elsewhere Cocytus rushes down, raving with eddies of black blood and foaming as it flows. Next is the Styx, by which the high gods and even the king of the gods deign to swear; dreadful with its stream of pitch, it carries down sulphur and steaming mud together. Acheron, more terrible than these, seethes with venom and clotted poison, and spouts up icy sand with a rumbling noise, as its black current goes slowly down through the stagnant pools. From this foul stream Cerberus drinks with more than one mouth; this

is the drink of Tisiphone also, and black Megaera thirsts for it, though no draught can slake her fury. Last of all, a river of tears takes its rise before the entrance to the ruler's palace and the threshold that no prayers can soften.

"How great a company of terrible shapes keep watch and have their abode in the courtyard, terrifying the dead with the noise of their mingled voices! Consuming Grief is there, and Leanness which waits upon sore disease; and Sorrow that feeds on tears, and bloodless Pallor; Remorse and Treachery are there; here is querulous Old Age, and there Jealousy 'which strangles herself with both hands; and Poverty, an unsightly plague that leads men to crime; Error, with staggering gait, and Discord that delights to confound sea with sky. There sits Briareus, ever accustomed to open the gates of Pluto with his hundred hands; and the Sphinx whose maiden mouth is stained with human blood; and Scylla and the fierce Centaurs, and the ghosts of the Giants. Cerberus is here; when he bursts his bonds and moves through Tartarus, not even Alecto or Megaera, the mother of madness, dares to face the savage hound, when, after snapping a thousand chains, he bays and twines round his loins his snakelike tail.

"On the right hand, a great yew-tree spreads its foliage and leafy arms; and the running water of Cocytus refreshes its growth. Here birds of ill omen dwell — vultures who feed on carrion, troops of owls, and screech-owls with blood-spotted plumage; and Harpies have their nests here and cling in clusters to every leaf: the tree resounds with their harsh cries.

"Surrounded by these shapes and sitting on a lofty throne, the husband of Avernian Juno tries guilty kings. They stand before him in chains and repent of their crimes too late before their judge: Furies and Penalties in every shape hover round. How great now their regret that they ever held the glittering sceptre of tyranny! Those who in life suffered undeserved and unjust punishment from them now mock their harsh rulers; and the complaints they could not utter in life they have leave at last to express. Then one of them is bound upon a rock with fetters of iron, and another pushes a stone up a steep mountain, and a third is for ever lashed by Megaera with her scourge of snakes. Such are the penalties in store for death-dealing tyrants. But it is time for you to look on your mother's face; her ghost is the first to come, and comes with speech."

Pomponia now stood near. The secret love of Jupiter had made her Scipio's mother. For, when Venus learnt that the arms of Carthage were rising against Rome, she strove to anticipate the wiles of Juno, and entrapped her father's heart with a slow-spreading flame. But for this foresight, a Carthaginian virgin would now be kindling the altars of Ilium." So, when the ghost had tasted of the blood and the Sibyl had informed her and suffered the pair to recognize one another, Scipio thus began: "Dear mother, as sacred to me as a mighty god, how gladly would I even have died and so entered the Stygian darkness, for a sight of you! What a lot was mine! The first day of my life was a day of disaster that snatched you from me and laid you in the grave." His mother

replied: "My son, no suffering attended my death : when I was delivered of the divine burden I carried, the god born on Cyllene conducted me with gentle hand by the command of Jupiter and gave me a place of equal honour in Elysium, where Leda and the great mother of Alcides are permitted by the god to dwell. But mark me, my son, and at last you shall learn what I am permitted to disclose — the secret of your birth; then no wars will affright you, and you may be confident of rising to heaven by your achievements. It chanced that I was alone at midday, enjoying the sleep that my weariness required, when suddenly I was clasped in an embrace — no common and familiar union, as when my husband came to me; and then in radiant light, though my halfclosed eyes were full of sleep, I saw — doubt me not — I saw Jupiter! Nor was I deceived by the god's disguise; for he had changed himself into a serpent covered with scales and drew his coils after him in huge curves. But I was not permitted to live on after my delivery. What grief was mine, that my spirit departed before I could tell you these things!" Hearing this, Scipio strove eagerly to embrace his mother; but thrice the unsubstantial ghost eluded his grasp.

Her place was taken by the spirits of his father and his uncle — a pair of loving brothers. Scipio rushed through the gloom, seeking to embrace them; in vain, for the spirits he was fain to clasp were like mist or drifting smoke. "Beloved father, what god so hated Latium that he carried off you, the pillar of Roman rule? Alas! why was I ever unfeeling enough to be absent one moment from your side? I might have thrown myself in front of you and died in your stead. How sorely all Italy mourns for your deaths! By decree of the Senate, a double tomb is now rising in your honour on the grassy Field of Mars." They suffered him to say no more: even while he spoke, thus they began reply. His father's ghost spoke first: "Virtue is indeed its own noblest reward; yet the dead find it sweet, when the fame of their lives is remembered among the living and oblivion does not swallow up their praises. But make haste, glorious scion of our house, and tell how great is the burden of war you are now bearing. Alas, how often dread comes over me, when I remember your fiery onset in the face of great peril! I entreat you, my hero, bear in mind what brought us two to our deaths, and control your ardour in battle. Be warned by the experience of your kinsmen. The eighth summer was thrashing the rattling ears of ripe corn; eight years had passed since I had set my foot on the neck of all Spain and my brother had conquered the land and made it pass beneath the yoke. We rebuilt hapless Saguntum and gave her new walls; we made it possible to drink the water of the Baetis and fear no foe; again and again we forced the invincible brother of Hannibal to retreat. But, alas, barbarians are ever foul traitors. Hasdrubal was crippled by defeat, and I was in victorious pursuit of him, when suddenly the Spanish cohorts, a mercenary rabble whom Hasdrubal had enslaved to Libyan gold, broke their ranks and deserted our standards. Thus left in the lurch by our allies, we were far inferior in number to the enemy; and they formed a dense ring round us. We

died not unavenged, my son: we played the man on that last day and ended our lives in glory."

Then his brother added the story of his own death: "When all was over and I was hard beset, I sought the protection of a lofty tower and fought my last battle there. Smoking torches and a thousand fire-brands were hurled at the building, and the conflagration spread far. I have no grudge against the gods on the score of my death: by them my limbs were consigned for burning to no humble sepulchre, and I kept my armour in death. But I grieve to think that, after the disaster that brought me and my brother low, Spain may have yielded under pressure to the attacks of Carthage."

The young man answered, and his face was marred with weeping: "Ye Gods, I pray that Carthage may be punished as she deserves for such doings. But the fierce tribes of the Pyrenees are now held in check by Marcius, a famous warrior who proved his worth in your army; he protected our defeated forces and carried on the war; report even said that the Carthaginians had been routed in a battle and paid the penalty for your death." Cheered by these tidings, the generals went back to the pleasant places of the blest, while the young man gazed after them as they went, and worshipped them.

Next Paulus came, hard to recognize in the dim light, and drank of the blood, and spoke thus: "Bright star of Italy, whose martial feats, too great by far for a single arm, these eyes beheld, who forces you to descend into darkness and to visit this realm where those who enter must dwell for ever?" Scipio spoke thus in answer: "O mighty captain, how long did all Rome mourn your death! How nearly you carried down the Roman city in your fall to Stygian darkness! Also the Carthaginian, our foe, built a tomb for your dead body and sought to gain glory by honouring you." While Paulus shed tears to hear of his burial by the enemy, Flaminius came in sight, and Gracchus, and the sad face of Servilius who fell at Cannae. Scipio was eager to call them by name and converse with them; but his strong desire to look on the heroes of the past carried him away.

He saw Brutus who gained eternal fame by the merciless axe, and then Camillus, peer of the gods in glory, and Curius next who never welcomed gold. The Sibyl revealed to him their faces and names as they came up. "This blind man drove Pyrrhus from his door and spurned the king's dishonest overtures for peace; that other withstood the king who attacked the Tiber banks, and, when the bridge was broken down behind him, kept out the returning tyrants by his valour, single-handed. If you desire to sec the man who concluded the peace after the first war with Carthage, here Lutatius stands, the famous conqueror whose fleet won the great sea-battle. If you wish to look also on the ghost of fierce Hamilcar, yonder he moves — you can see him in the distance — and his frown is not relaxed even by death but still retains its fierce resentment. If you would fain converse with him, suffer him to taste the blood and speak." When leave was given and the thirsty ghost had drunk his fill, Scipio thus began to reproach him, frowning upon him: "Is this

the way, O father of lies, that Carthage keeps her treaties? Is this the compact you made when a prisoner in Sicily? Your son, breaking all covenants, is waging war all over Italy; he has burst all barriers and fought his way over the Alps, and is upon us; all the land is ablaze with barbarous warfare, and our rivers run backwards, choked with corpses.” The Carthaginian answered: “Hannibal had hardly completed his tenth year when he vowed at my bidding to make war against Rome; and he may not deceive the gods by whom his father swore. But if he is now laying Italy waste with fire and striving to destroy her power, then I hail him as my true son, dutiful to me and faithful to his oath; and I pray that he may regain the glory that we lost.” Then, with head held high, Hamilcar departed in haste; and his ghost seemed taller as it went away.

Next the priestess pointed out the men who held the sword and, in answer to their demand, gave laws to the people; they were the first to borrow statutes from the shore of the Piraeus and blend them with the laws of Italy. Scipio saw the decemvirs with gladness and could not gaze long enough at them; he would have addressed them all, but the great priestess reminded him that the number of ghosts was infinite. “How many thousands, my son, do you suppose have come down to Erebus from all the world, while you look at this and that? Every moment an overflowing torrent of the dead is driven hither, and Charon ferries the host across in the roomy bark that cannot hold them all, despite its size.” Then the priestess pointed to a young man and spoke thus: “That is he, who ranged in arms over every land, who found a way through Bactra and the Dahae, and drank of the Ganges — the Macedonian who threw a bridge over the Niphates, and whose city, named after himself, stands on the sacred Nile.” The Roman addressed him thus: “O true-born son of Libyan Ammon, since your undisputed fame eclipses that of all other commanders, and my heart is fired with the same thirst for glory, tell me the path by which you rose to your proud eminence and the topmost pinnacle of achievement.” Alexander made answer: “Cunning and caution disgrace a general. Boldness is the way to win a war. Valour without speed has never risen triumphant over danger. When there is great work to be done, do it instantly; dark death hovers over your head while you are acting.” Thus he spoke, and departed. Next the ghost of Croesus flitted up; in the upper world he was rich, but death had set him on a level with beggars.

And now Scipio saw a figure moving along the Elysian path, whose hair rippled over his shining shoulders and was duly confined by a purple fillet. “Say who is this, Maiden,” he asked; “for his sacred brow shines with a light beyond compare, and many souls follow him and escort him with cries of wonder and delight. What a countenance is his! Were he not in the darkness of Hades, I should have said confidently that he was a god.”

“You are right,” answered the wise handmaid of Trivia; “he deserved to seem divine; a great genius dwelt in his mighty mind. His poetry embraced earth and sea, the sky and the nether world; he rivalled the Muses in song and

Apollo in glory. All this region also, before he ever saw it, he revealed to mortals; and he raised the fame of Troy to heaven — Troy the mother of Rome." Scipio gazed with joyful eyes at the ghost of Homer and said: "If Fate would suffer this poet now to sing of Roman achievements, for all the world to hear, how much deeper an impression the same deeds would make upon posterity, if Homer testified to them! How fortunate was Achilles, when such a poet displayed him to the world! The hero was made greater by the poet's verse."

When Scipio asked who pressed forward in such crowded ranks, he was told that they were the spirits of heroes and the mighty among the dead. He marvelled at Achilles the invincible and gigantic Hector; the vast stride of Ajax and the reverend face of Nestor moved his wonder; he looked with delight at the two Atridae and the Ithacan, as great in counsel as Achilles in battle. And next he saw the shade of Castor, Leda's son; he would soon return to life; and Pollux now was spending his turn of life in the upper world.

But suddenly Lavinia was pointed out to him and attracted his gaze. For the Sibyl warned him that it was time to review the ghosts of women; for, if he delayed, dawn might summon him to depart.

"She was happy as the daughter-in-law of Venus, and the offspring of her marriage bound Trojans and Latins together for all time to come. Would you see also the consort of Quirinus, the son of Mars? Yonder is Hersilia. When the neighbour nation despised such unkempt suitors in days gone by, she was carried off by a shepherd-bridegroom and entered his hut, and lay well pleased upon his bed of straw, and forced her kinsmen to throw down their arms. See where Carmentis moves; she was the mother of Evander, and her prophecies hinted at this present war. Would you look also on the face of Tanaquil? Chaste of heart, she too had the gift of prophecy, and foretold the kingly rule of her husband, recognizing the favour of heaven in the flight of a bird. Next see Lucretia, famous for her death, the glory of Roman chastity; her face and eyes are fixed upon the ground. Not long, alas, was Rome permitted to enjoy this boast which ought to be preferred to any other. Beside her see Virginia; her bleeding breast still shows the wound — the sad record of maidenhood defended by the sword — and she still approves of her father's hand that struck the piteous blow. Yonder is Cloelia, the maiden who stemmed the Tiber and stopped the Etruscan army, triumphing over her sex; ancient Rome prayed to have sons as brave as she." Then a sudden sight appalled Scipio, and he asked who was the guilty shade and why she was punished. The priestess answered: "This is Tullia; she crushed her father's body beneath her chariot-wheels, and pulled the reins till she halted above his quivering features; therefore she floats on the burning stream of Phlegethon and will never come to an end of her suffering: the water rushes madly forth from dark furnaces, bringing up calcined rocks to the surface and lashing her face with burning stones. That other, whose heart-strings are gnawed by an eagle's beak, — hark to the sound of flapping wings with which the armour-bearer of

Jove returns to its meal, — is Tarpeia, a maiden guilty of a monstrous crime. She loved gold, and for its sake betrayed the citadel to the enemy, and opened the gates to the Sabines who had promised to reward her. Near her — do you not see? no venial crimes are punished here — Orthrus, who once guarded the cattle of the Spanish monster, is barking at a victim with famished throat, biting and tearing out her inward parts with his filthy claws. Yet her punishment is not equal to her crime: a priestess of Vesta, she profaned the shrine by losing her maidenhood. But enough, enough, of all these sights.”

Soon she added: “I purpose now to end by pointing out to your view a few of the spirits who are drinking forgetfulness here, and then I shall go back to the darkness. Here is Marius, soon to ascend to the upper world; from small beginnings he will rise to hold power for long as consul. Nor can Sulla put off compliance with the summons, or drink long of the river of oblivion. Life calls for him, and the destiny which no god may alter. He will be the first to seize supreme power; but, criminal as he is, he can boast that he alone will surrender it; and no man who rises to such greatness will ever be willing to follow the example of Sulla. That comely head which the world loved is the head of Magnus, with its fleece of hair rising from the forehead; the other, whose high head is crowned with a star, is Caesar, the offspring of gods and the descendant of Trojan Iulus. When these two at last break forth from their seclusion in Hades, what fearful disorder they will stir up on land and sea! Alas, unhappy men, how often will you wage war over the whole earth! And the victor will pay no less dearly for his crimes than the vanquished.”

Scipio answered weeping: “I grieve at the harsh destiny in store for the Roman state. But, if there is no forgiveness in the land of darkness and death itself is justly punished, how shall Hannibal suffer enough for his treachery? Will the waters of Phlegethon serve to burn away his sin, or will some bird tear with its beak for ever his body for ever renewed?”

“Fear not,” cried the priestess: “no life of untroubled prosperity shall be his; his bones shall not rest in his native land. For all his strength will be broken in a great battle; he will suffer defeat and stoop to beg for his life; and then he will try to wage a fresh war with the armies of Macedon. Condemned as a traitor, he will leave his faithful wife and darling son behind him, abandon Carthage, and flee across the sea with a single ship. Next he will visit the rocky heights of Mount Taurus in Cilicia. Ah, how much easier men find it to bear cold and heat and hunger, bitter slavery and exile, and the perils of the sea, rather than face death! After the war in Italy he will serve a Syrian king, and, cheated of his hope to make war against Rome, he will put to sea with no certain destination, and at last drift idly to the land of Prusias, where, too old to fight any more, he will suffer a second slavery and find a hiding-place by the king’s favour. At last, when Rome persists in demanding the surrender of her foe, in hasty stealth he will swallow a draught of poison, and free the world at last from a long-enduring dread.”

Thus the priestess spake, and returned to her dark cavern in Erebus; and

Scipio went back joyfully to his comrades in the harbour.

BOOK XIV

ARGUMENT

THE CAMPAIGN OF MARCELLUS IN SICILY: A DESCRIPTION OF THE ISLAND (1-78). CAUSES OF THE WAR. DEATH OF HIERO, KING OF SYRACUSE: SUCCESSION OF HIERONYMUS (79-95). HIERONYMUS IS MURDERED, AND GENERAL CONFUSION FOLLOWS (96-109). MARCELLUS PREPARES FOR ACTION (110-124). HE TAKES LEONTINI BY STORM (125-177). HE BLOCKADES SYRACUSE BY LAND AND SEA (178-191). ALLIES OF SYRACUSE (192-247). ALLIES OF ROME (248-257). SICILIAN ALLIES OF CARTHAGE (258-276). CONFIDENCE OF THE SYRACUSANS (277-291). THE GENIUS OF ARCHIMEDES FOILS ALL THE ATTEMPTS OF THE ROMANS (292-352). A SEA-FIGHT (353-579). AN OUTBREAK OF PLAGUE DELAYS OPERATIONS (580-617). AT LAST THE CITY IS TAKEN (618-684).

TURN your song now, ye goddesses of Helicon, to the sea of Ortygia and the cities of the Sicilian coast. Such is your toilsome task — to visit now the Daunian realm of the Aeneadae and now the harbours of Sicily, or to traverse the land of the Macedonians and the country of Greece, or to dip your wandering feet in the sea of Sardinia, and to behold either the reed-huts once ruled by Carthage, or the World's End where the sun goes down. War waged in many separate lands requires this of us. Come, then, let us follow whither the trumpets and the wars summon us!

The Isle of Three Capes is a large fragment of Italy. It has lain there ever since, battered by the fury of winds and waves, and pushed forth by Neptune's trident, it let in the sea. For long ago the main, with the invisible force of a tornado, dashed itself unseen against the bowels of the land and tore it apart; then rushing over the fields in full flood, it uprooted whole cities with their inhabitants and carried them to a distance. From that time the fast-running tide maintains the separation, and its fierceness forbids those thus parted to come together again. But the space between the severed lands is so small that, as the story goes, the barking of dogs and early crowing of cocks can be heard across the water; so narrow is the strait. The soil of the island has many virtues. Here it gives a rich return to the plough, and there the hills are shady with olive-trees; its vines are famous, and it breeds swift horses, fit to endure the sound of the war-trumpet; nor is the nectar of Hybla inferior to the honeycombs of Athens. Here you will admire healing springs, whose sulphur waters have secret virtue; and here you will marvel at the utterance of mighty poets, bards worthy of Apollo and the Muses, who make the sacred groves re-echo with song and Helicon resound with the Muse of Syracuse. The Sicilians are ready of tongue; but also, when they made war, they often adorned their harbours with trophies won by victories at sea.

The first rulers of the island were the Cyclopes and cruel Antiphates; and next the virgin soil was ploughed by the Sicani, who came from the Pyrenees and named the uninhabited country after a river of their native land. Then Siculus led a band of Ligurians into the island, and conquered it, and once more changed its name. Nor was the land disgraced by settlers from Crete, whom Minos, when he sought to punish Daedalus, brought forth from his

hundred cities to suffer defeat. For, when Minos, slain by the horrid treachery of the daughters of Cocalus, went down to everlasting darkness to sit in judgement there, his war-wearied army settled in Sicily. Then two Trojans, Acestes and Helymus, brought in a Phrygian stock; they had followers with them and gave their own names to the cities they built — names that were to last for ages. The walls of Zancle too are not unknown to fame; for Saturn made it famous when he laid down his sickle there. But the land of Henna can boast nothing more beautiful than the city which has built herself a name from the Isthmus of Sisyphus, and outshines all the other cities by reason of its Corinthian inhabitants. Here Arethusa welcomes her loved Alpheus to her waters abounding in fish, when he comes bearing trophies from the sacred games.

But the Fire-god, no friend to Sicily, loves to dwell in her hollow caverns. Thus Lipare, whose interior is devoured by huge furnaces, vomits forth sulphurous smoke from its hollow summit. Then Etna belches forth the noise of her pent-up fire from her tottering cliffs; night and day alike she rages like an angry sea with unceasing thunder-roll and muffled roaring. A torrent of flame wells forth, as if from the fatal stream of Phlegethon, and hurls out a pitchy shower of red-hot stones from its molten depths. But, though the interior of Etna boils over with an inexhaustible storm of flame, and though fresh fire is constantly generated below and streams forth, yet — marvellous to tell — the mountain-top is white and harbours ice and flame side by side. The burning peaks are stiff with perpetual frost, eternal winter lies on the lofty summit, and hot snow is hidden beneath black ashes.

I need not mention the realm of Aeolus, where the winds are at home and the storms are kept in prison. On the South coast Pachynus stretches far towards the Peloponnese, and its rocks reply to the Ionian waves that dash against them. On the West famous Lilybaeum faces Libya and its fierce West-winds, and sees the Scorpion sink down. And lastly Pelorus, the third headland of Sicily, the Northeast coast, turns toward Italy, prolonging its stony ridge to the sea, and raising high its mountain of sand.

During a long life a kindly ruler had governed the island with gentle sway. Hiero had power to rule his people in peace, and harassed his subjects with no terrors; he was slow to violate a pledge sanctioned by oath, and had for many years kept unstained the tie of alliance with Rome. But when the Fates laid him low with old age and decrepitude, the sceptre passed in a fatal hour to his youthful grandson, and the peaceful palace admitted a prince of unbridled passions. The young man's head — he was not yet sixteen — was turned by his elevation to the throne; he could not support the burden of his crown and trusted overmuch to transient prosperity. Thus in a short time, while his crimes were protected by the sword, right disappeared and wrong in every form was rife; decency was the last thing that the monarch thought of; and his headlong passions were heated by his mother's descent from Pyrrhus, and by his noble ancestry, the Aeacidae and Achilles immortalized in poetry.

Therefore he was in eager haste to further the designs of Carthage; nor did he postpone his crime but made a new treaty at once, stipulating that Hannibal, having conquered Rome, should withdraw from Sicily. But retribution was at hand, and the Fury denied him a grave in that very soil from which he had just bargained that his ally should be excluded. For a band of conspirators could not endure the young man's ferocity and pride, his extravagance and thirst for blood, his contempt for decency together with his inhuman cruelty, and were so wrought up by fear and anger that they murdered him. Nor did the sword stop there: they went on to kill women also, and his innocent sisters were seized and slain. New-found freedom brandished the sword and threw off the yoke. Some favoured the army of Carthage, and others the Romans, their ancient allies; nor were there wanting wild spirits who preferred to join neither alliance.

Such was the disturbance and excitement which the king's death had aroused in Sicily, when Marcellus brought his fleet to anchor at Zancle; he held high office; for the purple had brought him the consular rods for the third time. And when he had heard all — the murder of the tyrant, the division of opinion among the people, the number of the Carthaginian troops and the points occupied by them, what cities remained friendly to the Romans, and how Syracuse, puffed up with pride, obstinately refused to open her gates — then Marcellus took the field in indignation and speedily poured forth all the horrors of war upon the surrounding country. So the North-wind, when it has rushed down headlong from Rhodope's height and hurled the tenth rolling wave upon the shore, follows with a roar the flood of water it has thrown up and rages with boisterous wings. The army first laid waste the plains of Leontini — the land once ruled by the savage Laestrygonian king. The general pressed on fast: in his eyes, delay in defeating Greek troops was as shameful as defeat. He flew all over the field — it seemed like a contest of men against women — and enriched with blood the fields that Ceres loves. The enemy fell in heaps, and the speed of battle made it impossible for any to escape death by flight. For whenever a fugitive hoped to save his life, Marcellus was before him and barred the way with his sword. "On, on!" he cried; "mow down this feeble folk and lay them low with the steel"; and he pushed the laggards on with the boss of his shield. "Cowards stand before you, men who have learnt to endure easy bouts of wrestling in the shade, and who delight to oil their limbs till they glisten; and those who conquer them in battle get little glory. To beat them at sight is the only credit you can gain." Thus addressed by their general, the whole army advanced to the attack; their only rivalry now was with one another, as they contended who should excel in deeds of valour and take the choicest spoil. The current of the Euripus by Euboea does not rage more fiercely when it dashes through its rocky channel upon Caphareus, nor the Propontis when it drives out the sounding waves from its narrow mouth; nor does the narrow sea that beats upon the Pillars of Hercules near the setting sun boil and rush on with louder uproar.

So fierce was the battle, and yet a noble deed of mercy that was done there became famous. A Tuscan soldier, named Asilus, taken prisoner earlier at Lake Trasimene, had found easy service and a kind master in Beryas, his captor, and had returned to his native land with the consent and aid of his owner. Now he had gone back to active service and was making good his former mishap by fighting in Sicily. And now, while fighting in the centre of the fray, he came upon Beryas, who had been sent by the Carthaginians to make a treaty with the king of Syracuse and was fighting side by side with the Syracusans; but his face was concealed by the brazen helmet that he wore. Asilus attacked him with the steel, and, as he tottered feebly backwards, hurled him to the ground. Then, when he heard his conqueror's voice, the poor wretch, recalling his life as it were from Hades in fear and trembling, tore from his chin the straps that bound his useless helmet, and asked for mercy at the same time. He was about to say more, when the Tuscan, startled by the sudden sight of that familiar face, withdrew his sword and thus addressed his antagonist, ere he could speak, with sighs and tears: "Sue not, I pray, to me for life with doubts and entreaties. For me it is right to save my enemy. The noble warrior is he, whose first and last thought is to keep faith even in time of war. You began it and saved me from death before I saved you. I should deserve the troubles I have met, and should deserve to meet again with worse troubles, if my right hand failed to clear a path for you through fire and sword." With these words he raised Beryas willingly from the ground and granted a life in exchange for the life he had received.

Then Marcellus, having won his first battle on Sicilian soil, moved forward with his army unmolested and turned his victorious standards against the walls of Syracuse, surrounding the fortifications with his troops. But he felt less eagerness for battle: he hoped to calm the blind passion of the citizens by his warnings and to expel the anger from their hearts. Yet, in case they defied him and ascribed to cowardice his choice of forbearance, the siege was strictly carried on, and his grasp was not loosened: on the contrary, he kept a closer watch than ever, with fearless brow and wary strategy, and in secrecy contrived surprises for the enemy. So a white swan floats on the still waters of the Eridanus or by the bank of Cayster, and lets the current carry its motionless body, while its feet row on beneath the unruffled stream.

Meantime, while the besieged Syracusans were divided in their minds, Marcellus summoned forth the peoples and cities; and they brought their forces to aid him. Such were — Messana, famous for its Oscan founders, a coast-town that lies nearest to Italy of all Sicilian towns; and Catana, too close to the fire of Typhoeus, and famous for the pair of dutiful sons whom she bore long ago; and Camarina, which the Fates would not suffer to be moved; and Hybla, whose honeycombs boldly challenge Hymettus for sweetness; and Selinus, planted with palm-trees; and Mylae, once a sufficient harbour, though now the bare beach offers but a doubtful refuge to shipwrecked mariners. Lofty Eryx too was loyal, and Centuripae from her high peak, and Entella,

where the green vine-plant grows abundantly — Entella, a name dear to Trojan Acestes. Nor was Thapsus backward, nor the men of Aerae, descending from their icy heights. From Agyrium men came flocking, and from Tyndaris that boasts of the Spartan Twins. Hilly Acragas sent a troop of a thousand horse, whose neighings made the air hot and rolled a cloud of dust to the sky. Their leader was Grosphus, upon whose shield a fierce bull was engraved, in memory of an ancient punishment. When men's bodies were roasted over a fire in the bull, their cries took the sound of a bull bellowing; and one might believe that the sounds were produced by real cattle driven from their stalls. But punishment followed; for the inventor of this inhuman contrivance died in the bull he had made, lowing pitifully. Gela, named after a river, came; Halaesa came, and Palaeca that punishes perjured men with sudden death; and Trojan Acesta; and the Acis which flows to the sea through the territory of Etna and bathes the grateful sea-nymph with its sweet waters. (Acis was once a lover and a rival of Polyphemus; and, while fleeing from the clownish rage of the furious giant, was turned into a stream of water; thus he escaped his enemy, and mixed his stream in triumph with Galatea's flood.) There came too those who drink of Hypsa and Alabis, loud-sounding rivers, and the transparent waters of shining Achates; men came from winding Chrysa and scanty Hipparis and the Pantagias whose slender stream is easily crossed, and from the yellow waters of fast-flowing Symaethus.

On the shore where the Himera falls into the Aeolian sea, Thermae armed her men — Thermae rich in the possession of a bygone poet. The river splits up into two channels, and its swift waters flow both east and west; and the Nebrodes, as rich in shade as any mountain in Sicily, feeds both divided streams. From her sacred groves Henna on the height sent forth holy men to battle. (At Henna a cave, opening up a vast fissure in the earth, reveals a hidden way and dark passage to Hades, by which a strange bridal procession once came up to a land unknown. For by it the Stygian king, stung by Cupid's arrow, dared to approach the light of day and, leaving doleful Acheron, drove his chariot through empty space to the forbidden earth. There he seized in haste the maiden of Henna and then turned back towards the Styx his horses, terrified by the sight of heaven and the sunlight, and buried his prize in the darkness.) Staunch to the Roman generals and the Roman alliance were Petraea and Callipolis and Engyon of the stony fields; Hadranum and Ergetium too; Melita, proud of her woollen fabrics, and Calacte whose strand abounds with fish; and Cephaloedium, whose beach dreads in time of storms the sea monsters that feed in the blue fields of ocean; and the men of Tauromenium, who see Charybdis catching ships and swallowing them in her whirlpool, and then again shooting them up from the depths to the stars. All these supported Rome and the standards of Italy.

The other cities of Sicily took the side of Carthage. Agathyrna sent a thousand men; and so did Trogilus, blown on by the South-winds, and Phacelina, where stands a shrine of Taurian Diana. Thrice that number came

from Panhormos, rich in game, whether you follow the wild beasts in the woods, or sweep the sea with nets, or prefer to bring down birds from the sky. Neither Herbesos nor Nauloeha sat idle, indifferent to the crisis; nor did Morgentia of the leafy plains abstain from traitorous war; Amastra came forward, together with Menae and Tisse unknown to fame; Netum and Mutyce and the soldiers of the river Achaetus. Aid came to the Carthaginians from Drepane, from the Helorus whose stream is heard afar, and from Trioeala, laid waste later in the Servile War. On the same side was bold Arbela, and hilly Ietas; Tabas skilled in arms, and little Cossyra, no larger than Megara, fought side by side; also the island of Gaulum, a fair sight when it resounds with the halcyon's song and her floating nest rides on the smooth surface of the unruffled sea. Syracuse herself, that famous city, had filled her spacious walls with mustered troops and arms of every kind. The boastful speeches of the leaders roused to hotter rage a people easily swayed and fond of disturbance: "Never," said they, "has an enemy set foot within the walls of Syracuse and her four fortresses; our ancestors saw how the city, made impregnable by the nature of her harbour, eclipsed the laurels that Salamis won from the Eastern king; three hundred triremes sank in one common shipwreck before their eyes; and Athens, proud as she was to have defeated the bow-bearing king, sank down unavenged to destruction in the sea." Thus the populace was set on fire by two brothers, born at Carthage of a Carthaginian mother; but their father was a Sicilian who had been expelled from Syracuse on a criminal charge. Brought up in Africa, they showed their mixed origin, combining Carthaginian cunning with the frivolity of Sicilians.

Marcellus saw all this; and, now that the rebellion seemed a thing past mending and the enemy were beginning war unprovoked, he called the gods of Sicily to witness, with the rivers and lakes and Arethusa's spring, that he was challenged to war against his will, and forced by the enemy to don those arms that he had long refused to put on. Then he assailed the walls with a tornado of missiles and thundered in arms against the city. The same ardour carried all his men along; they vied with one another in activity. There was a tower, a building of many floors that rose up to the sky; the genius of a Greek had given it ten stories and had used up many a shady tree for the work. From it the besieged busily launched lighted torches and stones, and filled the air with the menace of burning pitch. Then Cimber aimed from a distance and threw a fire-brand, and the fatal weapon stuck fast in the side of the tower. The fire, fed and strengthened by the wind, spread the growing peril through the interior of the tower; climbing triumphant up the lofty structure and its ten successive stories, it quickly devoured the crackling timbers, till the victorious flames licked the tottering summit, while a huge, cloud of smoke spouted up to the sky. Wreaths of smoke filled all the interior with black darkness, and not a single man escaped; as if struck by sudden lightning, the building crumbled down into ashes.

On the other hand the Roman ships met with equal misfortune at sea. For

when they came close to the buildings of the city, at a point where the harbour-water laps gently against the walls, they were discomfited by the cunning device of an unexpected weapon. A spar like a ship's mast, skilfully rounded and with all its knots planed away, carried an iron-clawed grapnel at its extremity; and this spar, when let down from the height of the wall, caught up the attackers with its iron claws, and, when it was hauled back, landed them within the city. Nor did this engine of war catch up men only: it often hoisted up a war-ship, when it struck the vessel from above with the descending steel of its unyielding jaws. As soon as it had fixed its iron point in the nearest ship and raised the vessel up into the air, then a piteous sight was seen: the cables were suddenly let go by machinery, and lowered their prey with such force and speed that the ship and her company were swallowed up whole by the sea. In addition to these devices, small loopholes were skilfully bored in the wall, through which weapons could be shot secretly and safely; for the high wall protected the marks men. But their task was not free from danger; for weapons thrown by the enemy might come back in revenge by the same narrow openings. Thus the ingenuity of a Greek and cunning more powerful than force kept Marcellus and all his threats at bay by sea and land, and the mighty armament stood helpless before the walls.

There was living then in Syracuse a man who sheds immortal glory on his city, a man whose genius far surpassed that of other sons of earth. He was poor in this world's goods, but to him the secrets of heaven and earth were revealed. He knew how the rising sun portended rain when its rays were dull and gloomy; he knew whether the earth is fixed where it hangs in space or shifts its position; he knew the unalterable law by which Ocean surrounds the world with the girdle of its waters; he understood the contest between the moon and the tides, and the ordinance that governs the flow of Father Ocean. Not without reason men believed that Archimedes had counted the sands of this great globe; they say too that he had moved ships and carried great buildings of stone, though drawn by women only, up a height.

While Archimedes thus wore out by his devices the Roman general and his men, a great Carthaginian fleet of a hundred sail was speeding to the aid of Syracuse and cleaving the blue sea with their beaks. The hopes of the citizens at once rose high: they sailed forth from the harbour and added their vessels to the fleet. The Romans on their side were not slow to suit their arms to the oar, and speedily ploughed the water with their blades. Their oars churned up the sea, the surface of the water was whitened by their repeated strokes, and a wake of foam spread wide over the hoary deep. Both fleets rode proudly on the wave, and a new kind of storm disquieted Neptune's realm. The sea rang with the sound of voices, and the shouting was re-echoed by the cliffs. And now the Roman fleet, disposed over the empty space of sea, had enclosed the wide waters with its two wings, in preparation for battle; and their vessels, like a ring of hunters, shut in the watery plain. And then the enemy's fleet came on, also drawn up in the form of a crescent, and cramping the sea with

its wings. Quickly the trumpets sounded, and the cruel braying of the brass struck terror as it echoed far over the empty space of sea; and the noise brought Triton up from the depths, alarmed by a din that drowned his twisted shell. The combatants almost forgot the sea beneath them: with so mighty an effort they bend forward to fight, planting their feet on the very gunwale of their vessels, and leaning over as they shoot their missiles. The space of sea between the fleets was strewn with spent weapons; and the ships, raised high in the water by the strokes of the panting oarsmen, ploughed the foaming sea with an ever-shifting furrow.

Some ships had the oars on their broadside swept away by the impact of a hostile craft; others, after ramming an enemy with their beaks, were held fast themselves by the injury they had inflicted. In the middle of the fleet, one formidable vessel towered above the rest; no huger ship was ever launched from the arsenals of Carthage. She struck the water with four hundred oars; and when she proudly caught the force of the wind with her spread of sail, and gathered in every breeze with the ends of her yards, her great bulk moved forward as slowly as if she were propelled over the water by oars alone. The ships that carried the Roman soldiers were light and handy in their advance, and answered readily to the hand of the steersman.

When Himilco saw them coming up to take him on his left flank, with orders to use their rams, he quickly put up a prayer to the gods of the sea and took a feathered arrow and laid it duly against the taut string. Then he measured with the eye the distance of the enemy and showed its path to the arrow, and, relaxing his extended arms, stood watching its flight through the sky till it struck its mark. A steersman was sitting by the stern, and the arrow pinned his hand to the helm; and the hand could no longer steer the ship but stuck lifeless to the guiding tiller. The crew ran up to help him, thinking their vessel already taken, when, lo, a second arrow, shot from the same string with the same success, passed between the crowd of sailors and pierced Taurus, when he was about to take charge of the masterless helm.

On there came a ship of Cumae, with Corbulo for captain, and manned by a chosen crew from the strand of Stabiae; Dione of the Lucrine lake stood on the high poop as guardian-goddess. But the ship, fighting at too close quarters beneath a shower of missiles from above, settled down in mid-sea, parting the waves asunder. The foaming sea stifled the cries of the sailors, and their helpless hands, drawn down by the deep, stuck up on the surface, as they struggled to swim. Then, emboldened by wrath, Corbulo, with one great leap, covered the distance and boarded a wooden tower, which two triremes, bound together with iron clamps, had brought alongside. He climbed up the stages of the tower, and from the top brandished a blazing torch of split pine-wood. From there he rained down on the stern-ornaments of the Carthaginian ship fatal fires fed with pitch; and the wind added strength to his missiles.

The plague of fire made its way in at every point and spread till it filled all the decks. In the confusion the upper banks of oarsmen ceased to row; but in

that emergency the news of their danger had not yet reached the lower benches. Soon the spreading blaze, moving on by means of fire-brands oozing resin, crackled with victorious flames in the hold. Still, where the heat was less fierce and the Roman fire-brands had not yet penetrated, Himilco stood, keeping off the foe with a dreadful hail of stones and delaying the doom of his ship. Here the hapless Cydnus, while swinging a fire-brand, was struck by a huge stone from the hand of Lycchaeus; his body rolled over the benches slippery with blood and fell into the water; the fire-brand hissed in the glowing sea, and the stench of it poisoned the air around. Then Sabratha, in rage, hurled his swift spear; but first he prayed to the gods on the stern; Ammon, the native god of Libya, was the guardian of the vessel, and sat there looking over the sea, wearing the horns on his brow. "O Father, O Prophet of the Garamantes," he cried: "help us in the hour of disaster, and grant that my weapon may find its mark in a Roman!" While he spoke thus, the spear-shaft sped on with quivering flight and pierced the head of Telon, a dweller by the sea.

But none the less fiercely fought those who, at death's door, had squeezed themselves in headlong flight into that part of the ship which alone was untouched by the fire; but there was no escape from it. It devoured every obstacle with lightning speed and caught the whole ship and wrapt it in triumphant flames. Himilco was the first to leave the vessel: at a point where the fire-god's hellish heat was not yet at its height, he slipped down, half burnt, to the water by help of a cable, and was rowed away by friendly oars. Next, the pitiful death of Bato deprived the deserted ship of her navigator. Great skill had he to battle with the angry sea and outsail the tempest. He also knew beforehand what the North-wind and the South portended for the morrow; nor could the Little Bear, however obscured its movements, escape his sleepless eyes. When he saw there was no limit to disaster, he cried out to his god: "Ammon, who lookest idly on at our cruel defeat, to thee I offer my blood." Then he drove his sword into his own breast, and, catching in his hand the blood that flowed from it, poured it in abundance between the horns of the deity.

Among the crew was Daphnis, ill-fated Daphnis, a name famous in ancient times; he had thought fit to leave his woodland glades and give up his country home for the treacherous sea. But how much greater the fame gained by his ancestor who was content with a shepherd's life! The Sicilian Muses loved Daphnis; Apollo favoured him and gave him the shepherd's pipe from Castalia, and bade the brooks keep silence and the happy flocks to hasten over meadow and field to hear Daphnis, whenever he lay on the grass and sang. When he played on his pipe of seven reeds and charmed the trees, the Siren never sent forth her wonted song over the sea at the same time; Scylla's dogs were silent, black Charybdis was motionless, and the Cyclops on his rocky heights loved to hear the joyful strain. Now his descendant, bearing a name so dear, was swallowed up by the flames.

Behold hardy Ornytus, who swims on above the smoking benches and by swimming inflicts on himself a lingering death; even so the son of Oileus, when struck by Minerva's lightning, stemmed the rising waves with arms on fire. Sciron, a Marmarid, while rising on a wave, was run through the body by the powerful beak of a ship. Half his body was under water, and half above it; and this was carried all over the sea — a piteous sight — fastened in death upon the metal beak. Both fleets now increased their speed, and the rowers' faces, as they sped on, were spattered with a bloody dew from the splashing oars. The Roman commander's ship itself was propelled by six banks of oars, and its stalwart rowers made it move faster than the wind. When Lilaeus quickly caught hold of it and tried to stop it, his wrists were severed by a merciless axe, and the ship flew on, with his hands still sticking to the gunwale.

Podaetus, a native of Aeolia, was borne on a Sicilian vessel. He had not yet attained the years of manhood and was still unripe for glory in arms; but he was led on, either by his eager spirit and passion for war, or by evil fortune; and, still a boy, he wielded a painted shield with his snow-white arm, and rejoiced to ruffle the sea with his tall ship, the *Chimaera*. On he went triumphant, outstripping Roman ships and Carthaginian alike, having better oarsmen and better archers. Already he had sunk the turret-ship, *Nessus*; but, alas, the tiro was tempted to ruin by his first taste of glory. While he prayed to Heaven in his rash folly that he might strip the general, Marcellus, of his armour and menacing helmet-plume, an answering spear-cast dealt him a deadly wound. Alas for so splendid a youth! Whether he hurled on high the shining discus, or threw the javelin above the clouds, or ran with flying feet that skimmed over the course, or covered with one swift leap a vast stretch of measured ground — each competition became him. There was enough, quite enough, of glory and praise to be won in bloodless strife: why was the lad ambitious of greater deeds? When he fell, and the fatal weapon sank him beneath the wave and cheated his sea-tossed bones of a grave in Syracuse, he was mourned by the straits and the rocks of the Cyclopes; Cyane and the river Anapus and Ortygian Arethusa wept for him.

Elsewhere the *Perseus*, commanded by Tiberinus, and the *Io* which carried the Carthaginian Crantor, met in conflict. The two ships stood motionless for battle, bound together by iron clamps launched from both decks. Their weapons were not javelins or arrows shot from a distance; they fought, as if on land, with the sword and at close quarters. The Romans burst their way in, at a point where a passage was opened and made clear by the first slaughter; but one man urged his comrades to burst the heavy chains and fetters of iron; and, when the ship was set free, he intended to carry off those who had boarded the hostile craft and to put the sea between them and their fellows. This was Polyphemus; he had been reared in a cave of Mount Etna, and hence he loved a name that recalled the ferocity of ancient times; a she-wolf had suckled him in infancy; his great stature and huge frame inspired awe; his

heart was cruel, and his eyes flashed anger continually; and a blood-lust worthy of the Cyclopes filled his breast. By strength of limb he had burst the chains and started the ship; he dipped his oars and would have pulled the vessel along, had not the spear of Laronius, hastily hurled, pinned him fast to the wooden thwart, as he rose with effort to his oar. His purpose was hardly arrested by death; for his dying hand still went through the familiar motions and pulled the useless oar over the surface of the water.

The discomfited Carthaginians crowded together, in wedge-shaped formation, into that side of their ship that was free from the enemy; but she gave way under the sudden weight, the sea rushed in, and the *Io* sank beneath the wave. Shields and helmets float on the water, images of tutelary gods and javelins with useless points. One man, having no steel, uses a broken piece of wood for a weapon and arms himself afresh with fragments of shipwreck; another, with misguided zeal, hastens to rob his vessel of its oars; and some tear up indiscriminately the rowers' benches and hurl them at the enemy. Neither helm nor prow was spared: each was broken up to use as a weapon; and floating missiles were picked up, to use again. The water found its way into gaping wounds, and soon, expelled by the sobbing breath of the wounded men, poured back into the sea. Some grappled with a foe in close embrace and drowned him; lacking weapons, they died themselves that they might kill their enemies. Those who emerged from the water grew more savage, and were resolved to use the sea as their weapon; and at last the sea-tossed corpses were swallowed up by the blood-stained eddies. There was shouting on one side, and, on the other, groaning and death and flight, and the snapping of oars mingled with the noise of clashing beaks. The sea boiled beneath the storm of battle; and Himilco, worn out by disaster, stole away in a little boat and fled in haste towards the coast of Africa.

At last the Greeks and Carthaginians retreated to the land; and soon their captive ships were towed ashore in long procession, while others, lit up with flames, still kept the sea. The fire blazed over the shining water, and the sea rippled with the quivering reflection. Among the burning ships was the *Cyane*, well known to those waters, and the winged *Siren*; *Europa* too, who rode on the back of Jove disguised as a snow-white bull, and grasped one horn as she moved over the water; and the watery *Nereid* with floating hair, who drove a curving dolphin over the deep with dripping rein; the sea-traversing *Python* was burnt, and horn-crowned *Ammon*, and the vessel that bore the likeness of Tyrian *Dido* and was propelled by six banks of oars. The *Anapus*, on the other hand, was towed to her native shore, and the *Pegasus* who raised to heaven his wings born of the Gorgon; and other ships were carried captive — that which bore the likeness of *Libya*, and the *Triton*, and *Etna* of the rocky peaks, the pyre that covers living Enceladus, and *Sidon*, the city of Cadmus.

The citizens were terrified by this defeat, and Marcellus would have been able at once to burst through the walls and lead his eagles against the temples of the gods, had not a sore pestilence and cruel plague, caused by the ill-will

of heaven and the fight at sea, suddenly infected the air and robbed the wretched Romans of this triumph. The goldenhaired Sun filled the air with fervent heat, and infected with the deadly stench of Cocytus the water of Cyane which spreads far and wide into a stagnant fen; he marred the kindly gifts of autumn and burnt them up with swift lightning-flames. The air was thick and smoky and dark with vapours; the earth was hot and dry, and its surface was marred by the heat; it yielded no food, and no shade for the sick; and a gloomy mist hung in the pitch-black sky. The dogs were first to feel the mischief; next the birds flagged in their flight and dropped down from the black clouds; and then the beasts of the forest were laid low. Soon the infernal plague spread further, depopulating the camp and devouring the soldiers. Their tongues were parched; a cold sweat issued from the vital parts and poured down from the shivering frame; and the dry throat refused a passage to the nourishment prescribed. The lungs were shaken by a hard cough, and the breath of the thirsting sufferers came forth from their panting mouths as hot as fire. The sunken eyes could hardly endure the burden of light; the nose fell in; matter mixed with blood was vomited, and the wasted body was mere skin and bone. Alas for the warrior famous for feats of war and now carried off by an ignoble death! Noble trophies earned in many a fight were cast upon the funeral-pyre. The healing art was baffled by the disease. The ashes of the dead were heaped up till they formed a great pile. And all round lay corpses, unattended and unburied; for men feared to touch the infectious limbs. The deadly plague, growing by what it fed on, spread further and shook the walls of Syracuse with mourning as grievous and made the Carthaginians suffer no less than the Roman army. The wrath of heaven fell with equal destruction upon both sides, and the same image of death was present everywhere.

Yet, so long as Marcellus lived, no cruel visitation of calamity could break the spirit of the Romans, and the safety of that single life among such heaps of dead atoned for their sufferings. Therefore, as soon as the fierce Dog-star cooled its pestilential heat and the devouring plague became less infectious, then, even as the fisherman rows his boat out to sea, when the wind is still and the deep at rest, so at last Marcellus armed his men, snatched from the clutch of disease, and purified the ranks with due sacrifices. Eagerly they gathered round the standards, and breathed freely when they heard the blare of the trumpets. They march to the attack; and, if fate so ordain it, they are glad that the chance of dying by the sword in battle is not denied them; and they pity their comrades who died like sheep and met an ignoble death, drawing their last breath on their dark barrack-beds. Looking back at the grave-mounds of the unhonoured dead, they feel that even to lie unburied is better than to be conquered by disease. Marcellus went first and hurried the lofty standards forward against the walls. Behind their helmets they hid faces emaciated by sickness, and concealed their unhealthy colour, that the enemy might conceive no hopes from it. With speed they pour a host over the shattered walls, and rush on in close order; all those impregnable buildings and all those forts were

taken by a single armed assault.

In all the earth round which the Sun drives his chariot no city at that time could rival Syracuse. So many temples had she, so many harbours within the walls; market-places also, and theatres raised up on lofty pillars, and piers that strove with the sea, and an endless succession of palaces whose spaciousness defied the competition of country-houses. Then there were spaces devoted to athletic contests of youth, enclosed by a long vista of far-stretching colonnades; and many lofty buildings adorned with the beaks of captured ships; and armour fixed on temple-walls, either taken from the Athenian enemy or brought across the sea from conquered Libya. Here stood a building adorned with the trophies won by Agathocles, and there was displayed the peaceful wealth of Hiero; and here the handiwork of famous artists was consecrated by antiquity. Nowhere in that age was the art of the painter more splendid; Syracuse had no desire to import bronzes from Corinth; and her tapestry, wrought with ruddy gold and reproducing in the woof living likenesses of men, might rival the fabrics wrought by the shuttles of Babylon or by Tyre that prides herself on her embroidered purple; it might match the intricate patterns worked by the needle on the hangings of Attalus or the woven stuffs of Egypt. There were cups also of shining silver, made more beautiful by inserted jewels, and images of the gods, in which the divinity was preserved by the artist's genius, and the spoils of the Red Sea also, and wool combed from the branches of trees by the hands of women.

Such was the city and such the wealth, of which the Roman general was now master. He stood on a lofty eminence and looked down on the city where the noise of the trumpets spread terror. A sign from him would determine whether those royal walls should remain standing or vanish utterly before the morrow dawned. He groaned aloud because of his excess of power, and shrank back from what he might have done. Quickly restraining the violence of the soldiers, he ordered that the houses should be left standing, and granted their temples to the gods to inhabit as of old. Thus mercy to the conquered took the place of plunder; and the goddess of victory, asking no more than victory, waved her wings unspotted by blood, in approval of herself. Thou too, O famous man, defender of thy native city, didst win tears from the conqueror. Archimedes was calmly poring over a figure traced in the sand, when the great disaster came down upon him.

But the people generally gave themselves up to rejoicing; and the vanquished were as happy as the victors. Marcellus matched the gods in merciful temper and, by saving the city, was its second founder. Therefore it remains and will remain for ages as a splendid trophy, and will throw light on the character of our generals in former times.

Happy would the nations be, if our peaceful governors would imitate our former generals and spare the cities from rapine. As it is, if that prince who has now given peace to the world had not checked the unbridled passion for universal spoliation, land and sea would have been stripped bare by greedy

robbers.

BOOK XV

ARGUMENT

THE SENATE CANNOT DECIDE WHAT GENERAL TO SEND TO SPAIN. P. CORNELIUS SCIPIO IS EAGER TO GO, HUT HIS KINSMEN DISSUADE HIM (1-17). HE IS VISITED BY VIRTUE AND PLEASURE WHO CONTEND FOR HIS ALLEGIANCE (18-128). ENCOURAGED BY VIRTUE'S ARGUMENTS, HE ASKS FOR THE COMMAND AND RECEIVES IT: AN OMEN OF SUCCESS (129-151). HIS FLEET LANDS AT TARRACO (152-179). HIS FATHER'S GHOST EXHORTS HIM IN A DREAM TO TAKE NEW CARTHAGE: HE DOES SO (180-250). HE SACRIFICES TO THE GODS, REWARDS HIS SOLDIERS, AND DISTRIBUTES THE SPOIL: HE RESTORES A SPANISH MAIDEN TO HER LOVER AND IS PRAISED BY LAELIUS FOR THIS ACTION (251-285). WAR AGAINST PHILIP, KING OF MACEDON (286-319). FABIUS TAKES TARENTUM BY A TRICK (320-333). THE CONSULS, MARCELLUS AND CRISPINUS, ARE BEATEN BY HANNIBAL AND MARCELLUS IS KILLED (334-398). IN SPAIN HASDRUBAL IS PUT TO FLIGHT BY SCIPIO: PRAISE OF LAELIUS (399-492). HASDRUBAL CROSSES THE ALPS, TO JOIN HIS BROTHER IN ITALY (493-514). GREAT ALARM AT ROME. THE CONSUL, C. CLAUDIUS NERO, IS WARNED IN A DREAM BY A PERSONIFICATION OF ITALY TO MARCH NORTHWARDS AGAINST HASDRUBAL (515-559). NERO JOINS THE OTHER CONSUL, M. LIVIUS (560-600). THE BATTLE OF THE METAURUS (601-807). NERO RETURNS TO LUCANIA AND DISPLAYS TO HANNIBAL HIS BROTHER'S HEAD FIXED ON A PIKE (807-823).

BUT now the Roman Senate was harassed by a fresh anxiety. Who was to undertake the war in Spain and protect the natives discouraged by defeat? Both the Scipios, both the brothers who had waged war with martial spirit, had been slain by the triumphant enemy. Thus there was a risk that the land of Tartessus would now yield to the supremacy of Carthage, through dread of an enemy nearer home. Meeting in anxiety and sorrow, the Senate sought for some remedy to heal the tottering state, and prayed to Heaven for a general who would dare to take over the decimated army.

The young Scipio was eager to appease the spirits of his father and uncle; but all his kinsmen, dismayed by their grievous loss and mindful of his youth, sought to dissuade him. If he went to that land of ill omen, he must stand on the graves of his dear ones to fight against a foe who had baffled the dispositions and beaten the armies of them both, and was now flushed with victory. Nor was it a simple task to take the burden of a mighty war on young shoulders, nor easy for a beardless youth to ask the command of an army.

These anxious thoughts filled the young man's mind, as he sat beneath the green shadow of a bay-tree that grew behind the dwelling; and suddenly two figures, far exceeding mortal stature, flew down from the sky and stood to right and left of him: Virtue was on one side, and Pleasure, the enemy of Virtue, on the other. Pleasure's head breathed Persian odours, and her ambrosial tresses flowed free; in her shining robe Tyrian purple was embroidered with ruddy gold; the pin in her hair gave studied beauty to her brow; and her roving wanton eyes shot forth flame upon flame. The appearance of the other was far different: her hair, seeking no borrowed charm from ordered locks, grew freely above her forehead; her eyes were steady; in face and gait she was more like a man; she showed a cheerful modesty; and her tall stature was set off by the snow-white robe she wore.

Then Pleasure spoke first, confident in what she could promise: "This is madness, my son, to use up all the flower of your age in war. You deserve

better things. Have you forgotten Cannae and the river Po, and the Lydian lake, more terrible than the Stygian swamp? How long will you persist in defying fortune on the battle-field? Do you intend to attack the realm of Atlas also and the city of Carthage? Take my advice, and cease to fight against danger and expose your life to the storm of clashing weapons. Unless you abandon the worship of her, stern Virtue will bid you dash right through battle and flame. She it was who sent your father and uncle down to the Stygian waters of Erebus, she who threw away the lives of Paulus and the Decii, while holding out a glorious epitaph on the tomb that covers his ashes to the ghost that cannot even be conscious of the great deeds he did on earth. But if you follow me, my son, then your allotted term of life will move along no rugged path. Never will the trumpet break your troubled sleep; you will not feel the northern cold nor the fierce heat of Cancer nor the pangs of thirst, nor take your meal many a time on the bloodstained turf, nor gulp down the dust behind your helmet, suffering fearful hardship. No: you will pass happy days and unclouded hours, and a life of ease will warrant you in hoping for length of days. What great things the gods themselves have created for the use and enjoyment of man! How many harmless pleasures they have supplied with bountiful hand! And they themselves set an example of peaceful existence to men; for they live at ease, and their peace of mind is never broken. I am she who wedded Venus to Anchises by the waters of Simois, and from them was born the founder of your nation. I am she who turned the Father of the gods into many different shapes: at one time he became a bird, at another a bull with threatening horns. Attend to me. The life of man fleets fast away, and no man can be born a second time; time flies, and the stream of death carries us away and forbids us to carry to the lower world the things that gave us pleasure in life. Who, when his last hour comes, does not regret too late that he let slip the seasons of Pleasure?"

When Pleasure had ceased speaking and was silent, Virtue began: "How," she asked, "can you mislead this young man in the flower of his age and tempt him to a life of obscurity? The goodness of the gods has granted him reason and germs of the divine intelligence from heaven. Man stands as high above all other animals as the gods above mortals. For Nature herself assigned man to earth as a lesser god; but her fixed law has condemned degenerate souls to dwell in the darkness of Avernus. On the other hand the gate of heaven stands open to those who have preserved the divine element born with them. Need I speak of Amphitryon's son who destroyed all monsters? or of Liber, whose chariot was drawn through the cities by Caucasian tigers when he came back in triumph from the conquered East, after subduing the Chinese and the Indians? or of Quirinus, the hero of Rome, or the Brethren whom Leda bore, to whom sailors cry in their sore distress? See you not, how the Creator raised the faces of mankind towards heaven and gave them countenances that look upwards, though he had caused all herds and flocks, all birds and beasts, to creep on their belly, inactive and unsightly? But man is born for glory, if he

can appreciate heaven's gift, and in pursuit of glory he is happy. Listen to me for a moment — I shall not go far for an example. Rome was once no match for the attacks of Fidenæ and was content with the growth that the Asylum gave her: but see to what a height she has been raised by the valour of her citizens. Consider too the cities which once spread and flourished but were overthrown by luxury. For neither the wrath of heaven nor the attacks of foemen are as fatal as Pleasure alone when she infects the mind. She brings with her an ugly train, Drunkenness and Luxury; and dark-winged Disgrace ever hovers round her. My attendants are Honour and Praise, Renown and Glory with joyful countenance, and Victory with snow-white wings like mine. And Triumph, crowned with laurel, raises me at last to heaven. My household is pure; my dwelling is set on a lofty hill, and a steep track leads there by a rocky ascent. Hard at first — it is not my way to hold out false hopes — is the toil you must endure. If you seek to enter, you must exert yourself; and you must not reckon as good those things which fickle Fortune can give and can also take away. Soon you will gain the height and look down upon mankind below you. Pleasure makes you smooth promises; from me you will experience the opposite in all respects. Lying on a hard bed of straw, you will endure sleepless nights under the stars, and you will master cold and hunger. Also you will worship justice in all your doings and believe that the gods stand and witness your every action. Then, whenever your country and the danger of the state demand it, you will be the first to take up arms and the first to enter the breach in the enemy's walls; neither steel nor gold will ever master your mind. Therefore I will give you, not garments stained with Tyrian purple nor fragrant perfumes that a man should blush to use, but victory — victory over the fierce foe who is now harassing the empire of Rome; you shall destroy the Carthaginians and place your proud laurel upon the knees of Jove."

When Virtue had uttered these prophecies from the shrine of her heart, she gained Scipio to her side; he rejoiced in the examples set before him, and his face showed his approval. But Pleasure was wroth and could not refrain from speech. "I will detain the pair of you no longer," she cried; "but my time will yet come, when Rome will learn my lessons and be eager to obey my commands; and then I alone shall be honoured." Then, shaking her head with anger, she soared into the dark clouds.

Now Scipio, with a heart full of Virtue's counsel, conceived mighty designs and was fired with love for the high task imposed upon him. Though all men shrank from war, he climbed the high Rostrum and claimed for himself the heavy burden of a doubtful contest. There was universal excitement: some thought they saw his father's face, and others that the stern features of his uncle had grown young again. But, though men were encouraged, yet an unspoken fear of the hazard crept into their doubting hearts; they measured with fear the huge burden of the war; and Scipio's supporters were uneasy when they reckoned up his years.

But while the people were considering these things, speaking low in their uncertainty, lo, a serpent, glittering with rough spots of gold, was seen to glide athwart the sky between the clouds, tracing a furrow of fire in the heavens, and it moved on towards the quarter where the sky ends in the shore of Atlas, the supporter of the firmament. Nor was the sky silent; for Jupiter twice and three times confirmed the portent with his thunder, and his far-flung bolts crashed suddenly, and the heavens were shaken. Then indeed men fell on their knees to hail the portent; they urged Scipio to take arms and go whither the gods so clearly summoned him, and where his path was marked out by the image of his father.

Men flocked eagerly to join him as comrades in war and helpers in the campaign, and begged to share his arduous labours: to serve in the same army with him was glory enough. Then a new fleet was launched on the blue sea. All Italy went with him and crossed over to the land of Spain. So the North-west wind, when it has launched fierce battle on the deep, hurls the arching waves high over the Isthmus of Corinth, and, rushing over the bellowing rocks with foaming flood, mingles the waters of the Ionian sea with the Aegean. Then Scipio sprang up in arms and standing forth on the stern of his ship prayed thus: "Divine Lord of the trident, whose deep seas we are in act to cross, if my design is just, suffer my fleet to complete her voyage, and deign, O Father, to assist our efforts. The war I carry across the sea is a just war." Then a light breeze blew, and drove the sails on with favouring breath. Quickly the vessels slipped past the coast of Italy, where the Tyrrhene sea splashes, and then their prows sped along the strand of the Ligurians. And now from the deep they sighted far away the soaring Alps where earth invades the sky. Next came the city of Massilia founded by Greeks. The settlers from Phocaea, though girt about by warlike tribes and horrified by the savage rites of their uncivilized neighbours, still retain, among unpeaceful surroundings, the customs and manners and dress of their ancient home. Then the Roman general threaded his course along the curving coastline, till lofty hills with tree-clad tops were sighted and the forests of the Pyrenees were lost in the clouds; then came Emporiae, an ancient settlement of Greeks, and Tarraco next, where the grapevine is at home. There they found rest in harbour; the ships rode in safety behind the breakwater, and the fatigues and dangers of the sea were forgotten.

The profound stillness of night had brought slumber deep as death to Scipio, until he dreamed that the ghost of his father stood before him and warned him thus, while he was dismayed by the apparition: "Son Avho once saved your father's life, son who bring me honour even in my grave, this land, the accursed mother of war, you must utterly lay waste; and the Libyan generals, flushed with slaughter, you must conquer by valour and prudence. At present they keep their armies apart in three separate camps. If you chose to join battle, and they summoned their forces to meet from the different points, who could withstand the onset of three united armies? Abandon that

dangerous enterprise; but bestir yourself and adopt a better plan. There is a city here, founded by Teucer long ago; Carthage is its name, and the population is Punic. Like the Carthage in Libya, this Carthage in Spain is a famous capital. No other city can rival its stores of gold, or its harbour and lofty site, or its wealth of fertile land, or its skill and activity in forging weapons of war. Attack this city, my son, while the generals' backs are turned. No victory in the field could bring you as much glory and as much booty."

Thus his father advised him and was coming closer to warn him, when the young man awoke from sleep and the vision faded away. He rose up and prayed to the gods who dwell in the nether world, and accosted the ghosts of his kinsmen by name with supplication: "Take the command yourselves and lead me to the city you have told of. You shall be avenged by me; and, when the Spaniards are routed, I shall stand conspicuous in gleaming Tyrian purple and offer sacrifice at your graves; and I shall honour your tombs further by sacred games and competitions." Marching in front, he quickened the pace and carried his army along at high speed, and scoured the plains. So at Pisa, when the unbeaten race-horse has sprung forward from the starting-place, he moves in front of his rivals and also, wonderful to relate, in front of the horses harnessed to the same chariot; and no eye can follow the car in its flight through the air.

And now, as they drew near, sunrise on the seventh day of their march revealed the citadel of Carthage growing higher hour by hour; and the towers rose in height, the nearer the army came. Then, at the hour appointed by the general, Laelius came up by sea with the fleet and blockaded the city in the rear with a line of ships. Carthage is highly favoured by nature: its high walls are compassed by the sea; and a small island confines the narrow entrance of the bay, on the side where the morning sun showers his rays on the earth. But where the chariot of the setting sun is seen at evening, there is a barren expanse covered with standing water which the ebb and flow of the tide diminish and increase. In front of this lagoon stands the city facing the frozen North; it stands high on an eminence and runs out towards the sea beneath, and protects its walls by means of the eternal sea.

The Roman soldiers made haste to scale the height, as boldly as if they were carrying victorious standards over level ground. The leader of the defence was Aris. In his evil plight he trusted to the high ground for protection and had fortified the citadel beforehand. The nature of the ground fought for him: a slight effort of the defenders hurled many of the Romans from their footing; and rolling down the steep with mangled limbs, many breathed their last. But when the tide turned and the water of the lagoon flowed back fast into the sea, then it was possible to pass safely on foot over the place where tall ships had lately ploughed their furrows; and from this point, where none feared him, Scipio made his silent effort to approach the walls, bringing up the crews in haste from the ships and wading forward at

speed. Thence they ran with all haste to the rear of the city, which Aris, relying on the sea, had left unguarded. Then the defeated Carthaginian prostrated himself — a pitiable object — and yielded his neck to the fetters, surrendering the disarmed inhabitants to slavery. Thus the sun, which at his rising saw this city surrounded by an army, also saw it taken, before he dipped his chariot in the western waters.

Dawn came on and expelled darkness from the earth. First of all, altars were reared. A tall bull was slain as an offering to Neptune, and another was sacrificed to the Thunderer. Then good service gained its due reward, and valour received the prizes earned by wounds. On one man's breast glittered bosses of metal; another warrior put a circlet of gold round his neck; and a third displayed with pride the decoration of a "mural crown." Laelius, above all, famous for his exploits and his lineage, received thirty kine, and a glorious decoration for his victory at sea, and the arms just stripped from the Punic general. Spears and martial banners were then awarded to each according to his deserts, and part of the booty was picked out for them.

When the services of men and gods were duly rewarded, the captured treasure was reviewed and the booty divided up. This gold was for the Senate, these talents for the purposes of war; the allied kings received presents, and the temples of the gods were enriched first of all; the remainder fell to the soldiers who had fought so nobly. Moreover, Scipio summoned the ruler of a Spanish tribe; this man had a promised bride, a maiden famous for her beauty, whom he loved passionately; and Scipio, joyful and triumphant, gave her back freely to her bridegroom who rejoiced in an unpolluted bride. Then, with minds at ease, they set tables on the shore hard by and feasted and made merry. Laelius spoke thus: "A blessing upon your chaste heart, O noble leader! The praise and glory of mighty heroes, and their achievements famed in song, must hide their heads before you. The ruler of Mycenae who launched a thousand ships, and he who brought Thessalians to join the Argive ranks, were led by the love of women to violate the bond of alliance; and every tent then pitched on the plains of Troy was full of captive paramours; but you alone had more regard for the honour of a foreign maiden than was shown to Apollo's Trojan priestess.' Thus and in this style they held converse together, until black-robed Night drove her dark steeds into the sky and wooed men to slumber.

Meanwhile the land of Aetolia, dismayed by a sudden invasion of the Macedonian fleet, was involved in a fierce struggle with Philip; and the Acarnanians, their next neighbours, made common cause with the foe. This new disturbance was due to an alliance formed between the Carthaginians and King Philip against the Romans. Philip had a splendid pedigree and an ancient monarchy; he was proud to wield the sceptre of the Aeacids and proud of his descent from Achilles. He terrified Oricon by a night-attack; and where the people of Taulas dwell in small and nameless villages along the Illyrian coast, he made a fierce assault in arms. He put to sea and fell upon the lands of the

Phaeacians and Thesprotians, and rushed through Epirus with a campaign that led to nothing. At another time he displayed his standards on the coast of Anactorium, and overran with his arms the bays of Ambracia and the shore of Olpae. His oars stirred to fury the waters of Leucate, and he saw, as he rushed along, the temple of Apollo at Actium. Nor did he leave unvisited the harbours of Ithaca where Laertes once reigned, or remote Same, or the rocks of Cephallenia against which the hoary waves bellow, or the stony fields of Neritus. He went further: he visited with special joy the land of Pelops and the cities of Achaia, and approached the city of Oeneus that suffered from Diana's vengeance and was once inhabited by the Curetes; he promised the Greeks that he would fight for them against Rome. Next he swept through Ephyre and Patrae and the royal city of Pleuron, and Parnassus with its two peaks, and the cliffs that have a voice for Apollo. Often too he was recalled to his own country by war, when the kingdom was attacked by the Orestae from Sarmatia or a fierce swarm of Dolopes invaded his country. Yet he was loath to abandon his useless designs, and carried on a pretence of warfare round all the coasts of Greece. But at last, stripped of his power by sea and land, he ceased to rely on Carthage and begged for an alliance with Rome and was forced to endure limitations of his kingly power.

And now the fate of Tarentum, the Spartan city, increased both the power and glory of Rome. For that disloyal city was at length conquered by old Fabius, and this was the last exploit of that ever-cautious commander. Here also cunning won a victory without running risks, and the city was taken with no blood spilt. When he learnt that the commander of the Punic garrison was passionately in love with a woman, Fabius, a brave man but a lover of peace, adopted a stratagem. The woman's brother was present in the Roman camp; and he was compelled to go to his sister and promise a rich reward, irresistible to a woman's heart, if the Punic commander would open the gates and suffer an entrance to be made. The Carthaginian gave way, and Fabius gained his object: he surrounded the town with his army and entered it in the night when no guard was kept.

But when the news came at the same time that Marcellus had met his death in battle, who could doubt that the sun was then driving his steeds backwards and away from Rome? That giant frame lay low; that heart, where the fierce god of war made his home and which never quailed before any danger, was cold; the terror of Carthage lay dead on the field. How great, alas, that fall, that was to bring fame to Hannibal! Perhaps, if some god had permitted Marcellus to live a little longer, he would have taken from Scipio the glory of ending the war.

The land of Daunus was then the theatre of war, and a hill rose between the camps of the two armies. Crispinus shared the burden of command with Marcellus and held the same high office; and they carried on the war together. To him Marcellus said: "I would fain search the neighbouring woods and station troops upon the hill that divides us; or Hannibal may steal a march on

us and seize it before we do. If you approve, I should wish you, Crispinus, to take part in the affair. Two heads are better than one." When this was settled, all were eager to mount at once their mettled steeds. Marcellus saw his son fitting on his armour and enjoying the excitement, and said: "Your wondrous enthusiasm outstrips your father's exertions. May your youthful arm meet with success! How I admired you in the Sicilian capital, when, too young to fight, you watched the battle with a countenance like mine! Come hither, pride of my heart, stay by your father's side, and let me teach the art of war to you, the tiro." Then he embraced the boy with this brief prayer: "Grant, O greatest of the gods, that I may offer to you choice spoils, taken from the Libyan general, and borne on my son's shoulders!" Ere he could say more, Jupiter rained down a bloody dew from a clear sky, and dark drops fell on their ill-fated armour. Scarcely had Marcellus ceased speaking, scarcely had they entered the gorge of the fatal hill, when a swift troop of Numidians attacked them with the javelin, rushing on like a stormy cloud; and armed masses swarmed forth to battle from their ambush. When the brave man, thus surrounded, saw that he owed no dues to the gods any more, he was fain to carry with him to the world below the glory of a noble death. At one time he rose in the saddle to hurl his spear to a distance, at another he plied his fierce sword at close quarters. Perhaps he might have survived that dreadful pass of instant danger, had not a weapon struck his son's body in front. Then the father's hands shook, and his ill-starred shield, loosened by his grief, fell from his nerveless grasp. A lance came and pierced his undefended breast; he fell and marked the turf with the imprint of his chin.

But when Hannibal amid the rage of battle saw the weapon still sticking in the consul's manly heart, he gave a mighty shout: "Carthage, you need dread no longer the dominion of Rome! That name of terror, that pillar of the Roman state, lies low. Yet one who was my peer in battle must not go down unhonoured to the shades. In heroic breasts there is no room for jealousy." At once a sepulchral altar was raised on high. Great trees were brought from the forest; one might suppose that Hannibal himself had fallen. Then incense and meat-offerings, the consul's rods and his shield, were borne along in funeral procession. Hannibal himself lighted the pyre: "We have gained immortal glory," he said, "by robbing Rome of Marcellus. It may be that Italy will at last consent to lay down her arms. You, my men, march in the funeral train of that proud spirit, and give to his ashes the last tribute; never will I refuse to Rome this concession." The other consul fared no whit better in the battle: his horse bore him back to the camp, a dying man.

So things went in Italy. But far different was the issue of warfare on the fields of Spain. The conquest of Carthage, made with such lightning speed, had terrified all the surrounding tribes. The Carthaginian generals were in a desperate plight unless they could unite their forces. They saw that the young commander had begun his career with a prodigious success, as if he wielded in battle the thunderbolts of his sire; that within twenty-four hours he had

taken a city defended by its site upon a lofty hill and its steep approach, and had heaped it with the corpses of the slain, whereas it had taken Hannibal, that great commander, fighting in the same country, a full year to overthrow Saguntum, so inferior to Carthage in population and wealth.

Nearest to Scipio lay Hasdrubal, filled with pride in his brother's great deeds; his camp was pitched close to a tree-clad height. His main strength was in Cantabrians together with revolted Africans and Asturians, swifter than the nimble Moors; and Hasdrubal was as much revered in Spain as Hannibal was dreaded in Italy. It so happened that time had brought round an ancient Punic festival — the day on which the first foundations of the great city were laid and a beginning of the new settlement was made with native huts. And Hasdrubal, recalling the early history of his country, made merry and kept high holiday, wreathing his standards with flowers, and seeking the favour of Heaven. Down from his shoulders fell a splendid mantle, a gift from Hannibal. Sicilian tyrants had worn this garment in state, and the king of Syracuse had given it with other presents to Hannibal as a pledge of their close alliance. Two scenes were embroidered upon it. An eagle with golden plumage and outspread wings was carrying Ganymede through the clouds to heaven. And beside him was the likeness of a great cave where the Cyclopes dwelt, wrought by the needle on purple. Here Polyphemus lay, swallowing down with his death-dealing jaws the bleeding bodies of men; around him lay the broken bones ejected from his maw. He himself held out his hand to demand the wine-cup from Ulysses, and vomited forth blood mixed with wine.

Every eye rested on this garment, a triumph of Sicilian embroidery, while Hasdrubal, standing before altars of turf, prayed for the favour of the gods. But suddenly a mounted messenger brought news to the assembly that a hostile force was approaching. There was general dismay, and the worship of the gods was stopped in the middle. The rites were broken off and the altars abandoned. The Carthaginians sought the shelter of their camp, and, when dewy dawn kindled a faint light in the sky, they hastened to battle. When bold Sabura was struck by Scipio's whizzing spear, both armies took it for an omen and were moved by it. "Ye sacred ghosts," cried Scipio, "your first victim has bit the dust. On, ye soldiers! fight and slay! Rush on even as ye used to rush, when your generals were still living!" Even while he spoke, they began the work. Myconus was killed by Laenas, Cirta by Latinus, Thysdrus by Maro, and Nealces, the incestuous lover of his sister, by Catilina. Kartalo, the ruler of African sands, was met and slain by fierce Nasidius. And the land of the Pyrenees was afraid when she saw Laelius raging in the midst of the enemy with a fury beyond belief. Laelius was the pride and glory of Rome, a man to whom bountiful Nature gave every gift and on whom every god smiled. When he spoke in the market-place and opened his eloquent lips, his words were as sweet as the honey that fell from the mouth of Nestor, the ancient king of Pylos. When the Senate was doubting what to do and desired that an orator

should address them, Laelius swayed all their hearts as if by magic. Yet Laelius too, when the fierce note of the trumpet had struck upon men's ears on the battle-field, rushed into the fray with such ardour that he seemed to have been intended by Nature for war only; no scene in life but he was determined to win honour from it. Now he overthrew Gala, a soldier who owed his life to a trick: his mother had saved him from the sacrificial fire of Carthage, and had put another infant in his place; but no rejoicing lasts that is got by cheating the gods. Next he sent down to the shades Alabis, Murrus, and Draces; the last of these cried out in his extremity with womanish shrieking; but the sword severed his neck in the midst of his entreaties, and the lips still babbled when the head was off.

But Hasdrubal was by no means equally eager to fight. He sought concealment in forest-clad hills and pathless rocks, unmoved by the slaughter of his men and his terrible losses. He fled with his eye upon Italy and the Alps — rich rewards for flight. The word of command went round in secret: the soldiers were to stop fighting and disperse among the woods and hills, and all who got off safely were to make for the highest peak of the Pyrenees. Hasdrubal set the example: putting off his splendid armour and carrying a Spanish shield for disguise, he fled to the mountains and deliberately left his army scattered in disorder. The Roman soldiers carried their victorious standards into the empty camp. Never did a captured city offer more plunder; and this, as Hasdrubal had foreseen, delayed the swords in their work of slaughter. So the beaver, when caught in the stream of a river, bites off the part of his body that brought him into danger, and swims away, while his captors are busy with their prize. When the Carthaginians, trusting to the rocks and forests, had hastily concealed themselves in the woods, Scipio turned round, in search of more serious warfare and a foe whom he was more confident of defeating. They nailed up a shield on a peak of the Pyrenees with this inscription: "This trophy taken from Hasdrubal is offered to Mars by his conqueror, Scipio."

Meanwhile Hasdrubal, free from alarm, had crossed the mountain-range and was arming the tribes in the kingdom of Bebryx. He paid highly for soldiers and spent lavishly on war the wealth he had gained by war. The zeal of that spirited people was quickened by masses of gold and silver which he had got from mines far away and sent on ahead of his march. Thus the new camp was soon filled with a mercenary army — men who rejoice in the waters of the Rhone, and those through whose fields the Arar, most sluggish of rivers, creeps on. By now winter was wearing through and the season became milder. Thence Hasdrubal marched quickly through Gaul, and saw with wonder the conquered Alps and the passage over the heights; he looked for the print of Hercules' foot, and ranked his brother's crossing with the exploit of that divine hero.

But, when he reached the summit and rested in Hannibal's camp, "How can Rome," he cried, "build walls high enough to withstand my brother, when

even these barriers could not keep him out? I pray that his noble achievement may be crowned with success, and that no unfriendly god may resent our approach to the sky." Thence he hastened on his lofty line of march by a pass where the heights sloped down and showed a regular highway; and he flew down it with forced marches. Not even the first invasion caused as much terror and confusion in Italy. Men said that here was a second Hannibal; that the two armies were joining hands, and the two generals, gorged with Italian blood and with victory, were combining their forces and doubling their strength; the enemy would come in headlong haste to Rome, and there they would see still sticking in the gate the javelins which Carthaginian arms had lately hurled.

In fierce anger at these things the Land of Italy spoke thus to herself: "Ye gods, am I so utterly despised by the madness of Carthage — I, who when Saturn feared the sceptre of his son, suffered him to settle within my borders and to reign there? The tenth year is passing since Hannibal began to tread me under foot; that youth, who has only the gods still to defy, hurried an army against me from the ends of the earth; he made light of the Alps and came down in fury upon my fields. How many corpses of the slain have I covered! How often has my face been marred by the bodies of my own children! No olive-tree of mine is covered with a fair crop of berries; the corn in the fields is cut down unripe by the swift sword; the roofs of houses in the country fall down into my lap, and make my realm hideous with their ruins. Must I endure Hasdrubal too who has invaded my devastated land and seeks to consume with fire the little that war has left? Then the African nomad will plough my fields, and the Libyan will commit seed to the furrows of Italy, unless I bury in one grave all those armies that tread so proudly on my wide plains." Thus she reflected; and while black Night shut in the slumbers of gods and men, she hastened to the camp where the scion of Sparta lay. Behind his rampart of turf he was watching Hannibal, who was close at hand and kept his army within the limits of the Lucanian country. Here Italy in visible form accosted the general: "Glory of the Clausi and chief hope of Rome now that Marcellus is lost, awake instantly from slumber! If you desire to prolong the life of your country, you must strike a blow so bold that, even after the foe has been driven from our walls, the conquerors will shudder at the thought of what they have done. The glittering arms of Hasdrubal have covered the plains where the Sena has kept for centuries the name given it by the Gallic tribe. Unless you lead your squadrons to battle with utmost speed, Rome will be destroyed and you will come to her aid too late. Up then at once and march! I have condemned the open fields by the Metaurus to be the grave where the bones of the Carthaginians shall lie." Thus she spoke and departed; and, even as she went, she seemed to draw after her the hesitating general, and to break down the gates of the camp for the horsemen to rush out.

With a heart on fire Claudius sprang up in disorder from his slumber. Then he raised both hands to heaven and prayed devoutly to Earth and Night, to the

Stars that strewed the sky, and the Moon whose silent light was to lead them on their way. Next he chose out warriors fit for the mighty enterprise. His march lay through the country where the men of Larinum live hard by the Upper Sea, where the warlike Marrucini dwell, and the Frentani, ever faithful allies in time of war, and where the men of Praetutia till the vine-clad hills and rejoice in their toil. On he flew, faster than wings and thunderbolts, than winter floods and Parthian shafts. Each man urged himself to speed:—"Haste! haste! Upon your speed depends the safety of your country and the preservation or fall of Rome; so the doubting gods have decreed"; thus they cried as they rushed on. Instead of addressing them, their general was eager to lead the van, and in the struggle to keep up with him they went still faster; night and day they sped on and never tired.

But at Rome men trembled with fear, when they heard that the dangers of defeat were growing apace. They complained that Nero was too sanguine, and that a single disaster might rob them of all remaining life. "We have neither weapons nor gold nor men, nor any blood left to shed. Is he, forsooth, who cannot match Hannibal alone to attack Hasdrubal? Hannibal will come again and beset our gates, when he learns that our army has left its camp and gone far away. The new-comer and his haughty brother will contend for that highest prize — the destruction of Rome." Thus the senators protested in utter distraction; yet they were fain to maintain their dignity, and considered any expedient by which they might escape impending slavery and the wrath of angry gods. While they lamented thus, Nero under cover of night entered the camp occupied by Livius and defended by its ramparts against proud Hasdrubal who lay close beside it. Livius, once a soldier and a skilful commander in the field, had won great glory as a fighter in his youth; but afterwards he was condemned on a false charge by the unjust populace and had buried himself in dudgeon in the solitude of the country. But when a dangerous crisis and the fear of imminent danger demanded his help, he came forward again to serve, when so many generals had fallen, forgoing his resentment for the sake of his country.

But the secret arrival of a fresh army, though hidden from view by the darkness of night, did not escape Hasdrubal. He was struck by the traces of dust upon the shields, and by the emaciation of men and horses which proved the speed of their march; also the repetition of the trumpet-call revealed that two armies were here combined under two generals. But, if his brother were still living, how had he suffered the consuls to unite their forces? The only policy for him was to keep still until the truth was revealed, and to decline immediate battle. He resolved to flee, and his flight was not delayed by any sluggish fear.

Night, the mother of sleep, had eased the hearts of men of their troubles, and darkness deepened the dreadful silence of the hour. Hasdrubal crept out of his camp on tiptoe and ordered his army to slip out without speech or noise. The night was moonless, and they increased their speed over the sleeping

country; they tried to make no sound, but the Earth, trampled by so many moving feet, could not be deceived. She confused their tracks and made them lose their way in the dark; and, favoured by the darkness, she made them go round and round without advancing and retrace their steps. For, where the river runs its winding course with curving banks and flows back over a stony bottom to meet its own channel higher up, there with fruitless effort the men went round and round in short circles, and made no headway; and the darkness ceased to help them when they had lost their way.

Dawn rose and revealed the fugitives. The gates of the Roman camp were opened, an eager swarm of cavalry galloped out, and a storm of steel hid all the plains far and wide. There was no hand-to-hand fighting as yet; but already the missiles shot in advance drank blood. At one point, Cretan arrows, bidden to arrest the flight of the enemy, flew through the air; at another, the fatal force of the javelins brought death to every man whom they struck. Giving up all thought of flight, the enemy were forced to draw up their line in haste, and rested their hopes on battle.

In their midst was Hasdrubal, who saw the difficulty of their situation. High on the back of his tall charger, he stretched out his hands and raised his voice: "By the glory you have gained at the World's End, and by my brother's achievements, I conjure you to show that Hannibal's brother is here. Fortune is fain to teach Rome a lesson by defeat, and to prove the might of an army which conquered Spain and fought many a time by the Pillars of Hercules, and has now turned its attention to the Romans. It is possible that Hannibal may arrive just in time for the battle. Make haste, I implore you, to prepare a scene fit for him to behold, by covering the field with corpses. All the Roman generals who could inspire fear have been overthrown by my brother; their only hope now is Livius, and he, aged by his condemnation and seclusion, is now at your mercy, a doomed victim. Go forward manfully, I entreat you! Lay low the general against whom Hannibal would be ashamed to fight, and put a merciful end to his dishonoured old age."

Nero on his side spoke thus: "Soldiers, why hesitate to end the struggle of this tremendous war? You have gained great glory by your march; now complete your enterprise by valour in the field. You left your camp and robbed it of its strength for no sufficient reason, unless victory justifies the deed. Be first to reap the glory; men will always tell how the enemy was defeated by your arrival."

At another point Livius addressed his men; he had taken off his helmet, and his white hair made him conspicuous. "Look hither, soldiers," he said; "look at me as I rush into battle. Fill with your bodies the passage opened up by my sword, and close once for all with the steel the Alps that offer too easy a passage to Punic invaders. If we fail to overthrow their ranks with a speedy victory, and if Hannibal, the thunderbolt of Carthage, comes up suddenly, what god can save a single one of us from the shades below?" Then he put his helmet on, and made good his threats with his sword, and fought again with

his grey head covered. Where the ranks of the foe stood thickest on the field, he slew a man for every javelin he cast; and before him fled in disorder Macae and warlike Autololes and the long-haired warriors from the Rhone."

Nabis who came from the prophetic sands of Ammon fought there with foul weapons. He had no fear of death, thinking that his god protected him; and he had vowed, in his pride and folly, to fasten upon the temple of his nation trophies taken from Italy. His blue mantle was bright with Garamantian gems which twinkled like the stars scattered through the sky; his helmet blazed with jewels and his shield with gold. There were horns on his helmet, and from it hung down a fillet that displayed the wrath of heaven and the honour due to the gods. His arms were a bow and quiver and javelins steeped in the venom of asps; for he used poison for his weapon of war. Further, sitting back on his horse in the customary position, he supported on his knee a heavy Sarmatian pike and drove it downwards upon the foes in front. Now too he had driven his weapon with a great shout through the shield and body of Sabellus, and was carrying off his victim in triumph and calling in triumph on the name of Ammon. But the aged consul saw it and resented such fierceness and such arrogance in the heart of the barbarian: hurling his javelin, he robbed Nabis of his victim and his life at one blow, and proved victorious over the victor.

Hasdrubal heard with grief the cry with which Nabis fell, and hastened up. Standing behind him, he drove a javelin through Arabus, piercing him to the bone, as he was beginning to strip the dead man of his jewelled garments and his armour stiff with gold. The hapless man had clutched the garments with both hands, tearing them off in haste, and had uncovered the quivering limbs. Now he fell over the body of the foe he had robbed, and gave back to the dead man the gold embroidery of his priestly robes. Then Rutilus was slain by Canthus, the lord of the coast to which the unconquered Philaeni gave a famous name. Rutilus was rich in flocks: a thousand sheep bleated in his upland pens; and he himself, living at ease an unlaborious life, was wont now to temper the excessive heat for his flock by dipping them in the coolness of a river, and now, sitting well pleased upon the sward, to shear their shining snow-white fleeces; or, when the ewes came home from pasture, he would watch how the lambs in the pens recognized their dams. The treacherous metal of his shield was pierced through, and he died, lamenting too late that he had ever left his home and his sheep-folds.

All the more fiercely the Romans assailed the foe and pressed their attack, like a flood or a tempest, like the fire of a flashing thunderbolt, like the sea driven by the North-wind, like the hollow clouds that speed overhead when the East-wind has mingled sea and sky. In the front line under their standards the Gauls were stationed, men of great stature. Their ranks were broken by a sudden and violent attack in wedgelike formation; tired out by their straggling march, breathless after prolonged exertion, and distressed by the heat, they turned and fled with the unsteadiness characteristic of their nation. The

Romans speared their backs; and the arrows flew close behind them and cut off their retreat. Thyrmis was slain by a single wound, Rhodanus by more than one; and, when Morinus was struck by an arrow and in the act of falling, a javelin threw him from the saddle. Livius, with reins cast loose, pressed eagerly on the fugitives, and dashed his steed against the retreating squadrons. Then from behind he severed with his sword the swollen neck of Mosa. The head and the helmet fell heavily upon the ground, while his frightened horse carried off the sitting body into the battle. Then Cato, who himself also was rushing to and fro in the centre of the fight, spoke thus: "Would that Livius had stood in Hannibal's path, when we lost the Alps at the beginning of the war! Alas! how mighty an arm Rome left unused! how many lives have been saved to Carthage by the harsh verdict of a misguided assembly!"

By now the line was giving way; the cowardice of the Gauls had made cowards of all the army. The Fortune of Carthage was collapsing, and Victory had flown over to the side of Rome. Erect on his horse the consul moved triumphant, and seemed to have renewed his youth and added to his stature. But suddenly Hasdrubal came up, and a squadron white with dust followed him. Brandishing his weapons, he cried to his men: "Cease your flight! Who is the enemy before whom we are retreating? For shame! A feeble old man is putting our army to flight. Has my arm, I ask, waxed feeble for the first time in this battle, and are you discontented with me? Belus is the author of my line, and I am akin to Dido, the Tyrian queen; Hamilcar, most famous among warriors, was my sire; my brother is he whom neither mountains nor lakes, neither plains nor rivers, can withstand; mighty Carthage reckons me as second to Hannibal, and in the country of the Baetis the tribes who have felt my arm in battle put me on a level with my brother." While speaking thus he rushed into the centre of the enemy, and, when the bright shield of the consul flashed full in his sight, swung his spear and threw it. His too great haste failed of success: passing through the border of the brazen shield and through the breastplate, it grazed the point of the shoulder; but it drew little blood, and the wound was slight. The triumph which it promised to Hasdrubal's prayer was not granted.

The Romans were dismayed, and their spirits fell at the fearsome sight. But Livius made light of the assault: "Believe that a woman's hand, amid the idle din of horns, has scratched my skin, or that a child has struck me with its open palm. On, on, my men! and show what sort of wounds are dealt by a Roman arm." Immediately a huge cloud of weapons was discharged and veiled the sun with its thick shade. And soon by mutual slaughter the wide-spreading fields were covered with dead men's bodies, and the corpses that fell into the river were heaped up till they made a bridge across it. So, when Dictynna goes a-hunting in the shady uplands, her mother watches with joy and pride, while she beats the coverts of Cynthus or traverses Mount Maenalus; and all her train of Naiads attend her, speeding on with full quivers and rattling bow-cases. Then the wild creatures, stricken among the rocks and even in their

lairs, lie dead in heaps through valleys and streams and caverns green with moss. From a mountain height the daughter of Latona reviews her spoil with pride.

Nero heard sooner than the rest that the elder consul was wounded, and fiercely burst a passage through the midst of the fight. When he saw that the battle was indecisive, he cried: "What still remains for Italy to suffer? If you cannot conquer Hasdrubal, how will you conquer Hannibal?" Then he rushed with wild speed into the centre of the foe and there saw Hasdrubal raging in their van. So a monster of the angry deep tosses long over the sea and finds no food; but, when the suffering creature sights a fish far off in the waves, in fury he marks his prey as it swims near the surface, and swallows down a wide tract of sea and the fishes within it. Nero was swift to strike and swift to speak: "No longer," he cried, "shall you slip out of my grasp. The pathless forests of the Pyrenees will not conceal you here, nor shall you cheat me again with empty promises, as you did once, when you were trapped in Spain and escaped my vengeance by the trick of a sham treaty."

Thus Nero spoke and hurled his javelin; nor did he miss his mark. For the well-aimed point just lodged in the other's side, and he fell. Nero next attacked him fearlessly with his sword drawn, and forced down the trembling limbs with the boss of his shield. "If haply there is any dying message," he said, "which you wish carried to your brother, I will bear it." Hasdrubal answered: "No death affrights me. Take what battle gives you: it is enough for me that the avenger of my death will come quickly. If you wish to report my last words to my brother, this is my message: let him burn the conquered Capitol with fire and mingle my bones and ashes with the ashes of Jupiter." In the fierce anger of death he was fain to say more; but his conqueror's sword smote him and struck off his traitorous head. When their leader had fallen, his troops, having lost all hope of victory, were mowed down.

And now dark night stole away the light and ended the sun's journey. During the night the Roman soldiers refreshed themselves with a frugal meal and brief slumber. Then, before the light returned, they bore their victorious standards back by the same route to the camp which fear kept closed. And Nero, carrying the head of the slain general aloft on a spear-point, spoke thus: "By your brother's head, Hannibal, we have repaid you in full for Cannae and the Trebia and the shore of Lake Trasimene. I defy you now to fight two treacherous wars at once and summon two armies to your side. Such is the reward that remains for any who desire to cross the Alps and fight by your side." Hannibal suppressed his tears, and made the disaster less by bearing it bravely. He vowed under his breath that in due time he would yet sacrifice fit victims to his brother's shade. Meanwhile he concealed his reverse by inaction, removing his camp to a distance, and avoiding the risks of a battle.

BOOK XVI

ARGUMENT

HANNIBAL MOVES ABOUT IN THE BRUTTIAN COUNTRY (1-22). THE CARTHAGINIANS ARE DRIVEN OUT OF SPAIN: MAGO IS DEFEATED AND FLEES TO CARTHAGE (25, 26). HANNO IS TAKEN PRISONER BY SCIPIO (28-77). THE ARMY OF HASDRUBAL, SON OF GISGO, IS DESTROYED (78-114). MASINISSA, A NUMIDIAN PRINCE, JOINS SCIPIO (115-167). SCIPIO AND HASDRUBAL AT THE COURT OF SYPHAX, A NUMIDIAN KING: SYPHAX MAKES A TREATY WITH THE ROMANS; BUT EVIL OMENS FOLLOW (168-274). SCIPIO RETURNS TO SPAIN AND HOLDS GAMES IN HONOUR OF HIS FATHER AND UNCLE (275-591). HE RETURNS TO ROME AND IS ELECTED CONSUL: IN SPITE OF THE OPPOSITION OF FABIUS, HE GETS PERMISSION TO CROSS OVER TO AFRICA (592-700).

MOURNING over the disaster that had befallen his country and himself, Hannibal retired to the land of the Bruttii. Here, behind his ramparts, he nursed plans for renewing the war which for the time he had abandoned. So a bull, when driven from his stall and deprived of his mastery over the herd, hides in the forest and prepares for conflict in a secret distant glade: his fierce bellowing terrifies the woods; he rushes on over steep hills; he knocks down trees and assaults the rocks with the fury of his angry horns; and every herdsman trembles, when from some high cliff he sees him preparing to renew the strife. Hannibal's fiery spirit might have destroyed Rome, if the other requirements of war had been forthcoming; but he was thwarted by the perverse jealousy of his own countrymen. Supplies were refused to him, and he was forced to tame his proud spirit and let it rust in idleness. Yet his valour had gained him respect, and the dread inspired by repeated bloody victories in the past kept him safe from all attacks, like a sacred thing. The name of Hannibal was enough: it took the place of all weapons and camp-equipment and fresh recruits. That great army, of men with no common language and divided by so many differences of barbaric custom, stood firm; and respect for their leader kept them loyal in defeat.

Nor was it only in Italy that the god of war smiled upon the Romans. The Carthaginians were driven at last from the land of gold and departed from Spanish territory; Mago too, deprived of his camp and driven by fear, sailed swiftly across the sea to Libya.

Now once again Fortune, not content with what she had done for him already, was preparing another triumph for Scipio. For Hanno was hastening up at the head of a horde of barbarians with clashing targets, and was hurrying forward, when it was too late, the native Iberians. He had skill and cunning and valour enough, had his opponent been any other than Scipio. But the Roman general dwarfed all these great qualities by his greater force, as the stars are excelled by the moon and the moon by her brother's light; as Atlas is the monarch of mountains and the Nile of rivers; as Father Ocean is superior to all the seas. Hanno was fortifying his camp in haste — for evening had begun to throw an unfriendly darkness over him from the dusky heavens — when Scipio attacked him, and with sudden uproar the palisade they had

begun to erect was knocked down uncompleted. The heavy sods were heaped on the top of the fallen men, and the turf became a soldier's sepulchre.

Scarce one of these men showed courage that deserves to be known by posterity; only one is worthy of record. This was a Cantabrian, Larus by name, who could have inspired fear even unarmed; so gigantic was his frame. After the fashion of his nation he fought with a battle-axe; and, though he saw the ranks around him defeated and overthrown, yet, when all his countrymen were destroyed, he filled single-handed the places of the slain. If his foe stood face to face, Larus rejoiced to glut his rage by smiting him on the forehead; or, if he was forced to meet an enemy on his left hand, he whirled his weapon round and struck a sidelong blow. Or, when a victorious foe attacked him from behind, he was not dismayed but could ply his axe in that direction, a formidable fighter all round. But Scipio, the brother of the invincible general, hurled a spear with mighty force at Larus, which cut off the plume that fluttered on his leathern cap; for the weapon was aimed too high, and the lifted axe diverted it to a distance. Then the Spaniard, made more formidable by his furious anger, sprang up with a loud cry and struck with his barbarous weapon. Both armies trembled, and loud rang the boss of Scipio's shield when the heavy battle-axe came down upon it. But he paid dear for the blow: his right hand as it recovered from the stroke was lopped off by Scipio's sword and clung in death to its favourite weapon. When this bulwark had fallen, the ill-fated army turned at once and fled as one man and were scattered over the land. It was less like a battle than a scene of ruthless execution — slayers on one side and slaughtered on the other. Now see Hanno dragged through the midst of the throng, his hands bound behind his back; though a captive in bonds, he begged for life. Ah, how sweet to see the light of heaven! The Roman general answered thus: "These are the men who claim to rule the world, before whom the Roman gown and the sacred nation of warlike Quirinus must bow! If you are so ready to be slaves, why do you make war afresh?"

Meanwhile a mounted scout brought tidings that Hasdrubal, unaware of the defeat, was coming up in haste to join the other army. Scipio rushed his men to meet him; and when he saw the battle he longed for within his grasp and the foe marching at full speed to death, he looked up to heaven and said: "Ye gods, I ask no more of you to-day. Ye have brought the fugitives forth to battle, and I am content. The rest depends upon your valour, my men: hasten forward, I pray you! My father here, my uncle there, stir your rage. Go ye before me and help me — I follow you, my twin gods of war. Unless my prophetic soul deceives me, ye shall see to-day a slaughter worthy of your fame. Will there ever come an end of fighting on these Spanish plains? Will that day ever dawn on earth, when I shall see Carthage trembling before the clash of my weapons and the near approach of my army?"

He ended; and the hoarse note and loud blare of the trumpets broke out, and the sky thundered with cries of battle. Then the armies met. Many are the

victims claimed by the fury of the sea, when the North-wind and pitiless South-winds overwhelm fleets with their crews beneath the swollen waves; and many by Sirius, when he kindles his deadly fires and burns up the panting earth with his fierce heat; and no less havoc was wrought by the sword in this battle and by the furious strife of men. No upheaval of the earth could cost as many lives; and no fearful rage of wild beasts could ever work such carnage in their savage haunts. Plains and valleys soon were soaked, and weapons lost their edge. Africans and warlike Spaniards fell alike, Yet, where Hasdrubal brandished his spear, one body of men still held its ground and fought on, though their shields were pierced and their resistance was feeble. Nor would that day have ended the struggle, nor that courage have failed, had not an arrow pierced Hasdrubal's corslet, inflicting a slight surface wound. Thus tempted to flight, he galloped away from the battlefield to a hiding-place, and then under cover of night rode on along the coast to the harbour at Tartessus.

Masinissa, a Numidian prince, had been Hasdrubal's right-hand man in the battle; and his name became famous later for his long alliance with Rome and his devotion to her. The darkness of night and the hardships of retreat had made sleep welcome; and he was sleeping, tired out, when suddenly a ruddy tongue of fire was seen to burn bright on the crown of his head; the harmless flame caught his curling locks and spread over his shaggy brow. His servants came round in haste and strove to quench with cold water the flames that were creeping round his temples. But his aged mother recognized a divine omen and said: "Be it so, ye gods! Be propitious and ratify your portent. May the light shine on his head for centuries to come! And you, my son, fear not such a favourable sign from heaven, and let not the sacred flame on your brow alarm you. This fire assures you of an alliance with the Roman people; this fire will bring you a kingdom wider than your fathers ever ruled, and shall add your name to the history of Rome." Thus spoke the prophetess; and the young man's heart was moved by a miracle so unmistakable. Also, his valour had received no recognition from Carthage; and even Hannibal bore himself less proudly day by day in the field.

Dawn was clearing away the dark clouds from the sky and had hardly tinged with red the faces of Atlas's daughters, when Masinissa made his way to the camp of the Romans, still his foes. When he had passed the rampart and was received by the Roman general with friendly looks, the king thus began: "The warning of the gods and the prophecy of my revered mother, together with your great deeds so blest of Heaven, have torn me away from the Carthaginians and brought me hither reluctant to you, the leader of the Roman army. If you saw me many a time resisting your thunderbolts, then, O son of the Thunder-god, I offer you an arm worthy your acceptance. I have not acted thus from foolish fickleness of mind or instability of purpose, nor is my heart set on the rewards of victorious warfare; but treachery I cannot bear and a nation that has ever been false. Your campaign as far as the Pillars of Hercules is completed; let us now together attack the mother of war herself.

With fire and sword you must force back to Libya the man who for twice five years has been the master of Italy and is now planting his ladders against the walls of Rome.”

Thus spoke the king of Numidia. Then Scipio grasped his hand and said: “If our nation seems to you noble in war, she is nobler still in keeping of her word. Banish from your mind those double-tongued allies. We offer you splendid rewards, Masinissa, for noble service; and Scipio will sooner be overcome in battle than in gratitude for benefits received. Further, you bid me carry fire-brands to Libya. Time will clear the way. For I have not failed to ponder such matters, and the thought of Carthage gives me no rest.” Then he gave presents to the prince — a richly embroidered mantle and a steed with purple housings which Scipio himself had taken when he unhorsed Mago, and had approved for its mettle; also a golden bowl from which Hasdrubal was wont to pour libation to the gods, and a crested helmet. When the treaty of alliance with Masinissa was concluded, forthwith Scipio laid his plans for overthrowing at once the towers of Carthage.

In the Massylian country Syphax was the richest prince; nor was he lacking in noble qualities. His sway was owned by countless tribes, and his power extended as far as the Ocean. He was rich in territory and in horses, and in those huge beasts that spread terror on the battle-field; he had also an army of picked soldiers. Nor was there any man richer than he in ivory and solid gold, and none who dyed more fleeces in vats of Gaetulia. Scipio, eager to annex these resources and conscious of the danger if the king were to side with Carthage, ordered ships to put to sea and, in fancy, was already making war in Africa. But when the voyage was over and the ships made the harbour, Hasdrubal, who was sailing in hasty retreat along the neighbouring coast, made his appearance, seeking new allies for his distressed country, and tried to gain the Massylian army for Carthage.

When Syphax heard that the generals of two great nations had come at the same time to his capital — nations which were at war and striving with might and main to decide which of them should rule the world — his heart was lifted up. He ordered that the strangers should be welcomed to his palace; and the respect shown to his power made him swell with pride. Then with cheerful looks he scanned the faces before him, and thus addressed the Roman general before Scipio could speak: “Goodliest of the sons of Rome, I welcome you with unclouded brow and rejoice to look upon you. I recall with pleasure the face of Scipio, your father; you remind me of him. For I remember that, when I visited Gades, the city of Hercules, and the shore of Erythia, attracted by the Ocean and desirous to observe its tides, I was strangely moved when I beheld the great Roman generals, encamped hard by on the river Baetis. Then they gave me presents chosen from the spoil, and weapons also, and bridles for horses, which my realm had never known till then, and bows, not inferior to our javelins; and they gave me veteran soldiers to train my irregular hordes in the Roman manner of warfare. But when I offered in return such things as my

country is rich in — gifts of gold or snow-white ivory — my entreaties were of no avail. Each of the generals accepted one thing only — a sword enclosed in a scabbard of carved ivory. Up then with joy and be glad to come under my roof! Further, since fortune has brought the Punic general hither across the sea, hear with indulgent ear what I shall say. Ye also who rule the city of Tyrian Carthage, I pray you, Hasdrubal, to turn your ears and thoughts to my words. None can help knowing what a storm of furious warfare rages through Italy and threatens Rome with destruction; and how, for twice five years, first the cruel soil of Sicily and then the coasts of Spain have drunk Punic blood. Why should not the horrors of war cease at last? Why should you not agree to lay down your arms? Let each of you, Roman and African, be content to remain within his own country. If you incline to peace, Syphax will not disgrace you as peacemaker and mediator.” But Scipio suffered him to say no more; he explained the temper of his people and the supreme power of the Senate, and bade the king abandon his fruitless design: the Senate alone had power to discuss such matters. This hint was enough; and the remaining part of the day was given up to feasting and wine. Then, when the feast was over, they laid them down to sleep, and were free, for the night, from the galling fetters of state affairs.

And now Dawn came forth from her threshold, bringing a new day for mortal men; and the coursers of the Sun left their stables for the yoke. The Sun himself had not yet mounted his car, but the sea was ruddy with flame that would soon burst forth. Scipio rose from his bed and went with unclouded brow to the king’s palace. After the fashion of his country, Syphax used to keep lion-cubs and tame their ferocity by kindness; and now he was stroking their tawny necks and manes while they played, and handling their dreadful muzzles without fear. When he heard that Scipio had come, he put on his mantle, and his left hand bore the sceptre of his ancient kingdom; his temples were bound with a white fillet, and his sword was duly fastened by his side. Then he summoned Scipio to enter, and the pair — the sceptred king and his guest — took their seats, equally honoured, in an inner chamber.

Then the conqueror of Spain spoke first in these words: “Syphax, august sovereign, when I had conquered the tribes of the Pyrenees, my first and most important business was to hasten to your kingdom; nor was I kept back by the dangers of the sea between us. I ask nought difficult or dishonourable to your realm: unite heart and soul with the Romans, and take a share in their success. The Massylian tribes, your territory that stretches to the Syrtes, your hereditary sway over broad lands — none of these things can bring you more glory than Roman valour faithfully allied to you, and honours paid you by the Roman people. Need I say more? None of the gods, be sure, looks with favour on any man who injures the armies of Rome.”

The king heard him and consented with joyful countenance. He embraced Scipio and said: “Let us confirm this favourable beginning and call upon the gods — Jupiter with the horned head and Jupiter of the Capitol — to be

present at our common supplication.” At once an altar of turf was reared high, and a bull was standing beneath the descending axe, when suddenly the victim burst its bonds and sprang away in flight from the altar, filling all the startled palace with its bellowing, and spreading terror among the dismayed attendants by its constant panting and hoarse roaring. The fillet also, his ancestral ornament, fell of itself from the king’s forehead and left his temples bare. Such were the evil omens sent by the gods to the doomed monarch, and the menacing portents of disaster were present. A time was coming when he who now sued humbly for a treaty of alliance would utterly defeat this king and hurl him from his throne, and then go before him in procession to the temple of the Thunder-god. When these things were done, Scipio, going back to the harbour, launched his ships before a favourable wind and returned to a familiar land.

The natives came flocking eagerly to meet him; and the conquered Pyrenees sent their manifold tribes. All had the same purpose: with one accord they called Scipio king and hailed him as king; for they know no higher tribute to a great man than this. But when with friendly mien he had declined their offers as unfitting for a Roman, and explained on his side the custom of his country and the hatred felt by Rome for the name of king, then he turned to his one remaining object, now that all enemies were disposed of. He summoned the Romans and also the peoples of the Baetis and the Tagus, and then made this speech to the assembled meeting: “Since the favour of heaven has granted us to expel the Libyans from this Worlds End, and they either lie dead on these plains or, banished from the West, tread as exiles the sands of their native country, I purpose now to do honour to the tombs of my kinsmen who fell in your land, and to give to their shades the rest which they demand. Be of one mind with me, and lend a favouring ear. When the sun shall renew his course through the sky for the seventh time, then let all come hither — those who are mighty in the use of arms or skilled in driving a four-horsed chariot, and those who hope to win the prize for speed or delight to hurl a javelin through the air of heaven. Let them all come and compete together for the glory of a victor’s crown. I shall give fitting prizes — glorious spoils from the Carthaginian booty, nor shall any man depart without a gift from me.” Thus he fired the minds of all by his generosity and their ambition to excel.

Now the appointed day came, and the plain was filled with the noise of a crowd past numbering; and Scipio, with tears in his eyes, led the semblance of a funeral procession with due rites of burial. Every Spaniard and every soldier of the Roman army brought gifts to throw upon the blazing pyres. Scipio himself held goblets, filled either with milk or with sacred wine, and sprinkled fragrant flowers over the altars. Then he summoned the ghosts to rise up, and rehearsed with tears the glories of the dead, and did honour to their noble deeds. Thence he went back to the race-course and started the first contest — that which was to test the speed of horses. Even before the starting-gate was

unbarred, the excited crowd surged to and fro with a noise like the sound of the sea, and, with a fury of partisanship, fixed their eyes on the doors behind which the racers were standing.

And now the signal was given, and the bolts flew back with a noise. Scarcely had the first hoof flashed into full view, when a wild storm of shouting rose up to heaven. Bending forward like the drivers, each man gazed at the chariot he favoured, and at the same time shouted to the flying horses. The course was shaken by the enthusiasm of the spectators, and excitement robbed every man of his senses. They lean forward and direct the horses by their shouting. A cloud of yellow dust rose up from the sandy soil, concealing with its darkness the running of the horses and the exertions of the drivers. One man backs with fury the mettled steed, another the charioteer. Some are zealous for horses of their own country, others for the fame of some ancient stud. One man is filled with joyful hope for an animal that is racing for the first time, while another prefers the green old age of a well-tried veteran. At the start, *Lampon*, bred in Gallicia, left the rest behind; he rushed through the air with the flying car, galloping over the course with huge strides and leaving the winds behind him. The crowd roared with applause, thinking that with such a start their favourite had as good as won. But those who looked deeper and had more experience of the race-course, blamed the driver for putting forth all his strength at the beginning: from a distance they uttered vain protests, that he was tiring out his team with his efforts and keeping no reserve of power. "Whither are you careering too eagerly, Cynus?" — Cynus was the charioteer—"Be prudent! Put down your whip and tighten your reins!" But alas, his ears were deaf: on he sped, unsparing of his horses, and forgetting how much ground had still to be covered.

Next came *Panchates*, a chariot-length and no more behind the leader. Bred in Asturia, he was conspicuous for the white forehead and four white feet of his sires. Though high-mettled, he was low of stature and lacked comeliness; but now his fiery spirit lent him wings, and he sped over the plain, impatient of the reins; he seemed to grow in stature and size as he ran. His driver, *Hiberus*, was gay with scarlet of Cinyphian dye.

Third in order, neck and neck with *Pelorus*, ran *Caucasus*, a fractious animal that loved not the caressing hand that patted his neck, but rejoiced to bite and champ the iron in his mouth till blood came with the foam. *Pelorus*, on the other hand, was more tractable and obedient to the rein; never did he swerve aside and drive the car in crooked lines, but kept to the inside and grazed the turning-post with his near wheel. He was conspicuous for the size of his neck and the thick mane that rippled over it. Strange to say, he had no sire: his dam, *Harpe*, had conceived him from the Zephyr of spring and foaled him in the plains of the Vettones. This chariot was driven along the course by the noble *Durius*, while *Caucasus* relied upon ancient *Atlas* as his driver. *Caucasus* came from Aetolian Tyde, the city founded by the wandering hero, *Diomedes*; and legend traced his descent to the Trojan horses which the son of

Tydeus, successful in his bold attempt, stole from Aeneas by the river Simois. Atlas came last, but Durius was last also and moved no faster: one might have thought the pair were running peaceably side by side and keeping level.

And now, when near half the distance was completed, they quickened over the course; and spirited *Panchates*, struggling to catch up the team ahead, seemed to rise higher and at each moment to mount upon the chariot in front, and the hoofs of his prancing forefeet struck and rattled on the car of the Gallician horse. When Hiberus, who came second, saw that the Gallician team of Cynus was tiring, that the chariot was no longer bounding ahead, and that the smoking horses were driven on by severe and repeated flogging, then, as when a sudden storm rushes down from a mountain-top, he leaned forward quickly as far as the necks of his coursers and hung above their crests, and stirred up *Panchates*, who was chafing at being second in the race, and plied his whip, even while he called to the horse: "Steed of Asturia, shall any other get in front and win the prize when you are competing? Rise up and fly and glide over the plain with all your wonted speed, as if on wings! *Lampon* is panting hard; his strength is gone and he grows smaller; he has no breath left to carry to the goal." At these words, *Panchates* rose higher, as if he were just starting in the race; and Cynus, though he strove to block his rival by swerving, or to keep up with him, was soon left behind. The sky and the race-course resounded, smitten by the shouts of the spectators. Victorious *Panchates* raised his triumphant crest still higher as he ran on; and he drew after him his three partners in the yoke.

The two last drivers were Atlas and Durius; and now they swerved aside and resorted to tricks. First, one tried to pass his rival on the left; and then the other came up on the right and strove to get in front; but both failed in their attempted strategy. At last Durius, young and confident, leaning forward and jerking at his reins, placed his chariot athwart his rival's course and struck the other car and upset it. Atlas, no match for the other's youth and strength, protested with justice: "Whither are you careering? or what mad fashion is this of racing? You seek to kill me and my horses together." As he cried out thus, he fell head first from the broken chariot; and the horses too, a sorry sight, fell down and sprawled in disorder on the ground, while the conqueror shook his reins on the open course, and *Pelorus* flew up the middle of the track, leaving Atlas struggling to rise. It did not take him long to catch up the weary team of Cynus: he flew past with speedy car, though Cynus was learning too late the wisdom of controlling his pace. A shout of applause from his supporters drove the chariot on. And now *Pelorus* thrust his head over the back and shoulders of terrified Hiberus, till the charioteer felt the horse's hot breath and foam upon his neck. Durius pressed on along the plain, and increased the pace of his team by the whip. Nor was the effort vain: coming up on the right, he seemed to be, or even was, running neck and neck with his rival. Then, amazed by the prospect of such glory, he cried out: "Now, *Pelorus*, now is the time to show that the West-wind was your sire! Let steeds

that spring from the loins of mere animals learn how far superior is the issue of an immortal parent. When victorious, you shall offer gifts to your sire and rear an altar in his honour." And indeed, had he not, even while he spoke, been beguiled, by too great success and by his fearful joy, into dropping his whip, Durius would perhaps have consecrated to the West-wind the altars he had vowed. But now, as wretched as if the victor's wreath had fallen from his head, he turned his rage against himself, tearing the gold-embroidered garment from his breast, and weeping, and pouring out complaints to heaven. When the lash was gone, the team no longer obeyed the driver: in vain he flogged their backs with the reins for a whip.

Meanwhile *Panchates*, sure now of victory, sped on to the goal, and claimed the first prize with head held high. A light breeze fanned the mane that rippled over his neck and shoulders; then with proud step he raised his nimble limbs, and a great shout greeted his victory. Each competitor received alike a battle-axe of solid silver with carven work; but the other prizes differed from one another and were of unequal value. To the winner was given a flying steed, a desirable present from the Massylian king; the second in merit next received two cups overlaid with gold of the Tagus, taken from the great heap of Carthaginian spoil; the third prize was the shaggy hide of a fierce lion and a Carthaginian helmet with bristling plumes; and lastly Scipio summoned Atlas and gave him a prize also in pity for his age and ill-fortune, though the old man had fallen down when his chariot was wrecked. To him was given a beautiful youth, to attend on him, together with a skin cap of Spanish fashion.

When this was over, Scipio summoned competitors for the gladsome foot-race, and offered prizes to heighten their zeal. "The winner," he said, "shall receive this helmet in which Hasdrubal terrified the armies of Spain; and the second in the race shall carry off this sword which my father took from the dead body of Hyempsa; and lastly a bull shall console the runner who comes in third. The other bold competitors shall each receive a pair of the javelins that the Spanish mines supply, and shall depart content."

Two splendid youths, Tartessus and Hesperus, presented themselves together amid the applause of the spectators. They came from Gades, that famous colony of the Phoenicians. Next to come forward was Baeticus, whose cheeks were sprinkled over with the first down of manhood; Corduba had named the lad thus after her river, and the city backed her favourite's successes at no small cost. Next, Eurytus made all the ring resound with shouting; red was his hair but his body white as snow; Saetabis had given him birth and reared him on her lofty hill, and his parents were present, in a flutter of love and anxiety. After him came Lamus and Sicoris, sons of warlike Ilerda; and lastly Theron, who drank of the river called Lethe, which, as it flows along, grazes its bank with the waters of forgetfulness.

There they stood on tiptoe, bending forwards, with hearts beating high in the passion for renown; and, when the trumpet gave the signal to start, they sprang forward through the air swifter than arrows launched from the string.

The spectators shouted, each zealous for his own favourite; hanging on tiptoe, with hoarse cries they called by name to the runner of their choice. The band of noble youths swept over the plain, leaving no print of their feet on the sand as they passed. All alike were young and fair of face; all were fleet of foot, and all deserved to win.

When half the distance was reached, Eurytus shot to the front, and kept ahead of the rest, not by much, but still ahead. Hard behind him came bold Hesperus, no slower than the other, and planted his foremost foot in the heel-marks of the leader. Eurytus was content to be in front; for Hesperus the hope that he might yet get in front was sufficient. Therefore they increase their activity, and their bodies are driven forward by their spirit; even their exertions add to their youthful comeliness. But see, Theron, who was last of the seven and running with little effort, now felt that he had gathered sufficient strength: rising to his full height, he took all by surprise, putting forth in a sudden burst all the power he had been husbanding, and leaving the winds behind him. It might have been Mercury himself, flying through the sky with his winged sandals fastened to his feet. The onlookers marvelled, as he passed one and then another, till he who had just before been last became the third in the order of the runners and pressed fiercely upon the track of Hesperus. And not only the lad in front of him but Eurytus himself, first favourite for the prize, was dismayed by such a display of swiftness. Fourth in order came Tartessus; but all his efforts were vain, if the three others kept their respective distances; he followed his brother, but Theron came between them. Theron's patience was at an end: with one fiery burst he flew over the course and passed Hesperus, who was filled with rage. One rival yet remained; and the sight of the goal close at hand goaded on their weary limbs; while hope was still possible, each summoned up his remaining strength for one short struggle — Theron exhausted by his effort, and Eurytus by the fear that crept into his heart. They came abreast and rushed on side by side. And perhaps they would have reached the goal together and shared the first prize; but Hesperus, coming behind Theron, in his fierce anger grasped the hair that spread loosely over Theron's snow-white neck, and tugged at it. When his rival was hampered thus, Eurytus passed on in joy and triumph and flew to receive the prize of victory. He carried off the glittering helmet, a splendid gift. The other youths gained the promised reward: a green garland crowned the unshorn locks of each, and each brandished a pair of javelins made of Spanish steel.

When the boys' race was over, men engaged in more serious strife: swords were unsheathed at close quarters, and a mimicry of fierce warfare was waged. The swordsmen thus matched in arms were not men whom guilt and a life of crime had brought to this: valour urged them on and their eager desire of glory. It was a sight befitting the soldier sons of Mars, and an imitation of their accustomed task. Among these a pair of twin brothers met in unnatural warfare for a throne — what crime have kings, wading through slaughter to a throne, left yet uncommitted? — while the vast ring of spectators cursed such

madness. But such was the horrid custom of their nation; and the brothers hazarded their lives in competition for the crown of their dead father. They met with such fury as befits men maddened by the passion for a throne; and, falling dead together, they carried to the shades hearts glutted with abundant bloodshed. The swords, driven home with equal effort by both, pierced the vital parts, and the mortal wounds were followed by last words, till their ghastly spirits fled into the reluctant air, still uttering curses. Even in death their enmity persisted; for, when a common pyre was consuming their bodies together, the flame refused to unite and parted asunder; and their ashes refused to rest together. The other swordsmen received different gifts, according to their valour and skill. Some carried off oxen trained to plough the soil, and others took from among the Moorish captives hunters accustomed to track wild beasts in their lairs. Gifts of silver also were awarded, and splendid garments from the spoil, and war-horses, and plumes rising on glittering helmets — the spoils taken from conquered Libyans.

And now, to end the games, men sought to win glory by casting the javelin. Five competitors strove to hit the mark — Burnus of noble ancestry, who came from the banks where the Tagus runs thick and yellow with golden sands; and Glagus, whose famous arm could outstrip the winds; and Aconteus the hunter, whose lance the deer, at their utmost speed, could never escape; and Indibilis, who long had loved to fight against Rome but was now her ally; and Ilerdes, whose bolt often shot down the birds that flew among the clouds, and who was also brave in battle. Burnus lodged his weapon in the mark and won the first prize — a handmaid who had skill to dye white wool with the purple of Gaetulia. Then Ilerdes, whose spear came close to the mark, gained the second prize; he went off well-pleased with a lad, to whom it was mere child's play to run down and slay every deer of the forest. Aconteus who came third had for his prize a pair of hounds that feared not to drive a wild boar before them with loud barking.

When these awards were approved by shouts of applause, then Scipio's brother and Laelius, clad in glittering purple, gladly pronounced the great names of the dead and summoned their ghosts, and launched their spears as they spoke, rejoicing to honour the sacred ashes and thus to give additional glory to the games. Scipio also, whose face revealed the happiness of his heart, first rewarded his faithful friends with gifts equal to their deserts — his brother received a corslet plated thick with gold, and Laelius a pair of swift Asturian horses for harness — and then rose up and hurled his victorious spear with mighty strength, declaring that this was a tribute to the dead. Marvellous to tell, the flying spear stopped in midcourse and rooted itself in the ground, plain for all to see; then leafage appeared in a moment and tall branches; and an oak-tree at the instant of its birth threw a spreading shade. The prophets, foretelling the future, bade Scipio hope for greater things to come; for the gods, said they, indicated this result and made it manifest by the miracle.

When this prediction was uttered, Scipio, after driving the last Carthaginian from the Western coast and avenging his country and his kinsmen, went back to Italy, and Fame made his march a triumphal procession. And the country had no more ardent desire than to entrust the highest office to the young general, with Libya for his province. But the older men, whose cooler heads were averse to a hazardous war, frowned on rash undertakings, and their cautious fear shrank from serious disasters.

Therefore, when the consul, in the dignity of the great office conferred upon him, opened the debate in the Senate, and asked that the task of destroying Carthage might be his, old Fabius opened his aged lips and lifted up his voice, to speak thus: "I have had so much of life and glory — more than enough of both — that I need not fear lest Scipio should suspect me of opposing his great enterprise from motives of jealousy. The voice of Fame is busy enough with my name, and a life so spent needs no fresh praise. But while I live I cannot without guilt fail my country or stain my conscience by silence. Do you intend, Scipio, to carry a fresh campaign to Libya? Is Italy free from the enemy, and is it not enough for us to defeat Hannibal? What higher prize than that is offered by the Libyan shore? If glory is our motive, here is the field for you to reap. Nearer home, Fortune has pitted against you a foeman worthy of your steel. The soil of Italy would fain, would fain at last drink the blood of that merciless commander. Whither would you carry off your army and your standards? The first thing is to put out the conflagration of Italy. You run away and leave an exhausted foe behind you, and treacherously strip the Seven Hills of their defenders. While you are laying waste the barren sands of the Syrtis, will not that monster assault the walls of Rome which he knows already, and attack the seat of Jupiter when it has neither men nor weapons to defend it? What a price would he not pay, to secure your departure from the city! And shall we, when we are stricken by such a thunderbolt of war, recall you from the shore of Africa, even as Fulvius was lately summoned from the towers of Capua? Conquer at home and cleanse Italy from war — Italy that has been mourning her dead for thrice five years! That done, then take your way to the distant Garamantes, and earn triumphs over Nasamonians. Such enterprises are barred at present by the sore straits of our country. Your famous father, whose activities brought fresh glory to your house, was on his way as consul to the banks of the Hiberus; but, when Hannibal had crossed the Alps and was coming down to devour us, your father recalled his army and was the first to throw himself boldly in Hannibal's path.

Do you, a consul, intend to leave behind a victorious foe and by this device, forsooth! to tear the Carthaginian from our throats? If he remains coolly where he is, refusing to follow you and your army to Africa, you will curse your short-sighted strategy when Rome is taken. But suppose that he does take fright and march his army away, and is willing to follow the sails of your fleet; even then he will surely be the same Hannibal, whose camp you

saw from the walls of Rome.” Thus Fabius spoke, and the older senators expressed loud approval of his speech.

Then Scipio answered him: “In the hour when two noble generals fell together and the whole of Spain was occupied by Carthage and had come under her yoke, neither Fabius nor any one of those who share his opinions came to the rescue then. I faced that war-cloud, young as I was — I admit it — and I alone exposed my life when heaven was falling, and drew all the danger upon myself. Then the old men declared that it was a mistake to trust a mere boy as general; and the same prophet of evil who warns you to-day spoke then of foolhardiness. I praise and thank the gods whose power protects the race of Troy. That ‘boy,’ too young for service in the field and unripe for arms, that Scipio, recovered Spain for Rome and never suffered defeat; he routed the Carthaginians and followed the sun’s course to its setting beside Atlas, and expelled the name of Libya from the western world; nor did he withdraw his army from the land, until he saw the Sun-god unharnessing his reeking coursers by the Ocean upon Roman territory. Kings also he gained over as allies. Now Carthage alone remains, and the conquest of Carthage will crown my career; I know this from Jupiter, the Father of eternal life. But see! the old men tremble at the thought of Hannibal: unless their fear is a mere pretence, that the glory of ending at last our long train of disasters may not fall to me. Without doubt my arm has now proved itself in war, and the strength of my youth has grown. But do not contrive delays; suffer the destiny which heaven has reserved for me to run its free course, that the shame of our former defeats may be wiped out. For wary Fabius it was glory enough to avoid defeat, and the Delayer gained all things for us by inaction. But neither Mago nor Hanno, neither Gisgo’s son nor Hamilcar’s, would have fled before me, if I had remained idle in the protection of my camp and refused battle. If that Carthaginian boy, scarce entered upon manhood, could attack the Roman people, the walls of Rome, and the sacred stream of yellow Tiber — if he could feed on Latium during years of warfare, shall *we* shrink from sending an army across the sea to Africa, to flutter the dovescotes of Carthage? Their wide shores dread no danger; their land is undisturbed, and enriched by peace. Let Carthage, feared so long, at last feel fear in her turn; and let her learn that, though Italy is not yet delivered from Hannibal, we still have weapons to spare. Your cautious policy has suffered him to grow old in Italy; for thrice five years he has gone on shedding our blood in rivers; but I will bring him back in fear and trembling, when it is too late, to see the capital of his country consumed with fire. If Rome sees upon her walls the shameful traces of Hannibal’s handiwork, shall Carthage meanwhile, free from fear and danger, hear the report of our sufferings and make war with open gates? By all means let our insolent foe assault our towers again with Punic battering-rams, if he does not, before that time, hear the temples of his own gods crackling in flames kindled by Romans.”

By this speech the Senate was carried away. They followed the call of

destiny and assented to Scipio's proposals. Praying that the result might be fortunate for Italy, they allowed him to take his army across the sea.

BOOK XVII

ARGUMENT

THE IMAGE OF CYBELE IS BROUGHT FROM PHRYGIA TO ROME AND RECEIVED AT OSTIA BY P. SCIPIO NASICA: THE CHASTITY OF CLAUDIA IS VINDICATED (1-45). SCIPIO CROSSES TO AFRICA (46-58). HE WARNS SYPHAX NOT TO BREAK FAITH WITH ROME: THE CAMP OF SYPHAX IS BURNT, AND HE IS TAKEN PRISONER (59-145). HASDRUBAL RETREATS TO CARTHAGE: HANNIBAL IS RECALLED FROM ITALY (P.46-157). HANNIBAL'S DREAM BEFORE THE ARRIVAL OF THE SUMMONS (158-169). HE LEAVES ITALY IN OBEDIENCE TO THE SUMMONS (170-217). HE DECIDES TO GO BACK TO ITALY BUT IS PREVENTED BY A FEARFUL STORM (218-291). AFTER LANDING IN AFRICA HE ENCOURAGES HIS SOLDIERS (292-837). JUPITER AND JUNO CONVERSE ABOUT THE FATE OF HANNIBAL (338-384). THE BATTLE OF ZAMA (385-4317). SCIPIO RETURNS IN TRIUMPH TO ROME (618-654).

IN ancient times the Sibyl had foretold that, in order to dislodge an invader from Italian soil, the Romans must invite the Mother of the Gods to leave her seat in Phrygia, and must set up her worship within the walls of their city; and the goddess must be received at her landing by that citizen whom the whole body of the Senate chose out as the most virtuous of men then living. That was a title more glorious and higher than any triumph. So Cybele was invited, and now she was nearing land, on board a Roman vessel, when Scipio, given precedence by all the noble senators, made haste to meet the foreign deity. His father was uncle of the Scipio just chosen to conduct the war in Africa; and his lineage was long and illustrious. When he had welcomed the goddess after her long voyage with hands held up in prayer and, standing high, had brought the vessel to the loud-sounding mouth of Tuscan Tiber, the hands of women were next employed, to draw the tall ship up the stream with ropes. The cymbals made a noise all round with their hollow tinklings, and the hoarse note of the drums vied with the cymbals. And her troop of unsexed votaries were there — those who haunt the twin peaks of chaste Mount Dindyma, and who hold revel in the cave of Dicte, and those who know the heights of Ida and its silent sacred groves. Amid their wild cries and the prayers of the rejoicing multitude, the sacred ship refused to answer the pull of the ropes: she stopped suddenly and remained motionless on the river-bed. Then a priest cried aloud from the centre of the ship: “Touch not the ropes with guilty hands! Away, away! far from hence, all ye unchaste, I warn you, and take no share in the sacred task; or the goddess may not be content with a mere warning. But if any woman is strong in her chastity, if any who stands here is conscious of a body unstained, let her, even single-handed, undertake the pious duty.”

Then Claudia spoke out. She derived her name from the ancient stock of the Clausi, but false report among the people had darkened her fame. Turning her eyes and open hands to the vessel, she spoke thus: “O Mother of the gods, divine parent of all whom we worship, whose children cast lots for kingdoms and rule the earth and sea, the stars and the nether world, if I am free from all stain of unchastity, come thou and bear me witness, and prove my innocence by the ease with which the vessel moves.” Then, full of confidence, she

grasped a rope; and suddenly it seemed that the roaring of lions was heard, and Cybele's drums, though no hand beat them, sounded louder in all ears. The ship moved forward as if driven by the wind and outstripped Claudia as she drew it along against the stream. At once all hearts were cheered by stronger hopes that an end of war and an end of disaster was coming at last.

Scipio himself made haste to depart from Sicily and hid the sea far and wide with his advancing ships. He had appeased the god of the sea by the sacrifice of a bull, and its inward parts were cast upon the blue water, to float there. Then, coming from the home of the gods and flying through the clear sky, the birds that bear the bolts of Jupiter came into view, pointing out a path over the sea for the fleet to follow. The sound of their cries was an omen of success. The eagles flew in front through the clear heaven, keeping such a distance that the watcher's eye could still perceive them, and the ships followed till they reached the coast of treacherous Carthage.

Nor did Africa stand idle, on the approach of so fierce a storm. To meet the dreaded army and their famous general, she had acquired the resources of a king and the Massylian warriors; and Syphax was at the same time the one hope of Carthage and the one menace to the Romans. The Numidians, riding bare-backed according to their custom, had filled the plains and broad valleys and sea-shore alike, and their javelins hurtled in thick clouds through the air and concealed the sky. For Syphax, forgetting his pledged word, the alliance to which he had sworn, and the ties of hospitality cemented by meals in common, had broken faith and divine law; an ill-judged passion had changed his mind, and he had bought his bride at the price of his throne. The maiden was beautiful; and her father Hasdrubal was famous. As soon as Syphax received her in the lofty marriage-chamber, as if the flame of the marriage-torch had set him on fire for the first time, he made over his resources to his Punic father-in-law and broke his treaty of friendship with Rome by presenting his forces as a bridal gift to Carthage.

Not the least of Scipio's cares was to warn Syphax; and envoys were sent and uttered threats. They advised him to abide in his own kingdom, to be mindful of the gods and keep his pledge of friendship; his bride and his Carthaginian alliance would help him little when the Roman swords were busy. For, if he refused their advice, the too fond and compliant husband would pay with his life for his subservience to a bride whom he loved with passion.

Thus Scipio warned him and threatened also. But his warning was vain; for the bridegroom's ears were stopped. Therefore the general, angered by the failure of his counsel, had recourse to the sword; he appealed to the solemn oaths of alliance which the king had broken, and then began active warfare, leaving no device untried. As the enemy's tents were wattled with light rushes and reeds from the marshes, like the lonely cabins dear to the Moorish herdsman, Scipio attacked the camp while darkness concealed his stratagem, and in the silence of night scattered fire-brands undetected. Then, when the

fires began to unite and spread the danger quickly, and to rush with a great noise over the rich food provided for them, the flames rose up blazing to the sky and drove clouds of smoke before them with their flying glare. The dread scourge sped like a whirlwind over the whole camp; the fire-god devoured his dry food with loud panting breath; and every tent spouted flame. Many, starting from their sleep, felt the fire before they saw it; and the flames stifled the cries of many for aid. The fire-god spread everywhere victorious, and seized men and arms in his fierce embrace. The plague broke all bounds, and the burnt-out camp flew up in white ash to the topmost clouds. The fire, crackling doom, made a great leap to surround the quarters of Syphax himself, and would have devoured him, had not an attendant, fearing disaster, dragged him, uttering many a curse, from the bed he slept on.

But presently, when the Massylian and Carthaginian generals had united their forces behind a common rampart, and fresh troops summoned from all the kingdom had mitigated the disaster of the night, anger and shame and love for his bride — a third incentive — filled the king's heart with inordinate passion: he breathed out savage threats and ground his teeth, to think that his face had been scorched by the fire in the camp, and that he had with difficulty been rescued from the foe, a naked man in the midst of his discomfited soldiers. No man on earth, he declared, could ever have conquered Syphax in bright daylight or in face of the sun. Such was his mad boasting; but Atropos was already putting an end to his insolence and suffered him to say no more; and the thread of that proud talker was nearly spun.

For, when he rushed forth from the camp, like a swollen river, which carries trees and rocks with it, rolling headlong down a new channel and widening its banks with its foaming flood, so he rode in the van and summoned the ranks to follow him. Against him stood the valiant Roman infantry; and the horsemen, when they saw the king far off, seized their arms and rushed forward. Each man said to himself: "See, see! how the Massylian king rides in front of his army and challenges us to battle! May mine be the arm to win this glory! He has profaned the altars of the gods and broken his word pledged to our stainless general. Let him be content with having escaped once from his camp on fire!" Such were their thoughts, as they hurled their javelins with a will. The first flying spear lodged in the fiery nostrils of the king's charger. With blood dripping from his face, the animal reared up and beat the air with his forefeet; then he fell down, in rage and pain, and, tossing from side to side the part pierced by the spear-point, betrayed his rider into the hands of the enemy. They fell upon him; and, though he strove to draw the weapon from the wound and by it to raise his injured limbs from the ground, flight was impossible, and they seized him. Then chains and fetters were laid upon him — a sorry sight, and a warning never to trust prosperity — and the hands that had wielded the sceptre were tightly bound. So he was led away — a king hurled down from his lofty throne, who had lately seen at his feet whole countries and their rulers, and whose control of the sea had stretched to

the shore of Ocean. When the power of Syphax was overthrown, the Carthaginian ranks were mowed down; and Hasdrubal, no favourite of Mars and famous for repeated flights, fled once more and gave up the struggle.

Now that all her limbs were severed, Carthage depended entirely upon one man for support; and the great name of Hannibal, even in his absence, kept the edifice of her greatness from falling in utter ruin. He alone remained; and her desperate plight forced her to summon him in her need of succour and support. When men saw themselves deprived of heaven's protection, they fled to him for refuge in their fear. Without delay envoys sailed across the salt sea, to recall him and carry a message from his country: he was warned that, should he linger, he might find no city of Carthage standing.

Dawn of the fourth day brought the vessel to the shores of Daunus, when Hannibal's sleep was disturbed by terrible dreams. For while resting at night from his burden of anxiety, he dreamed that Flaminius and Gracchus and Paulus were all attacking him at once with drawn swords and driving him off the soil of Italy; and the whole army of ghosts from Cannae and Lake Trasimene were marching against him and forcing him to the sea. Eager to escape, he was fain to flee by his familiar path across the Alps, and clutched the soil of Italy with both arms; but the pressure of his enemies drove him at last to the sea and gave him to the stormy winds to carry off.

Still troubled by his dream, he was approached by the envoys bearing their message. They explained the desperate danger of their country — how the Massylian army was overthrown; how the king of Libya now bore fetters on his neck and was not permitted to die, but kept alive to grace the triumphal procession to Jupiter's temple; how Carthage was dismayed and shattered by the repeated retreats of the cowardly Hasdrubal, who was now master of the state. With sorrow they told how they had seen two camps burning in the silence of night, and all Africa lit up with evil flames. Scipio (they said) moved with lightning speed, and threatened that, while Hannibal lingered on the Bruttian coast, he would destroy Carthage with fatal fires, and Hannibal would have no country to return to, bringing his mighty deeds with him. When they had spoken thus and revealed their disasters and fears, they wept and kissed his hand as if it were a god's.

The general listened with a fixed and stern countenance. He kept silence and pondered anxiously in his heart, considering whether Carthage was worth so great a sacrifice. And then he spoke thus: "How dreadful the doom that waits on mortal men! how envy ever stunts the growth of great deeds and nips them in the bud! Long ago I might have overthrown Rome and sacked the city and levelled her with the ground; I might have carried her people away into slavery and dictated conditions of peace. But I was refused money and weapons and fresh recruits for my army which victories had worn out; and Hanno thought fit to cheat my soldiers even of bread to eat; and now all Africa is wreathed with fire, and the Roman lance beats on the gates of Carthage. Hannibal is now the glory of his country and her only rock of

refuge; their one remaining hope is in my right arm. I shall march away, as the senate has decreed; I shall save the walls of Carthage and at the same time save Hanno."

When he had thundered out this speech, he launched his tall ships and sailed with many a groan over the sea. None dared to attack his rear as they departed, none dared to recall him. All thought it a gift from Heaven, that he should go of his own accord and at last set Italy free. Men prayed for wind and were content to see the shore with never an enemy upon it. So, when the gale ceases to blow and departs, leaving the sea once more to the mariners, their prayers are modest and ask no favouring breezes: it is enough for them that the storm has ceased, and they find the calm as good as a speedy voyage. While all the Carthaginian soldiers bent their gaze upon the sea, Hannibal kept his eyes steadily fixed on the Italian coast; the silent tears flowed down his cheeks, and again and again he sighed, like an exile driven to a dismal shore, who leaves behind his native land and the home he loves.

But when the winds rose and the ships began to move forward, while the hills grew less and less in the distance, till Italy disappeared and the land of Daunus was no longer visible, Hannibal thought thus as he gnashed his teeth: "Am I mad? Do not I deserve to return thus, as a punishment for ever leaving Italy? Better that Carthage had been burned with fire, and the name of Elissa been blotted out for ever! Was I in my senses then when I failed to carry my fiery weapons from Cannae to the Capitol, and to hurl Jupiter down from his throne? I ought to have scattered fire-brands over the Seven Hills which none then defended; I ought to have consigned that proud nation to the destruction of Troy and the doom of their ancestors. Why should this thought, however, torment me? Who prevents me from attacking in arms even now and marching a second time against the walls of Rome? I shall go. I shall march back over the remains of my former camps and tread a familiar track to the waters of the Anio. Turn the ships' prows back towards Italy and alter our course! I warrant that beleaguered Rome will summon Scipio ere long to return."

While Hannibal raged thus furiously, Neptune looked forth over the deep and saw the ships turning back to shore. Then the sea-god, shaking his blue locks, churned up the sea from the bottom and drove the swollen tide above the coast-line. At once he summoned the winds from the rocky cave of Aeolus, with rains and stormy blasts, and veiled the sky with clouds. Then with his trident he stirred up the inmost recesses of his realm, and smote the sea from East and West, and troubled the whole source of Ocean. High rose the foaming waves, and dashed on every rock till it shook. First, the cloudy South-wind, rising in the land of the Nasamones, caught up the waters of the Syrtis and left it bare; the North-wind followed, bearing aloft on its dark wings part of the sea which it had carried off; and the black East-wind thundered with opposing blast and seized its share of the deep. Now thunder rent the sky, and now the lightning-flashes came thick and fast, and the

inexorable sky rushed down upon the ships. Fire and rain, waves and angry winds, all worked together, and darkness covered the sea with night. But lo! a gust, launched by the South-wind, struck Hannibal's ship astern; it roared against the yard, while the cordage creaked and whistled with a fearful noise; then it carried a wave, mountain-high, from the darkling deep and broke it over Hannibal's head. He shuddered and cried out, as he surveyed the sea and sky: "Fortunate were you, O brother Hasdrubal, and made equal to the gods in your death. You died gloriously, falling in battle by a soldier's hand; and Fate permitted you to bite the soil of Italy as you died. But I was not suffered, either to breathe my last on the field of Cannae, where Paulus and many another hero fell, or, when I carried firebrands against the Capitol, to be struck down to Hades by the bolt of Jupiter."

While he lamented thus, two waves driven by opposite winds smote both sides of his vessel and held it fast beneath the dark heaps of water, as if a water-spout had sunk it. Then, driven up by boiling eddies of black sand, the ship came up again to the surface and hung above the waves, kept on an even keel by the opposite winds. But the fierce South-wind dashed two other vessels against the cliffs and jagged rocks — a pitiful sight to see. As they struck, their beaks crashed; and then the hulls, split by the sharp rocks, cracked as their framework broke up. Now a motley sight was seen: all over the water there floated, together with weapons and helmets and scarlet plumes, the treasure of Capua in her palmy days, the Italian booty set apart for Hannibal's triumph, tripods and tables of the gods, and images which the Romans had vainly worshipped in their affliction. Then Venus, appalled by the sight of the raging deep, spoke thus to the Ruler of the Sea: "Sire, have done with your wrath for the time; your threats are terrible enough to secure greater objects. But now, I pray you, be merciful to the sea; or else cruel Carthage may boast that a son of hers proved invincible in war, and that the Aeneadae, my children, needed the sea and all its waves to put Hannibal to death."

Thus Venus spoke, and the swelling waves sank to rest..... and they pushed their army forward, to meet the foe.

Hannibal, a veteran soldier, knew well how to heighten the ardour of his men by means of praise. In a fiery speech he roused their spirit to madness, and inflamed their hearts with ambition to excel. "*You* it was," he said to one, "who brought me the dripping head of slain Flaminius; I recognize that hand. — And *you* rushed forward first to strike huge Paulus, and drove your point in to the bone. — And *you* bear the glorious spoils taken from brave Marcellus. — And *yours* was the blade which Gracchus wetted with his life-blood, as he fell. — I see too the hand which laid warlike Appius low with a spear launched from the summit of the rampart, when he was attacking the walls of lofty Capua. — And yonder is another arm, like lightning in speed, which inflicted more than one wound on the breast of noble Fulvius. — *You* who slew the consul Crispinus in battle, come hither and stand in the front rank. —

Keep by my side through the fray, *you* who at Cannae, as I remember well, rejoicing in your martial ardour brought me the head of Servilius fixed upon a pike. — Next, O bravest son of Carthage, I see *your* flashing eyes and countenance as formidable as even your sword; just so I saw you by the bloody stream of the famous Trebia, when you clasped a Roman officer in your mighty arms and drowned him in the depths, in spite of his struggling. — *You* next, who were first to dye your sword with the blood of the elder Scipio beside the cold stream of the Ticinus, now complete your task and give me the life-blood of his son. Need I fear to meet the gods themselves in battle, when you stand firm — my men, whom I saw treading peaks that reached to heaven and speeding over the Alpine heights, — when I see before me those who, sword in hand, set fire to the far-stretching plains of Argyripa? — And *you*, who hurled the first missile against the Roman walls, unwilling that even I should outstrip you in the race for glory, shall I find you less active now? — And *you* above all, do *you* need encouragement, who, when I confronted the lightning and thunder, the storm and the wrath of Jupiter himself, bade me ignore the idle rattling of the clouds, and ran in front of me against the height of the Capitol? — Need I appeal to *you*, the men who destroyed Saguntum by your prowess and won renown from the first campaign of the war? I call on you: maintain your former fame in a manner worthy of me and of yourselves. I myself, favoured by the gods, have grown old in a career of conquest; and now, after thrice five years, I go back to my distressed country, and I hope, relying upon you, to see my home, so long unvisited, and my son, and the face of the wife who has ever been loyal to me. Neither Carthage nor Rome can fight another battle. To-day must decide the struggle between us for the mastery of the world.” Thus Hannibal spoke; but, when Scipio opened his lips to address the Roman soldiers, they resented the delay and refused to listen, demanding the signal for battle.

Juno watched these things from a cloud in the distant sky, and the Father of the gods marked her eager gaze and sad countenance. Then he addressed her with friendly speech: “What grief preys upon your heart? Tell your husband what it is. Is it the plight of Hannibal that torments you, and anxiety for your loved city of Carthage? Just consider in your own heart the madness of that people. Will there ever come a time, I ask you, sister, when they will cease to break treaties and wage fresh war against the Teucri whose dominion is ordained by Fate? Carthage herself has not suffered more and endured more than you yourself have done, in your exertions for the defence of that people. You stirred up land and sea; you sent forth that proud young warrior against Italy; the walls of Rome were shaken; and for twice eight years Hannibal has been the foremost of all living men. The time has come to quiet the nations. We have reached the end, and the gate of war must be shut.”

Then Juno made her humble petition: “I did not seat myself upon this overhanging cloud, in order that I might change events whose term is fixed already; nor do I seek to recall the armies and prolong the war. I ask only

what you have power to grant — since my influence has waned and your first passion for me has cooled; I do not interfere with the spinning of the Three Sisters. Let Hannibal retreat before the foe, since such is your pleasure, and let the ashes of Troy reign at Carthage. But one thing I beg of you, I your sister and your spouse, in the name of the twofold tie between us: suffer the noble leader to pass safe through danger, and spare his life; let him not be taken captive, to carry Roman fetters. Also, let the walls of my city, though sorely battered, remain standing when the Carthaginian name has perished, and be preserved to honour me.”

Thus Juno spoke, and Jupiter answered her briefly thus: “I grant to the walls of lofty Carthage the reprieve you seek. Let them stand, in answer to your tears and entreaties. But hear how far your husband is able to grant your requests. The days of Carthage are numbered, and another Scipio shall come, to raze to the ground the towers which for the present are safe. Further, let your prayer for Hannibal be granted: let him be rescued from the fray and continue to breathe the air of heaven. He will seek to throw the world into confusion and to fill the earth with renewed warfare. I know his heart, which can bring forth nothing but war. But I grant him life on one condition: he must never hereafter see the land of Saturn and never again return to Italy. Snatch him away at once from imminent death; or else, if he joins in fierce battle on the broad plains, you may be unable to rescue him from the right hand of the young Roman general.”

While the Almighty Father thus fixed the doom of Carthage and of Hannibal, the armies began the battle, and their shouting challenged the stars. Never did the earth behold mightier nations in conflict or greater generals in command of their country’s armies. High was the prize of victory set before them — even all that the wide canopy of heaven covers. The Punic leader came forth, glittering in purple; and the head he bore so high was made higher by his ruddy crest of nodding plumes. Dread and terror of his mighty name went before him; and his sword that Rome knew so well shone bright. Over against him was Scipio, arrayed in glowing scarlet, and displaying his dreadful shield, on which were engraved the figures of his father and his uncle, breathing fierce battle; and his lofty front sent forth a mighty flame. Though there was present so great a force of combatants and weapons, yet, for all, the hope of victory depended upon the leaders alone. Nay — so strongly were men moved by confidence in their leader or fear of his adversary — most believed that, if Scipio had been a son of Africa, universal empire would have fallen to the sons of Agenor; but, had Hannibal been born in Italy, they doubted not that Rome would have ruled the world.

When the spears were hurled with speed and force, the air was shaken and a fearsome cloud spread over the sky. Next came the sword at close quarters, and face pressed close to face, and eyes blazed with baleful flame. Those who despised the danger and rushed forward to meet the first shower of missiles were all laid low, and the earth grieved as she drank the blood of her sons.

Masinissa, hot by nature and hot with youth, hurled his huge frame against the front rank of Macedonian horsemen, and dashed round the field with flying javelineers. Even so the woad-stained native of Thule drives his chariot armed with scythes round the close-packed ranks in battle. The phalanx of Greeks was drawn up in close order after the fashion of their country, and no foeman could force a way through the thick hedge of their pikes. For Philip, forgetting his pledges and faithless to his treaty, had sent them to the war, to prop up the falling city of Agenor. Worn out by many a wound, their ranks grew thin and, when corpses fell fast, wide passages opened up between the spears. In rushed a body of Romans carrying vast destruction with them, and broke the formation of the perjured Greeks. Archemorus was slain by Rutilus and Teucer by Norbanus — Mantua was the mother of both these youthful conquerors — the hand of warlike Calenus slew Samius, and Selius slew Clytius; Clytius, a native of Pella, was filled with empty pride by the name of his native town, but the fame of Pella could not defend the hapless wretch from the Roman sword.

Fiercer even than these, Laelius for Rome made havoc of the Bruttian ranks, taunting them thus: “Was the land of Italy so hateful to you, that you must needs flee from it over rough seas and furious waves on ships of Carthage? To have fled was surely guilt enough. Do you seek also to drench a foreign soil with Roman blood?” As he spoke thus he hurled his weapon, too quick for Silarus who was about to strike. The flying spear lodged in his throat, and the stroke robbed him of speech and life together. Caudinus was slain by Vergilius, and Laus by fierce Amanus. The fury of the Romans was heightened by the faces of their antagonists, the familiar fashion of their weapons, and their kindred speech. When the son of Hamilcar saw the Bruttians exposing their rear in flight, he came up shouting, “Stand firm and prove no traitors to our nation!” — and his valour rallied the fugitives. Even so, on the parching plains of the Garamantes, an Egyptian snake that has fed on the burning sands lifts its venomous neck on high and hurls liquid poison far through the sky and drenches the clouds. Herius, who bore a noble name from the famous town of Teate where he dwelt among the Marrucinians, was aiming a thrust with his spear, when Hannibal at once rushed before him and prevented him. Herius, eager to meet a foe so famous, made a mighty effort; but Hannibal drove his sword up to the hilt in the Roman’s body. The dying man’s eyes sought his brother, Pleminius; and up Pleminius came. Maddened by his brother’s fate, he brandished his sword in Hannibal’s face, and with loud threats demanded the life of the dead man. Hannibal replied thus: “Agreed, if you indeed are prepared to restore *my* brother to me! Only our bargain must be kept, and you must call back Hasdrubal from the shades. — Shall I ever forget the fierce hatred that I bear to Rome? Or shall I suffer my heart to be softened? Shall I spare a single son of Italy? Then may my brother keep my unloved spirit far from his eternal abode and drive me away from communion with him in Avernus!” Speaking thus he brought down the full

weight of his shield upon Pleminius and felled him, where the earth, slippery with his brother's blood, made his footing insecure; then he attacked him with the sword. As Pleminius fell, he stretched out his hands to embrace the body of Herius; and the pangs of death were lightened because they died together. Then Hannibal plunged into the thickest of the fray; far and fast he rushed on, forcing the foe to turn their backs. So, when thunder and lightning together affright the heavens, and the high dwelling of the Mighty Father is shaken, every race of man on earth is terrified; the fierce light flashes full in their faces, and each man in his panic believes that Jupiter stands in visible form before him and aims the fire at him.

Elsewhere, as if there were no fighting on the field except where Scipio drove the rout before him in furious warfare, the fierce battle displayed strange and diverse forms of death. One man lies prostrate, pierced by the sword; another, whose bones have been shattered by a stone, groans pitifully; some whom fear laid low lie prone in dishonour; others are brave men who offered their front to the slayer. The Roman general presses on over the heaps of dead. Even so, by the cold Hebrus, Mars, rejoicing in slaughter, stands erect in his chariot and drives it forward, melting the Getic snows with hot streams of blood; and the ear, groaning beneath the god's weight, breaks the ice that the North-winds have piled up. And now Scipio in his burning rage sought out and slew with the sword all the bravest and most famous. The soldiers renowned over the world for feats of slaughter were slain over all the field in this battle. The men who ravished Saguntum and began the abominable war by destroying the walls of that ill-fated city; those who polluted with gore the sacred lake of Trasimene and the pools of Phaethon's river; those who were bold enough to march against the throne and dwelling of the King of Heaven, to sack it — all these were slain in hand-to-hand battle and shared the same doom. Slain also were those who boasted that they had desecrated the secret places of the gods and opened up the Alps where no foot of man had trodden till then. The Carthaginians, filled with fear for such guilt, turned in haste and fled, robbed of their senses. Thus, when the scourge of fire has spread over the buildings of a city, and a gale fans the flying flame and scatters it over the house-tops, the people rush out into the streets, appalled with sudden fear; and there is widespread consternation, as if enemies had taken the city.

But Scipio was impatient of delay and weary of pursuing lesser adversaries in different parts of the field. He resolved to turn all his might at last against the cause of war and the originator of all Rome's calamities. While Hannibal alone survived, Rome had gained nothing, even if the walls of Carthage were set on fire and all her soldiers slain; on the other hand, if Hannibal alone fell, all her weapons and all her men would profit the people of Carthage not at all. Therefore he turned his gaze all over the field, seeking and searching for Hannibal; he longed to begin the crowning conflict, and would welcome all Italy to watch the contest. Rising to his full height, he challenged his foe with

taunts and a shout of defiance, and demanded a fresh antagonist.

Juno heard his speech and feared it might reach the ears of the dauntless African general. Therefore she made haste to fashion a shape in the likeness of Scipio, and adorned its high head with a glittering plume; she gave it also Scipio's shield and helmet, and placed on its shoulders the general's scarlet mantle; she gave it Scipio's gait and his attitude in battle, and made the bodiless phantom step out boldly. Next she made a phantom steed, as unsubstantial as his rider, for the phantom warrior to ride at speed over the rough ground to a mock combat. Thus the Scipio whom Juno had fashioned sprang forth before the face of Hannibal and boldly brandished his weapons. The Carthaginian rejoiced to see the Roman general facing him; hoping soon to win a mighty prize, he threw his nimble limbs across his horse's back and quickly hurled his furious spear at the adversary. The phantom turned round and fled fast along the plain and past the fighters. Then indeed Hannibal, sure of victory and of attaining his high ambition, spurred his horse till the blood came, and roughly shook the reins that lay loose on its neck. "Whither do you flee, Scipio? You forget that you are retreating from our realm. For you there is no hiding-place on the soil of Libya." Speaking thus he pursued the flying phantom with drawn sword, until it led him astray to a spot far removed from the strife of battle. Then the delusive phantom vanished suddenly into the clouds. Fire flashed from Hannibal's eyes:—"What god," he cried, "has masked his divinity and matched himself against me? or why does he hide beneath this phantom? Are the gods so jealous of my fame? But, whichever of the gods it is that favours Rome, he shall never snatch my victim from me nor rob me by craft of the real foe." Then in fury he turned his fleet horse's head and was riding back to the field, when suddenly, by the contrivance of Juno, the stalwart steed, smitten by a mysterious fever-fit, fell down and soon breathed forth its life into the air from panting lungs. Hannibal could endure no more: "From you, ye gods," he cried, "from you comes this second deception; but I see through your devices. Oh that I had been drowned at sea, that the rocks had been my tomb, and that the waves of ocean had swallowed me down! Was I saved for a death like this? The men who followed my standard and whom I led on to war are being slaughtered, and I am not with them; I hear their groans and their cries to Hannibal to help them. What river of Tartarus will ever purge away my guilt?" Even as he poured forth this complaint, he looked to the sword in his right hand in his passionate desire for death.

Then Juno took pity upon him. Putting on the likeness of a shepherd, she suddenly emerged from a shady grove, and addressed him thus while he had in mind a dishonourable death: "For what purpose came you here, a man in arms, to our peaceful woodlands? Seek you the stern battle, in which great Hannibal is defeating the remnant of the Romans? If speed is your desire and you seek to get there quickly, I will guide you by a neighbouring path to the midst of the combat." He assented, and loaded the shepherd with promises of

rich reward, saying that the rulers of mighty Carthage would give a great recompense and that he himself would be no less generous. Starting forward, he moved with great bounds over the surrounding plain; but Juno in disguise led him by a circuitous way, and, misdirecting him, earned no gratitude by saving his life against his will.

Meanwhile the Carthaginian army, deserted and affrighted, could see no sign of Hannibal nor of his famous achievements in the field. Some thought he had been slain by the sword; others, that he had abandoned the battle in despair, unable to cope with the ill-will of the gods. On came Scipio and drove them in flight all over the plain; and now even the towers of Carthage trembled. When her armies were routed, all Africa was filled with terror and confusion: flying, not fighting, panic-stricken men rushed with utmost speed to the most distant shores.

Some were scattered in flight as far as the land of Tartessus; some sought the city of Battus, and others the river of Lagus. So, when Vesuvius, at length mastered by some hidden force, vomits forth to heaven the fires it has fed for centuries, and the visitation of the fire-god spreads over sea and land, the Seres in the east — a marvel beyond belief — see their wool-bearing trees grow white with the ash from Italy.

But at last Hannibal was weary; and Juno, the queen of heaven, made him sit down on a hillock hard by, whence he had a clear view of all that awful battle and could trace every detail. As he had once seen the field by Mount Garganus, the marshes of the Trebia, the Etruscan lake, and the river of Phaethon, all covered with corpses, so now — unhappy man — he witnessed the dreadful sight of his army overthrown. Then Juno returned ill-pleased to her home in heaven. And now the enemy came up close to the hill where he sat, and he said in his heart: "Though the earth yawn asunder, though all the framework of heaven break up and fall upon my head, never shalt thou, Jupiter, wipe out the memory of Cannae, but thou shalt step down from thy throne ere the world forgets the name or achievements of Hannibal. Nor do I leave Home without dread of me: I shall survive my country and live on in the hope of warring against Rome. She wins this battle, but that is all; her foes are lying low. Enough, and more than enough for me, if Roman mothers and the people of Italy dread my coming while I live, and never know peace of mind." Then he joined a band of fugitives and hurried away, seeking a sure hiding-place among the high mountains in his rear.

Thus the war ended. At once and willingly the citizens opened their gates to Scipio. He took from them their excessive power and their weapons, and engraved conditions of peace upon tablets; he broke down the power of their overweening wealth, and the huge beasts laid down the towers they carried. And then the citizens saw a cruel sight, when their tall ships were set on fire; the seas blazed up with a sudden conflagration, and Ocean was terrified by the glare.

Scipio had gained glory to last for ages; he was the first general to bear the

name of the country he had conquered; he had no fear for the empire of Rome. And now he sailed back to Rome and entered his native city in a splendid triumphal procession. Before him went Syphax, borne on a litter, with the downcast eyes of a captive, and wearing chains of gold about his neck. Hanno walked there, with noble youths of Carthage; also the chief men of the Macedonians, with black-skinned Moors and Numidians, and the Garamantes whom the god Ammon sees as they scour the desert, and people of the Syrtis that wrecks so many ships. Then Carthage was seen in the procession, stretching out her conquered hands to heaven; and other figures also — Spain now pacified, Gades at the World's End, Calpe the limit of the achievements of Hercules in ancient times, and the Baetis that is wont to bathe the sun's coursers in its sweet waters. There too was Pyrene, the fierce mother of wars, thrusting her forest-clad height to heaven, and the Ebro, no gentle stream when it pours with violence into the sea all the streams it has brought down with it. But no sight attracted the eyes and minds of the people more than the picture of Hannibal in retreat over the plains. Scipio himself, erect in his chariot and splendid in purple and gold, gave to the citizens the spectacle of his martial countenance. So looked Bacchus, when he drove his car, wreathed with vine-leaves and drawn by tigers, down from the incense-breathing land of the Indians; and so looked Hercules, when he had slain the huge Giants and marched along the plains of Phlegra, with his head reaching the stars. Hail to thee, father and undefeated general, not inferior in glory to Quirinus, and not inferior to Camillus in thy services! Rome tells no lie, when she gives thee a divine origin and calls thee the son of the Thunder-god who dwells on the Capitol.

The Latin Text



Roman ruins at Padua, northern Italy — some historians believe Silius was born in the city of Patavium, due to his of the region in the ‘Punica’ and the prevalence of the name Asconius in inscriptions from the region.

CONTENTS OF THE LATIN TEXT



In this section of the eBook, readers can view the original Latin text of the 'Punica'. You may wish to Bookmark this page for future reference.

CONTENTS

[LIBER I](#)
[LIBER II](#)
[LIBER III](#)
[LIBER IV](#)
[LIBER V](#)
[LIBER VI](#)
[LIBER VII](#)
[LIBER VIII](#)
[LIBER IX](#)
[LIBER X](#)
[LIBER XI](#)
[LIBER XII](#)
[LIBER XIII](#)
[LIBER XIV](#)
[LIBER XV](#)
[LIBER XVI](#)
[LIBER XVII](#)

LIBER I

Ordior arma, quibus caelo se gloria tollit
Aeneadum, patiturque ferox Oenotria iura
Carthago. da, Musa, decus memorare laborum
antiquae Hesperiae, quantosque ad bella crearit
et quot Roma uiros, sacri cum perfida pacti 5
gens Cadmea super regno certamina mouit,
quaesitumque diu, qua tandem poneret arce
terrarum Fortuna caput. ter Marte sinistro
iuratumque Ioui foedus conuentaue patrum
Sidonii fregere duces, atque impius ensis 10
ter placitam suasit temerando rumpere pacem.
sed medio finem bello excidiumque uicissim
molitae gentes, propiusque fuere periculo
quis superare datum: reserauit Dardanus arces
ductor Agenoreas, obsessa Palatia uallo 15
Poenorum ac muris defendit Roma salutem.

Tantarum causas irarum odiumque perenni
seruatum studio et mandata nepotibus arma
fas aperire mihi superasque recludere mentes.
iamque adeo magni repetam primordia motus. 20

Pygmalioneis quondam per caerula terris
pollutum fugiens fraterno crimine regnum
fatali Dido Libyes appellitur orae.
tum pretio mercata locos noua moenia ponit,
cingere qua secto permissum litora tauro. 25
hic Iuno ante Argos (sic credidit alta uetustas),
ante Agamemnoniam, gratissima tecta, Mycenen
optauit profugis aeternam condere gentem.
uerum ubi magnanimis Romam caput urbibus alte
exerere ac missas etiam trans aequora classes 30
totum signa uidet uictricia ferre per orbem,
iam propius metuens bellandi corda furore
Phoenicum extimulat. sed enim conamine primae
contuso pugnae fractisque in gurgite coeptis
Sicanio Libycis, iterum instaurata capessens 35
arma remolitur; dux agmina sufficit unus
turbanti terras pontumque mouere paranti.

Iamque deae cunctas sibi belliger induit iras
Hannibal: hunc audet solum componere fatis.
sanguineo tum laeta uiro atque in regna Latini 40
turbine mox saeuo uenientum haud inscia cladum,

‘Intulerit Latio, spreta me, Troius’ inquit
‘exul Dardaniam et bis numina capta penates
sceptraque fundarit uictor Lauinia Teucris,
dum Romana tuae, Ticine, cadauera ripae 45
non capiant, famulusque mihi per Celtica rura
sanguine Pergameo Trebia et stipantibus armis
corporibusque uirum retro fluat, ac sua largo
stagna reformidet Trasimennus turbida tabo,
dum Cannas tumulum Hesperiae campumque cruore 50
Ausonio mersum sublimis Iapyga cernam
teque uadi dubium coeuntibus, Aufide, ripis
per clipeos galeasque uirum caesosque per artus
uix iter Hadriaci rumpentem ad litora ponti.’
haec ait ac iuuenem facta ad Mauortia flammam. 55

Ingenio motus audax fideique sinister
is fuit, exuperans astu, sed deuius aequi.
armato nullus diuum pudor: improba uirtus
et pacis despectus honos, penitusque medullis
sanguinis humani flagrat sitis. his super, aevi 60
flore uirens hauet Aegatis abolere, parentum
dedecus, ac Siculo demergere foedera ponto.
dat mentem Iuno ac laudum spe corda fatigat.
iamque aut nocturno penetrat Capitolia uisu
aut rapidis fertur per summas passibus Alps. 65
saepe etiam famuli turbato ad limina somno
expauere trucem per uasta silentia uocem
ac largo sudore uirum inuenere futuras
miscentem pugnas et inania bella gerentem.

Hanc rabiem in finis Italum Saturniaque arua 70
addiderat iam tum puero ~patrius furor oscus~
Sarrana prisci Barcae de gente uetustos
a Belo numerabat auos. namque orba marito
cum fugeret Dido famulam Tyron, impia diri
Belides iuuenis uitauerat arma tyranni 75
et se participem casus sociarat in omnis.
nobilis hoc ortu et dextra spectatus Hamilcar,
ut fari primamque datum distinguere lingua
Hannibali uocem, sollers nutrire furores,
Romanum seuit puerili in pectore bellum. 80

Urbe fuit media sacrum genetricis Elissae
manibus et patria Tyriis formidine cultum,
quod taxi circum et piceae squalentibus umbris
abdiderant caelique arcebant lumine, templum.
hoc sese, ut perhibent, curis mortalibus olim 85

exuerat regina loco. stant marmore maesto
effigies, Belusque parens omnisque nepotum
a Belo series, stat gloria gentis Agenor
et qui longa dedit terris cognomina Phoenix.
ipsa sedet tandem aeternum coniuncta Sychaeo. 90
ante pedes ensis Phrygius iacet, ordine centum
stant arae caelique deis Ereboque potenti.
hic, crine effuso, atque Hennaee numina diuae
atque Acheronta uocat Stygia cum ueste sacerdos.
immugit tellus rumpitque horrenda per umbras 95
sibila; inaccensi flagrant altaribus ignes.
tum magico uolitant cantu per inania manes
exciti, uultusque in marmore sudat Elissae.
Hannibal haec patrio iussu ad penetralia fertur,
ingressique habitus atque ora explorat Hamilcar. 100
non ille euhantis Massylae palluit iras,
non diros templi ritus aspersaque tabo
limina et audito surgentis carmine flammas.

Olli permulcens genitor caput oscula libat
attollitque animos hortando et talibus implet: 105
‘Gens recidiua Phrygum Cadmeae stirpis alumnos
foederibus non aequa premit. si fata negarint
dedecus id patriae nostra depellere dextra,
haec tua sit laus, nate, uelis. age, concipe bella
latura exitium Laurentibus: horreat ortus 110
iam pubes Tyrrhena tuos, partusque recusent
te surgente, puer, Latiae producere matres.’
his acuit stimulis subicitque haud mollia dictu:
‘Romanos terra atque undis, ubi competet aetas,
ferro ignique sequar Rhoeteaque fata reuoluam. 115
non superi mihi, non Martem cohibentia pacta,
non celsae obstiterint Alpes Tarpeiaque saxa.
hanc mentem iuro nostri per numina Martis,
per manes, regina, tuos.’ tum nigra triformi
hostia mactatur diuae, raptimque recludit 120
spirantis artus poscens responsa sacerdos
ac fugientem animam properatis consulit extis.

Ast ubi quaesitas artis de more uetustae
intrauit mentes superum, sic deinde profatur:
‘Aetolos late consterni milite campos 125
Idaeoque lacus flagrantis sanguine cerno.
quanta procul moles scopulis ad sidera tendit,
cuius in aereo pendent tua uertice castra!
iamque iugis agmen rapitur: trepidantia fumant

moenia, et Hesperio tellus porrecta sub axe 130
Sidoniis lucet flammis. fluit ecce cruentus
Eridanus. iacet ore truci super arma uirosque
tertia qui tulerit sublimis opima Tonanti.
heu quaenam subitis horrescit turbida nimbis
tempestas, ruptoque polo micat igneus aether! 135
magna parant superi: tonat alti regia caeli,
bellantemque Iouem cerno.' uenientia fata
scire ultra uestit Iuno, fibraeque repente
contiguere: latent casus longique labores.

Sic clausum linquens arcano pectore bellum 140
atque hominum finem Gadis Calpenque secutus,
dum fert Herculeis Garamantica signa columnis,
occubuit saeuo Tyrius certamine ductor.

Interea rerum Hasdrubali traduntur habenae,
occidui qui solis opes et uulguis Hiberum 145
Baeticolasque uiros furiis agitabat iniquis.
tristia corda duci, simul immedicabilis ira,
et fructus regni feritas erat; asper amore
sanguinis, et metui demens credebat honorem,
nec nota docilis poena satiare furores. 150
ore excellentem et spectatum fortibus ausis
antiqua de stirpe Tagum, superumque hominumque
immemor, erecto suffixum robore maestis
ostentabat ouans populis sine funere regem.
auriferi Tagus ascito cognomine fontis 155
perque antra et ripas nymphis ululatur Hiberis.
Maeonium non ille uadum, non Lydia mallet
stagna sibi, nec qui riguo perfunditur auro
campum atque inlatis Hermi flauescit harenis.
primus inire manu, postremus ponere Martem. 160
cum rapidum effusus ageret sublimis habenis
quadrupedem, non ense uirum, non eminus hasta
sistere erat: uolitabat ouans aciesque per ambas
iam Tagus auratis agnoscebatur in armis.
quem postquam diro suspensum robore uidit 165
deformem leti famulus, clam corripit ensem
dilectum domino pernixque inrumpit in aulam
atque immite ferit geminato uulnere pectus.
at Poeni, succensa ira turbataque luctu
et saeuis gens laeta, ruunt tormentaue portant. 170
non ignes candensque chalybs, non uerbera passim
ictibus innumeris lacerum scindentia corpus,
carnificaeue manus penitusue infusa medullis

pestis et in medio lucentes uulnere flammae
cessauere; ferum uisu dictuque, per artem 175
saeuitiae extenti, quantum tormenta iubebant
creuerunt artus, atque omni sanguine raptio
ossa liquefactis fumarunt feruida membris.
mens intacta manet: superat ridetque dolores
spectanti similis, fessosque labore ministros 180
increpitat dominique crucem clamore reposcit.

Haec inter spretae miseranda piacula poenae
erepto trepidus ductore exercitus una
Hannibalem uoce atque alacri certamine poscit.
hinc studia accendit patriae uirtutis imago, 185
hinc fama in populos iurati didita belli,
hinc uirides ausis anni feruorque decorus
atque armata dolis mens et uis insita fandi.

Primi ductorem Libyes clamore salutant,
mox et Pyrenes populi et bellator Hiberus. 190
continuoque ferox oritur fiducia menti,
cessisse imperio tantum terraeque marisque.
Aeoliis candens Austris et lampade Phoebi
aestifero Libye torretur subdita Cancro,
aut ingens Asiae latus, aut pars tertia terris. 195
terminus huic roseos amnis Lageus ad ortus
septeno impellens tumefactum gurgite pontum.
at qua diuersas clementior aspicit Arctos,
Herculeo dirimente freto, diducta propinquis
Europes uidet arua iugis. ultra obsidet aequor, 200
nec patitur nomen proferri longius Atlas,
Atlas subducto tracturus uertice caelum.
sidera nubiferum fulcit caput, aetheriasque
erigit aeternum compages ardua ceruix.
canet barba gelu, frontemque immanibus umbris 205
pineae silua premit. uastant caua tempora uenti,
nimboaque ruunt spumantia flumina rictu.
tum geminas laterum cautes maria alta fatigant,
atque ubi fessus equos Titan immersit anhelos,
flammiiferum condunt fumanti gurgite currum. 210
sed qua se campis squalentibus Africa tendit,
serpentum largo coquitur fecunda ueneno,
felix qua pinguis mitis plaga temperat agros,
nec Cerere Hennaea Phario nec uicta colono.
hic passim exultant Nomades, gens inscia freni, 215
quis inter geminas per ludum mobilis aures
quadrupedem flectit non cedens uirga lupatis.

altrix bellorum bellatorumque uirorum
tellus nec fidens nudo sine fraudibus ensi.

Altera complebant Hispanae castra cohortes, 220
auxilia Europae genitoris parta tropaeis.
Martius hinc campos sonipes hinnitibus implet,
hinc iuga cornipedes erecti bellica raptant:
non Eleus eat campo feruentior axis.
prodiga gens animae et properare facillima mortem. 225
namque ubi transcendit florentis uiribus annos,
impatiens aeui spernit nouisse senectam,
et fati modus in dextra est. hic omne metallum:
electri gemino pallent de semine uenae,
atque atros chalybis fetus humus horrida nutrit. 230
sed scelerum causas operit deus. Astur auarus
uisceribus lacerae telluris mergitur imis
et redit infelix effosso concolor auro.
hic certant, Pactole, tibi Duriusque Tagusque,
quique super Grauios lucentis uoluit harenas 235
infernae populis referens obliuia Lethes.
nec Cereri terra indocilis nec inhospita Baccho,
nullaque Palladia sese magis arbore tollit.

Hae postquam Tyrio gentes cessere tyranno,
utque dati rerum freni, tunc arte paterna 240
conciliare uiros, armis consulta senatus
uertere, nunc donis. primus sumpsisse laborem,
primus iter carpsisse pedes partemque subire,
si ualli festinet opus. nec cetera segnis
quaecumque ad laudem stimulant, somnumque negabat 245
naturae noctemque uigil ducebat in armis.
interdum proiectus humi turbaeque Libyssae
insignis sagulo duris certare manipulis;
celsus et in magno praecedens agmine ductor
imperium perferre suum; tum uertice nudo 250
excipere insanos imbris caelique ruinam.
spectarunt Poeni, tremuitque exterritus Astur,
torquentem cum tela Iouem permixtaque nimbis
fulmina et excussos uentorum flatibus ignes
turbato transiret equo, nec puluere fessum 255
agminis ardenti labefecit Sirius astro.
flammiferis tellus radiis cum exusta dehiscit,
candentique globo medius coquit aethera feruor,
femineum putat umentis iacuisse sub umbra
exercetque sitim et spectato fonte recedit. 260
idem correptis sternacem ad proelia frenis

frangere ecum et famam letalis amare lacerti
ignotique amnis tranare sonantia saxa
atque e diuersa socios accersere ripa.
idem expugnati primus stetit aggere muri, 265
et quotiens campo rapidus fera proelia miscet,
qua sparsit ferrum, latus rubet aequore limes.
ergo instat fatis, et rumpere foedera certus,
quo datur, interea Romam comprehendere bello
gaudet et extremis pulsat Capitolia terris. 270

Prima Saguntinas turbarunt classica portas,
bellaque sumpta uiro belli maioris amore.
haud procul Herculei tollunt se litore muri,
clementer crescente iugo, quis nobile nomen
conditus excelso sacrauit colle Zacynthos. 275
hic comes Alcidae remeabat in agmine Thebas
Geryone extincto caeloque ea facta ferebat.
tris animas namque id monstrum, tris corpore dextras
armarat ternaque caput ceruice gerebat.
haud alium uidit tellus, cui ponere finem 280
non posset mors una uiro, duraeque sorores
tertia bis rupto torquerent stamina filo.
hinc spolia ostentabat ouans captiuaque uictor
armata ad fontis medio feruore uocabat,
cum tumidas fauces accensis sole uenenis 285
calcatus rupit letali uulnere serpens
Inachiumque uirum terris prostrauit Hiberis.
mox profugi ducente Noto aduertere coloni,
insula quos genuit Graio circumflua ponto
et, quae auxit quondam Laertia regna, Zacynthos. 290
firmauit tenues ortus mox Daunia pubes
sedis inops, misit largo quam diues alumno
magnanimis regnata uiris, nunc Ardea nomen.
libertas populis pacto seruata decusque
maiorum, et Poenis uiribus imperitare negatum. 295

Admouet abrupto flagrantia foedere ductor
Sidonius castra et latos quatit agmine campos.
ipse caput quassans circumlustrauit anhelos
muros saeuus equo, mensusque pauentia tecta
pandere iamdudum portas et cedere uallo 300
imperat et longe clausis sua foedera, longe
Ausoniam fore, nec ueniae spem Marte subactis:
scita patrum et leges et iura fidemque deosque
in dextra nunc esse sua. uerba ocius acer
intorto sancit iaculo figitque per arma 305

stantem pro muro et minitantem uana Caicum.
concidit exacti medius per uiscera teli,
effusisque simul praerupto ex aggere membris
uictori moriens tepefactam ret<t>ulit hastam.
at multo ducis exemplum clamore secuti 310
inuoluunt atra telorum moenia nube.
clara nec in numero uirtus latet: obuia quisque
ora duci portans ceu solus bella capessit.
hic crebram fundit Baliari uerbere glandem
terque leui ducta circum caput altus habena 315
permissum uentis ascondit in aera telum,
hic ualido librat stridentia saxa lacerto,
huic impulsa leui torquetur lancea nodo.
ante omnis ductor patriis insignis in armis
nunc picea iactat fumantem lampada flamma, 320
nunc sude, nunc iaculo, nunc saxis impiger instat
aut hydro imbutas, bis noxia tela, sagittas
contendit neruo atque insultat fraude pharetrae,
Dacus ut armiferis Geticae telluris in oris
spicula quae patrio gaudens acuisse ueneno 325
fundit apud ripas inopina binominis Histri.

Cura subit, collem turrata cingere fronte
castelloque urbem circumuallare frequenti.
heu priscis numen populis, at nomine solo
in terris iam nota Fides! stat dura iuuentus 330
ereptamque fugam et claudi uidet aggere muros,
sed dignam Ausonia mortem putat esse Sagunto
seruata cecidisse fide. iamque acrius omnis
intendunt uires: adductis stridula neruis
Phocais effundit uastos balista molaris; 335
atque eadem ingentis mutato pondere teli
ferratam excutiens ornum media agmina rumpit.
alternus resonat clangor. certamine tanto
conseruere acies, ueluti circumdata uallo
Roma foret, clamantque super: 'Tot milia, gentes 340
inter tela satae, iam capto stamus in hoste?
nonne pudet coepti, pudet ominis? en bona uirtus
primitiaeque ducis! taline implere paramus
Italiam fama, talis praemittere pugnas?'

Accensae exultant mentes, haustusque medullis 345
Hannibal exagitat, stimulantque sequentia bella.
inuadunt manibus uallum caesasque relincunt
deiecti muris dextras. subit arduus agger
imponitque globos pignantum desuper urbi.

armauit clausos ac portis arcuit hostem 350
librari multa consueta phalarica dextra,
horrendum uisu robur celsisque niuosae
Pyrenes trabs lecta iugis, cui plurima cuspis,
uix muris toleranda lues, sed cetera pingui
uncta pice atque atro circumlita sulphure fumant. 355
fulminis haec ritu summis e moenibus arcis
incita, sulcatum tremula secat aera flamma,
qualis sanguineo praestringit lumina crine
ad terram caelo decurrens ignea lampas.
haec ictu rapido pugnantum saepe per auras, 360
attonito ductore, tulit fumantia membra;
haec uastae lateri turris cum turbine fixa,
dum penitus pluteis Vulcanum exercet adesis,
arma uirosque simul pressit flagrante ruina.
tandem condensis artae testudinis armis 365
subducti Poeni uallo caecaque latebra
pandunt prolapsam suffossis moenibus urbem.
terribilem in sonitum procumbens aggere uicto
Herculeus labor atque immania saxa resoluens
mugitum ingentem caeli dedit. Alpibus altis 370
ariae rupes scopulorum mole reuulsa
haud aliter scindunt resonanti fragmine montem.
surgebat cumulis etiam tum prorutus agger,
obstabatque iacens uallum, ni protinus instent
hinc atque hinc acies media pugnare ruina. 375

Emicat ante omnis primaueo flore iuuentae
insignis Rutulo Murrus de sanguine (at idem
matre Saguntina Graius geminoque parente
Dulichios Italis miscebat prole nepotes).
hic magno socios Aradum clamore uocantem, 380
qua corpus loricam inter galeamque patescit,
conantis motus speculatus, cuspidе sistit,
prostratumque premens telo, uoce insuper urget:
‘Fallax Poene, iaces; certe Capitolia primus
scandebas uictor. quae tanta licentia uoti? 385
nunc Stygio fer bella Ioui!’ tum feruidus hastam
aduersi torquens defigit in inguine ~Hiberi,
oraeque dum calcat iam singultantia leto,
‘Hac iter est’ inquit ‘uobis ad moenia Romae,
o metuenda manus. sic, quo properatis, eundum.’ 390
mox instaurantis pugnam circumsilit arma
et raptо nudum clipeo latus haurit Hiberi.
diues agri, diues pecoris famaеque negatus

bella feris arcu iaculoque agitabat Hiberus,
felix heu nemorum et uitae laudandus opacae, 395
si sua per patrios tenuisset spicula saltus.
hunc miseratus adest infesto uulnere Ladmus.
cui saeuum adridens 'Narrabis Hamilcaris umbris
hanc' inquit 'dextram, quae iam post funera uulgi
Hannibalem uobis comitem dabit,' et ferit alte 400
insurgens gladio cristatae cassidis aera
perque ipsum tegimen crepitantia dissipat ossa.
tum frontem Chreme<te>s intonsam umbrante capillo
saeptus et horrentis effingens crine galeros,
tum Masulis crudaque uirens ad bella senecta 405
Kartalo, non pauidus fetas mulcere leaenas,
fluminaeque urna caelatus Bagrada parmam
et uastae Nasamon Syrtis populator Hiempsal,
audax in fluctu laceras captare carinas,
una omnes dextraque cadunt iraque perempti; 410
nec non serpentem diro exarmare ueneno
doctus Athyr tactuque grauis sopire chelydros
ac dubiam admoto subolem explorare ceraste.
tu quoque fatidicis Garamanticus accola lucis
insignis flexo galeam per tempora cornu, 415
heu frustra reditum sortes tibi saepe locutas
mentitumque Iouem increpitans, occumbis, Hiarba.
et iam corporibus cumulatus creuerat agger,
perfusaeque atra fumabant caede ruinae.
tum ductorem auido clamore in proelia poscit: 420
fulmineus ceu Spartanis latratibus actus,
cum siluam occursu uenantum perdidit, hirtio
horrescit saetis dorso et postrema capessit
proelia, canentem mandens aper ore cruorem,
~iamque gemet geminum contra uenabula dentem. 425

At parte ex alia, qua se insperata iuuentus
extulerat portis, ceu spicula nulla manusque
uim ferre exitiumue queant, permixtus utrisque
Hannibal agminibus passim furit et quatit ensem,
cantato nuper senior quem fecerat igni 430
litore ab Hesperidum Temisus, qui carmine pollens
fidebat magica ferrum crudescere lingua:
quantus Bistoniis late Gradiuus in oris
belligero rapitur curru telumque coruscans,
Titanum quo pulsa cohors, flagrantia bella 435
cornipedum adflatu domat et stridoribus axis.
iamque Hostum Rutulumque Pholum ingentemque Metiscum,

iam Lygdam Duriumque simul flauumque Galaesum
et geminos, Chromin atque Gyan, demiserat umbris,
Daunum etiam, grata quo non spectatior alter 440
uoce mouere fora atque orando fingere mentes
nec legum custos sollertior, aspera telis
dicta admiscentem: 'Quaenam te, Poene, paternae
huc adigunt Furiae? non haec Sidonia tecta
feminea fabricata manu pretioe parata, 445
exulibusue datum dimensis litus harenis.
fundamenta deum Romanaque foedera cernis.'
ast illum toto iactantem talia campo
ingenti raptum nisu medioque uirorum
auulsum inter tela globo et post terga reuinctum 450
Hannibal ad poenam lentae mandauerat irae,
incredulansque suos inferri signa iuebat,
perque ipsos caedis cumulos stragemque iacentum
monstrabat furibundus iter cunctosque ciebat
nomine et in praedas stantem dabat improbus urbem. 455

Sed postquam a trepidis allatum feruere partem
diuersam Marte infausto, Murroque secundos
hunc superos tribuisse diem, ruit ocius amens
lymphato cursu atque ingentis deserit actus.
letiferum nutant fulgentes uertice cristae, 460
crine ut flammifero terret fera regna cometes
sanguineum spargens ignem: uomit atra rubentis
fax caelo radios, ac saeua luce coruscum
scintillat sidus terrisque extrema minatur.
praecipiti dant tela uiam, dant signa uirique, 465
atque ambae trepidant acies. iacit igneus hastae
dirum lumen apex, ac late fulgurat umbo.
talis ubi Aegaeo surgente ad sidera ponto
per longum uasto Cori cum murmure fluctus
suspensum in terras portat mare, frigida nautis 470
corda tremunt: sonat ille procul flatuque tumescens
curuatis pavidas tramittit Cycladas undis.
non cuncta e muris unum incessentia tela
fumantesque ante ora faces, non saxa per artem
tormentis excussa tenent. ut tegmina primum 475
fulgentis galeae conspexit et arma cruento
<c>ontra solem auro rutilantia, turbidus infit:
'En, qui res Libycas inceptaque tanta retardet,
Romani Murrus belli mora. foedera, faxo,
iam noscas, quid uana queant et uester Hiberus. 480
fer tecum castamque fidem seruataque iura:

deceptos mihi linque deos.’ cui talia Murrus:
‘Exoptatus ades. mens olim proelia poscit
speque tui flagrat capitis: fer debita fraudum
praemia et Italiam tellure inquire sub ima. 485
longum in Dardanios finis iter atque niuaem
Pyrenen Alpesque tibi mea dextera donat.’

Haec inter cernens subeuntem comminus hostem
praeruptumque loci fidum sibi, corripit ingens
aggere conuulso saxum et nitentis in ora 490
deuoluit, pronoque silex ruit incitus ictu.
subsedit duro concussus fragmine muri.
tum pudor accendit mentem, nec conscia fallit
uirtus pressa loco; frendens luctatur et aegro
scandit in aduersum per saxa uetantia nisu. 495
sed postquam propior uicino lumine fulsit
et tota se mole tulit, uelut incita clausum
agmina Poenorum cingant, et cuncta pauentem
castra premant, lato Murrus caligat in hoste.
mille simul dextrae densusque micare uidetur 500
ensis et innumerae nutare in casside cristae.
conclamant utrimque acies, ceu tota Saguntos
igne micet. trahit instanti languentia leto
membra pauens Murrus supremaque uota capessit:
‘Conditor Alcide, cuius uestigia sacra 505
incolimus, terrae minitantem auerte procellam,
si tua non segni defenso moenia dextra.’

Dumque orat caeloque attollit lumina supplex,
‘Cerne’, ait ‘an nostris longe Tirynthius ausis
iustius adfuerit. ni displicet aemula uirtus, 510
haud me dissilem, Alcide, primoribus annis
agnosces, inuicte, tuis. fer numen amicum
et, Troiae quondam primis memorate ruinis,
dexter ades Phrygiae delenti stirpis alumnos.’
sic Poenus pressumque ira simul exigit ensem 515
qua capuli statuere morae, teloque relato
horrida labentis perfunditur arma cruore.
ilicet ingenti casu turbata iuuentus
procurrit: nota arma uiri corpusque superbo
uictori spoliare negant. coit aucta uicissim 520
hortando manus, et glomerata mole feruntur.
hinc saxis galea, hinc clipeus sonat aereus hastis.
incessunt sudibus librataque pondera plumbi
certatim iaciunt. decisae uertice cristae,
direptumque decus nutantum in caede iubarum. 525

iamque agitur largus per membra fluentia sudor,
et stant loricae squamis horrentia tela.
nec requies tegimenue datur mutare sub ictu.
genua labant, fessique umeri gestamina laxant.
tum creber penitusque trahens suspiria sicco 530
fumat ab ore uapor, nisuque elisus anhelo
auditur gemitus fractumque in casside murmur.
mente aduersa domat gaudetque nitescere duris
uirtutem et decoris pretio discrimina pensat.

Hic subitus scisso densa inter nubila caelo 535
erupit quatiens terram fragor, et super ipsas
bis pater intonuit geminato fulmine pugnans.
inde inter nubes uentorum turbine caeco
ultrix iniusti uibrauit lancea belli
ac femine aduerso librata cuspide sedit. 540
Tarpeiae rupes superisque habitabile saxum
et uos, uirginea lucentes semper in ara
Laomedontaeae, Troiana altaria, flammae,
heu quantum uobis fallacis imagine teli
promisere dei! propius si pressa furenti 545
hasta foret, clausae starent mortalibus Alpes,
nec, Trasimenne, tuis nunc Allia cederet undis.

Sed Iuno, aspectans Pyrenes uertice celsae
naua rudimenta et primos in Marte calores,
ut uidet impressum coniecta cuspide uulnus, 550
aduolat obscura circumdata nube per auras
et ualidam duris euellit ab ossibus hastam.
ille tegit clipeo fusum per membra cruorem,
tardaque paulatim et dubio uestigia nisu
alternata trahens, auersus ab aggere cedit. 555

Nox tandem optatis terras pontumque tenebris
condidit et pugnans erepta luce diremit.
at durae inuigilant mentes molemque reponunt,
noctis opus. clausos acuunt extrema periculi
et fractis rebus uiolentior ultima uirtus. 560
hinc puer inualidique senes, hinc femina ferre
certat opem in dubiis miserando naua labori,
saxaque mananti subuectat uulnere miles.
iam patribus clarisque senum sua munia curae:
concurrunt lectosque uiros hortantur et orant 565
defessis subeant rebus reuocentque salutem
et Latia extremis implorent casibus arma.
'Ite citi, remis uelisque impellite puppim.
saucia dum castris clausa est fera, tempore Martis

utendum est rupto et grassandum ad clara periclis. 570
ite citi, deflete fidem murosque ruentis
antiquaque domo meliora accersite fata.
mandati summa est: dum stat, remeate, Saguntos.’
ast illi celerant, qua proxima litora, gressum
et fugiunt tumido per spumea caerula uelo. 575

Pellebat somnos Tithoni roscida coniunx,
ac rutilus primis sonipes hinnitibus altos
adflarat montis roseasque mouebat habenas.
iam celsa e muris extracta mole iuuentus
clausam nocturnis ostentat turribus urbem. 580
rerum omnes pendent actus, et milite maesto
laxata obsidio, ac pugnandi substitit ardor,
inque ducem uersae tanto discrimine curae.

Interea Rutulis longinqua per aequora uectis
Herculei ponto coepere existere colles 585
et nebulosa iugis attollere saxa Monoeci.
Thracius hos Boreas scopulos immitia regna
solus habet semperque rigens nunc litora pulsat,
nunc ipsas alis plangit stridentibus Alpes,
atque ubi se terris glaciali fundit ab Arcto, 590
haud ulli contra fiducia surgere uento.
uerticibus torquet rapidis mare, fractaque anhelant
aequora, et iniecto conduntur gurgite montes,
iamque uolans Rhenum Rhodanumque in nubila tollit.
hunc postquam Boreae dirum euasere furorem, 595
alternos maesti casus bellicae marisque
et dubium rerum euentum sermone uolutant.
‘O patria, o Fidei domus inclita, quo tua nunc sunt
fata loco? sacraene manent in collibus arces?
an cinis (heu superi) tanto de nomine restat? 600
ferre leues auras flatuque ciete secundos,
si nondum insultat templorum Poenicus ignis
culminibus, Latiaeque ualent succurrere classes.’

Talibus inlacrimant noctemque diemque querelis,
donec Laurentis puppis defertur ad oras, 605
qua pater acceptis Anienis ditior undis
in pontum flauo descendit gurgite Thybris.
hinc consanguineae subeunt iam moenia Romae.

Concilium uocat augustum castaque beatos
paupertate patres ac nomina parta triumphis 610
consul et aequantem superos uirtute senatum.
facta animosa uiros et recti sacra cupido
attollunt, hirtaeque togae neglectaque mensa

dexteraque a curuis capulo non segnis aratris.
exiguo faciles et opum non indiga corda, 615
ad paruos curru remeabant saepe penates.

In foribus sacris primoque in limine templi
captiui currus, belli decus, armaque rapta
pugnantum ducibus saeuaeque in Marte secures,
perfossi clipei et seruantia tela cruorem 620
claustraque portarum pendent: hic Punica bella,
Aegatis cernas fusaque per aequora classe
exactam ponto Libyen testantia rostra.
hic galeae Senonum pensatique improbus auri
arbiter ensis inest, Gallisque ex arce fugatis 625
arma reuertentis pompa gestata Camilli,
hic spolia Aeacidiae, hic Epirotica signa
et Ligurum horrentes coni parmaeque relatae
Hispana de gente rudes Alpinaque gaesa.

Sed postquam clades patefecit et horrida bella 630
orantum squalor, praesens astare Sagunti
ante oculos uisa est extrema precantis imago.
tum senior maesto Sicoris sic incipit ore:
'Sacrata gens clara fide, quam rite fatentur
Marte satam populi ferro parere subacti, 635
ne crede emensum leuia ob discrimina pontum.
uidimus obsessam patriam murosque trementis,
et, quem insana freta aut coetus genuere ferarum,
uidimus Hannibalem. procul his a moenibus, oro,
arcete, o superi, nostroque in Marte tenete 640
fatiferae iuuenem dextrae! qua mole sonantis
exigit ille trabes! et quantus crescit in armis!
trans iuga Pyrenes, medium indignatus Hiberum,
exciuit Calpen et mersos Syrtis harenis
molitur populos maioraque moenia quaerit. 645
omnis Hiber, omnis rapidis fera Gallia turmis, 656
omnis ab aestifero sitiens Libys imminet axe.
spumeus hic medio qui surgit ab aequore fluctus, 646
si prohibere piget, uestras effringet in urbes.
an tanti pretium motus ruptique per enses
foederis hoc iuueni iurata in bella ruenti
creditis, ut statuatur superatae iura Sagunto? 650
ocius ite, uiri, et nascentem extinguite flammam,
ne serae redeant post aucta pericula curae.
quamquam o, si nullus terror, non obruta iam nunc
semina fumarent belli, uestraene Sagunto
spernendum consanguineam protendere dextram? 655

per uos culta diu Rutulae primordia gentis 658
Laurentemque larem et genetricis pignora Troiae,
conseruate pios, qui permutare coacti
Acrisioneis Tiryntia culmina muris.
uos etiam Zanclem Siculi contra arma tyranni
iuuisse egregium, uos et Campana tueri
moenia, depulso Samnitum robore, dignum
Sigeis duxistis auis. uetus incola Dauni, 665
testor uos, fontes et stagna arcana Numici,
cum felix nimium dimitteret Ardea pubem,
sacra domumque ferens et aui penetralia Turni
ultra Pyrenen Laurentia nomina duxi.

cur ut decisa atque auulsa a corpore membra 670
despiciat, nosterque luat cur foedera sanguis?’

Tandem, ut finitae uoces, (miserabile uisu)
summissi palmas, lacerato tegmine uestis,
adfigunt proni squalentia corpora terrae.
inde agitant consulta patres curasque fatigant. 675
Lentulus, ut cernens accensae tecta Sagunti,
poscendum poenae iuuenem celerique negantis
exuri bello Carthaginis arua iubebat.

at Fabius, cauta speculator mente futuri
nec laetus dubiis parcusque lacessere Martem 680
et melior clauso bellum producere ferro,
prima super tantis rebus pensanda, ducisne
ceperit arma furor, patres an signa moueri
censuerint, mittique uiros, qui exacta reportent.
prouidus haec ritu uatis fundebat ab alto 685
pectore praemeditans Fabius surgentia bella,
ut saepe e celsa grandaeuus puppe magister,
prospiciens signis uenturum in carbasa Corum,
summo iam dudum substringit lintea malo.
sed lacrimae atque ira mixtus dolor impulit omnis 690
praecipitare latens fatum, lectique senatu,
qui ductorem adeant; si perstet surdus in armis
pactorum, uertant inde ad Carthaginis arces
nec diuum oblitis indicare bella morentur.

LIBER II

Caeruleis prouecta uadis iam Dardana puppis
tristia magnanimi portabat iussa senatus
primoresque patrum. Fabius, Tirynthia proles,
ter centum memorabat auos, quos turbine Martis
abstulit una dies, cum Fors non aequa labori 5
patricio Cremerae maculauit sanguine ripas.
huic comes aequato sociauit munere curas
Publicola, ingentis Volesi Spartana propago.
is cultam referens insigni nomine plebem
Ausonios atauo ducebat consule fastus. 10

Hos ut depositis portum contingere uelis
allatum Hannibali consultaque ferre senatus
iam medio seram bello poscentia pacem
ductorisque simul conceptas foedere poenas,
ocius armatas passim per litora turmas 15
ostentare iubet minitancia signa recensque
perfusus clipeos et tela rubentia caede.
haud dictis nunc esse locum; strepere omnia clamat
Tyrrhenae clangore tubae gemituque cadentum.
dum detur, relegant pontum neu se addere clausis 20
festinent: notum quid caede calentibus armis,
quantum irae liceat, motusue quid audeat ensis.
sic ducis adfatu per inhospita litora pulsi
conuerso Tyrios petierunt remige patres.

Hic alto Poenus fundentem uela carinam 25
incessens dextra 'Nostrum, pro Iuppiter!' inquit
'nostrum ferre caput parat illa per aequora puppis.
heu caecae mentes tumefactaque corda secundis!
armatum Hannibalem poenae petit impia tellus!
ne deposce, adero; dabitur tibi copia nostri 30
ante expectatum, portisque focusque timebis
quae nunc externos defendis, Roma, penatis.
Tarpeios iterum scopulos praeruptaque saxa
scandatis licet et celsam migretis in arcem:
nullo iam capti uitam pensabitis auro.' 35

Incensi dictis animi, et furor additus armis.
conditur extemplo telorum nubibus aether,
et densa resonant saxorum grandine turre.
ardor agit, prouecta queat dum cernere muros,
inque oculis profugae Martem exercere carinae. 40
ipse autem incensas promissa piacula turmas

flagitat insignis nudato uulnere ductor
ac repetens questus furibundo personat ore:
‘Poscimus, o socii, Fabiusque e puppe catenas
ostentat, dominique uocat nos ira senatus. 45
si taedet coepti culpandaue mouimus arma,
Ausoniam ponto propere reuocate carinam:
nil moror: en, uincta lacerandum tradite dextra.
nam cur, Eoi deductus origine Beli,
tot Libyae populis, tot circumfusus Hiberis, 50
seruitium perferre negem? Rhoeteius immo
aeternum imperitet populis saeculisque propaget
regna ferox; nos iussa uirum nutusque tremamus.’
effundunt gemitus atque omina tristia uertunt
in stirpem Aeneadum ac stimulant clamoribus iras. 55

Discinctos inter Libyas populosque bilinguis
Marmaricis audax in bella Oenotria signis
uenerat Asbyte, proles Garamantis Hiarbae.
Hammone hic genitus, Phorcynidos antra Medusae
Cinyphiumque Macen et iniquo e sole calentis 60
Battidas late imperio sceptrisque regebat.
cui patrius Nasamon aeternumque arida Barce,
cui nemora Autololum atque infidae litora Syrtis
parebant nullaue leuis Gaetulus habena.
atque is fundarat thalamos Tritonide nympa, 65
unde genus proauumque Iouem regina ferebat
et sua fatidico repetebat nomina luco.
haec ignara uiri uacuoque adsueta cubili
uenatu et siluis primos defenderat annos;
non calathis mollita manus operataue fuso 70
Dictynnam et saltus et anhelum impellere planta
cornipedem ac strauisse feras immitis amabat.
quales Threiciae Rhodopen Pangaeaeque lustrant
saxosis nemora alta iugis cursuque fatigant
Hebrum innupta manus: spreti Ciconesque Getaeque 75
et Rhesi domus et lunatis Bistones armis.

Ergo habitu insignis patrio, religata fluentem
Hesperidum nodo crinem dextrumque feroci
nuda latus Marti ac fulgentem tegmine laeuam
Thermodontiaca munita in proelia pelta, 80
fumantem rapidis quatiebat cursibus axem.
pars comitum biiugo curru, pars cetera dorso
fertur equi; nec non Veneris iam foedera passae
reginam cingunt, sed uirgine densior ala est.
ipsa autem gregibus per longa mapalia lectos 85

ante aciem ostentabat equos, tumulumque propincum
dum sequitur gyris, campo uibrata per auras
spicula contorquens summa ponebat in arce.

Hanc hasta totiens intransit moenia Mopsus
non tulit et celsus senior Gortynia muris 90
tela sonante fugat neruo liquidasque per auras
derigit aligero letalia uulnera ferro.
Cres erat, aerisonis Curetum aduectus ab antris,
Dictaeos agitare puer leuioribus armis
pennata saltus aduetus harundine Mopsus. 95
ille uagam caelo demisit saepe uolucrum,
ille procul campo linquentem retia ceruum
uulnere sistebat, rueretque inopina sub ictu
ante fera incauto quam sibila poneret arcus.
nec se tum pharetra iactauit iustius ulla 100
Eois quamquam certet Gortyna sagittis.
uerum ut opum leuior uenatu extendere uitam
abnuat, atque artae res exegere per aequor,
coniuge cum Meroe natisque inglorius hospes
intrarat miseram fato ducente Saguntum. 105
coryti fratrum ex umeris calamique paterni
pendebant uolucerque chalybs, Minoia tela.
hic medius iuuenum Massylae gentis in agmen
crebra Cydoneo fundebat spicula cornu.
iam Garamum audacemque Thyrum pariterque ruentis 110
Gisgonem leuemque Bagam indignumque sagittae,
impubem malas, tam certae occurrere Lixum
fuderat et plena tractabat bella pharetra.
tum uultum intendens telumque in uirginis ora
desertum non grata Iouem per uota uocabat. 115
namque ut fatiferos conuerti prospicit arcus,
opposito procul insidiis Nasamonias Harpe
corpore praeripuit letum calamumque uolantem,
dum clamat, patulo excipiens tramisit hiatu,
et primae ferrum a tergo uidere sorores. 120
at comitis frendens casu labentia uirgo
membra leuat paruaque oculos iam luce natantis
inrorat lacrimis totisque adnisa doloris
uiribus intorquet letalem in moenia cornum.
illa uolans umerum rapido transuerberat ictu 125
conantis Dorylae, iunctis iam cornibus arcus
et ducti spatium nerui complente sagitta,
excutere in uentos resoluta pollice ferrum.
tum subitum in uulnus praeceps deuoluitur altis

aggeribus muri, iuxtaque cadentia membra 130
effusi uersa calami fluxere pharetra.
exclamat paribus frater uicinus in armis
Icarus ulciscique parat lacrimabile fatum.
atque illum raptim promentem in proelia telum
Hannibal excussi praeuertit turbine saxi. 135
labuntur gelido torpentia frigore membra,
deficiensque manus pharetrae sua tela remisit.

At pater in gemino natorum funere Mopsus
correptos arcus ter maesta mouit ab ira,
ter cecidit dextra, et notas dolor abstulit artis. 140
paenitet heu sero dulcis liquisse penatis,
adreptoque auide, quo concidis, Icare, saxo,
postquam aeuum senior percussaue pectora frustra
sentit et, ut tantos compescat morte dolores,
nil opis in dextra, uastae se culmine turris 145
praecipitem iacit et delapsus pondere pronos
membra super nati moribundos explicat artus.

Dum cadit externo Gortynius aduena bello,
iam noua molitus stimulat milite Theron,
Alcidae templi custos araeque sacerdos, 150
non expectatum Tyriis effuderat agmen
et fera miscebat reserata proelia porta.
atque illi non hasta manu, non uertice cassis,
sed fisus latis umeris et mole iuuentae
agmina uastabat claua, nihil indigus ensis. 155
exuuias capiti impositae tegimenque leonis
terribilem attollunt excelso uertice rictum.
centum angues idem Lernaeaque monstra gerebat
in clipeo et sectis geminam serpentibus hydram.
ille Iubam T<h>apsumque patrem clarumque Micipsam 160
nomine aui Maurumque Sacen, a moenibus actos
palantisque fuga, praeceps ad litora cursu
egerat, atque una spumabant aequora dextra.
nec contentus Idi leto letoque Cothonis
Marmaridae nec caede Rothi nec caede Iugurthae, 165
Asbytes currum et radiantis tegmina laeuae
poscebat uotis gemmataque lumina peltae
atque in belligera uersabat uirgine mentem.
quem ruere ut telo uidit regina cruento,
obliquos detorquet equos laeuumque per orbem 170
fallaci gyro campum secat ac uelut ales
auerso rapitur sinuata per aequora curru.
dumque ea se ex oculis aufert, atque ocior Euro

incita pulueream campo trahit ungula nubem,
aduersum late stridens rota proterit agmen, 175
ingerit et crebras uirgo trepidantibus hastas.
hic cecidere Lycus Thamyrisque et nobile nomen
Eurydamas, clari deductum stirpe parentis,
qui thalamos ausus quondam sperare superbos
(heu demens!) Ithacique torum; sed enim arte pudica 180
fallacis totiens reuoluto stamine telae
deceptus, mersum pelago iactarat Vlixen.
ast Ithacus uero ficta pro morte loquacem
adfecit leto, taedaeque ad funera uersae.
gens extrema uiri campis deletur Hiberis 185
Eurydamas Nomados dextra: superinstrept ater
et seruat cursum perfractis ossibus axis.

Iamque aderat remeans uirgo, inter proelia postquam
distringi Theron uidet, saeuamque bipennem
perlibrans mediae fronti, spolium inde superbum 190
Herculeasque tibi exuuias, Dictynna, uouebat.
nec segnis Theron tantae spe laudis in ipsos
aduersus consurgit equos uillosaque fului
ingerit obiectans trepidantibus ora leonis.
attoniti terrore nouo rictuque minaci 195
quadrupes iactant resupino pondere currum.
tum saltu Asbyten conantem linquere pugnas
occupat incussa gemina inter tempora claua,
feruentisque rotas turbataque frena pauore
disiecto spargit conlisa per ossa cerebro, 200
ac rapta properans caedem ostentare bipenni
amputat e curru reuolutae uirginis ora.
necdum irae positae. celsa nam figitur hasta
spectandum caput: id gestent ante agmina Poenum
imperat, et propere currus ad moenia uertant. 205

Haec caecus fati diuumque abeunte fauore
uicino Theron edebat proelia leto.
namque aderat toto ore ferens iramque minasque
Hannibal et caesam Asbyten fixique tropaeum
infandum capitis furiata mente dolebat. 210
ac simul aerati radiauit luminis umbo,
et concussa procul membris uelocibus arma
letiferum intonuere, fugam perculsa repente
ad muros trepido conuertunt agmina cursu:
sicut agit leuibis per sera crepuscula pennis 215
e pastu uolucres ad nota cubilia uesper;
aut, ubi Cecropius formidine nubis aquosae

sparsa super flores examina tollit Hymettos,
ad dulcis ceras et odori corticis antra
mellis apes grauidae properant densoque uolatu 220
raucum conexae glomerant ad limina murmur.
praecipitat metus attonitos, caecique feruntur.
heu blandum caeli lumen! tantone cauetur
mors reditura metu nascentique addita fata?
consilium damnant portisque atque aggere tuto 225
erupisse gemunt: retinet uix agmina Theron
interdumque manu, interdum clamore minisque:
'State, uiri; meus ille hostis; mihi gloria magnae,
state, uenit pugnae. muro tectisque Sagunti
hac abigam Poenos dextra; spectacula tantum 230
ferre, uiri; uel, si cunctos metus acer in urbem
(heu deforme!) rapit, soli mihi claudite portas.'

At Poenus rapido praeceps ad moenia cursu,
dum pauitant trepidi rerum fessique salutis,
tendebat. stat primam urbem murosque patentis 235
postposita caede et dilata inuadere pugna.
id postquam Herculeae custos uidet impiger arae,
emicat et uelox formidine praeuenit hostem.
gliscit Elissaeo uiolentior ira tyranno:
'Tu solue interea nobis, bone ianitor urbis, 240
supplicium, ut pandas' inquit 'tua moenia leto.'
nec plura effari sinit ira, rotatque coruscum
mucronem; sed contortum prior impete uasto
Daunius huic robur iuuenis iacit. arma fragore
icta graui raucum gemuere, alteque resultant 245
aere inlisa cauo nodosae pondera clauae.
at uiduus teli et frustrato proditus ictu,
pernici uelox cursu rapit incita membra
et celeri fugiens perlustrat moenia planta.
instat atrox terga increpitans fugientia uictor. 250
conclamant matres, celsoque e culmine muri
lamentis uox mixta sonat: nunc nomine noto
appellant, seras fesso nunc pandere portas
posse uolunt; quatit hortantum praecordia terror
ne simul accipiant ingentem moenibus hostem. 255
incutit umbonem fesso adsultatque ruenti
Poenus et ostentans spectantem e moenibus urbem
'I, miseram Asbyten leto solare propinquo'++
haec dicens, iugulo optantis dimittere uitam
infestum condit mucronem ac regia laetus 260
quadrupedes spolia abreptos a moenibus ipsis,

quis aditum portae trepidantum saepserat agmen,
uictor agit curruque uolat per ouantia castra.

At Nomadum furibunda cohors miserabile humandi
deproperat munus tumulique adiungit honorem 265
et raptò cineres ter circum corpore lustrat.
hinc letale uiri robur tegimenque tremendum
in flammās iaciunt, ambustoque ore genisque
deforme alitibus liquere cadauer Hiberis.

Poenorum interea quis rerum summa potestas, 270
consultant bello super, et quae dicta ferantur
Ausoniae populis, oratorumque minaci
aduentu trepidant. mouet hinc foedusque fidesque
et testes superi iurataque pacta parentum,
hinc popularis amor coeptantis magna iuuentae, 275
et sperare iuuat belli meliora. sed, olim
ductorem infestans odiis gentilibus, Hannon
sic adeo increpitat studia incautumque fauorem:
'Cuncta quidem, patres, (neque enim cohibere minantum
irae se ualuere) premunt formidine uocem: 280
haud tamen abstiterim. mortem licet arma propinquent,
testabor superos, et caelo nota relinquam
quae postrema salus rerum patriaeque reposcit.
nec nunc obsessa demum et fumante Sagunto
haec serus uates Hannon canit. anxia rupi 285
pectora ne castris innutiretur et armis
exitiale caput; monui et, dum uita, monebo,
ingenitum noscens uirus flatusque paternos,
ut, qui stelligero speculatur sidera caelo,
uenturam pelagi rabiem Caurique futura 290
praedicat miseris haud uanus flamina nautis.
consedit solio rerumque inuasit habenas:
ergo armis foedus fasque omne abrumpitur armis,
oppida quassantur, longeque in moenia nostra
Aeneadum arrectae mentes, disiectaque pax est. 295
exagitant manes iuuenem furiaeque paternae
ac funesta sacra et conuersi foedere rupto
in caput infidum superi Massylaque uates.
an nunc ille noui caecus caligine regni
externas arces quatit aut Tirynthia tecta? 300
sic propria luat hoc poena nec misceat urbis
fata suis: nunc hoc, hoc inquam, tempore muros
oppugnat, Carthago, tuos teque obsidet armis.
lauimus Hennaëas animoso sanguine uallis
et uix conducto produximus arma Lacone. 305

nos ratibus laceris Scyllaea repleuimus antra
classibus et refluxo spectauimus aequore raptis
contorta e fundo reuoluentem transtra Charybdin.
respice, pro demens, pro pectus inane deorum,
Aegatis Libyaeque procul fluitantia membra! 310
quo ruis et patriae exitio tibi nomina quaeris?
scilicet immensae, uisis iuuenalibus armis,
subsident Alpes, subsidet mole niuali
Alpibus aequatum attollens caput Apenninus.
sed campos fac, uane, dari. num gentibus istis 315
mortales animi, aut ferro flammae fatiscunt?
haud tibi Neritia cernes cum prole laborem.
pubescit castris miles, galeaeque teruntur
nondum signatae flaua lanugine malae,
nec requies aevi nota, exanguesque merendo 320
stant prima inter signa senes letumque lacescunt.
ipse ego Romanas perfosso corpore turmas
tela intorquentis correpta e uulnere uidi,
uidi animos mortesque uirum decorisque furorem.
si bello absistis nec te uictoribus offers, 325
quantum heu, Carthago, donat tibi sanguinis Hannoni!

Gestar ad haec (namque impatiens asperque coquebat
iamdudum immites iras mediamque loquentis
bis conatus erat turbando abrumpere uocem)
'Concilione' inquit 'Libyae Tyrioque senatu, 330
pro superi, Ausonius miles sedet, armaque tantum
haud dum sumpta uiro? nam cetera non latet hostis.
nunc geminas Alpes Apenninumque minatur,
nunc freta Sicaniae et Scyllaei litoris undas,
nec procul est quin iam manes umbrasque pauescat 335
Dardanias: tanta accumulatur praekoniam leto
uulneribusque uirum ac tollit sub sidera gentem.
mortalem, mihi crede, licet formidine turpi
frigida corda tremant, mortalem sumimus hostem.
uidi ego, cum, geminas artis post terga catenis 340
euinctus palmas, uulgo traheretur ouante
carceris in tenebras spes et fiducia gentis
Regulus Hectoreae; uidi, cum robore pendens
Hesperiam cruce sublimis spectaret ab alta.
nec uero terrent puerilia protinus ora 345
sub galea et pressae properata casside malae.
indole non adeo segni sumus: aspice, turmae
quot Libycae certant annos anteire labore
et nudis bellantur equis; ipse, aspice, ductor,

cum primam tenero uocem proferret ab ore, 350
iam bella et lituos ac flammis urere gentem
iurabat Phrygiam atque animo patria arma mouebat.
proinde polo crescant Alpes, astrisque coruscos
Apenninus agat scopulos: per saxa niuesque
(dicam etenim, ut stimulent atram uel inania mentem), 355
per caelum est qui pandat iter: pudet Hercule tritas
desperare uias laudemque timere secundam.
sed Libyae clades et primi incendia belli
aggerat atque iterum pro libertate labores
Hannon ferre uetat. ponat formidinis aestus 360
parietibusque domus imbellis femina seruet
singultantem animam; nos, nos contra ibimus hostem,
quis procul a Tyria dominos depellere Byrsa,
uel Ioue non aequo, fixum est. sin fata repugnant,
et iam damnata cessit Carthagine Mauors, 365
occumbam potius nec te, patria inclita, dedam
aeternum famulam liberque Acheronta uidebo.
nam quae, pro superi, Fabius iubet! “ocius arma
exuite et capta descendite ab arce Sagunti.
tum delecta manus scutorum incendat acervos, 370
uranturque rates, ac toto absistite ponto.”
di, procul o, merita est numquam si talia plecti
Carthago, prohibete nefas nostrique solutas
ductoris seruare manus!’ ut deinde resedit,
factaque censendi patrum de more potestas, 375
hic Hannon reddi propere certamine rapta
instat et auctorem uiolati foederis addit.
tum uero attoniti, ceu templo inrumperet hostis,
exiluere patres, Latioque id uerteret omen
orauere deum. at postquam discordia sensit 380
pectora et infidas ad Martem uergere mentes,
non ultra patiens Fabius rexisse dolorem
concilium propere exposcit, patribusque uocatis,
bellum se gestare sinu pacemque profatus,
quid sedeat, legere ambiguus neu fallere dictis 385
imperat ac, saeuo neutrum renuente senatu,
ceu clausas acies gremioque effunderet arma,
‘Accipite infaustum Libyae euentuque priori
par’ inquit ‘bellum’, et laxos effundit amictus.
tum patrias repetit pugnandi nuntius arces. 390

Atque ea dum profugae regnis agitantur Elissae,
~accitis uelox populis, quis aegra lababat
ambiguo sub Marte fides, praedaque grauatus

ad muros Poenus reuocauerat arma Sagunti.

Ecce autem clipeum saeuo fulgore micantem 395
Oceani gentes ductori dona ferebant,
Callaicae telluris opus, galeamque coruscis
subnixam cristis, uibrant quae uertice coni
albentis niueae tremulo nutamine pennae,
ensem, unam ac multis fatalem milibus hastam; 400
praeterea textam nodis auroque trilicem
loricam, nulli tegimen penetrabile telo.

haec, aere et duri chalybis perfecta metallo
atque opibus perfusa Tagi, per singula laetis
lustrat ouans oculis et gaudet origine regni. 405

Condebat primae Dido Carthaginis arces,
instabatque operi subducta classe iuuentus.
molibus hi claudunt portus, his tecta domosque
partiris, iustae Bitia uenerande senectae.
ostentant caput effossa tellure repertum 410
bellatoris equi atque omen clamore salutant.
has inter species orbatum classe suisque
Aenean pulsum pelago dextraque precantem
cernere erat: fronte hunc auide regina serena
infelix ac iam uultu spectabat amico. 415
hinc et speluncam furtiuamque foedera amantum
Callaicae fecere manus: it clamor ad auras
latratusque canum, subitoque exterrita nimbo
occultant alae uenantum corpora siluis.
nec procul Aeneadum uacuo iam litore classis 420
aequora nequiquam reuocante petebat Elissa.
ipsa pyram super ingentem stans saucia Dido
mandabat Tyriis ultricia bella futuris,
ardentemque rogum media spectabat ab unda
Dardanus et magnis pandebat carbasa fatis. 425
parte alia supplex infernis Hannibal aris
arcanum Stygia libat cum uate cruorem
et primo bella Aeneadum iurabat ab aeuo.
at senior Siculis exultat Hamilcar in aruis:
spirantem credas certamina anhela mouere, 430
ardor inest oculis, toruumque minatur imago.

Necnon et laeuum clipei latus aspera signis
implebat Spartana cohors; hanc ducit ouantem
Ledaeis ueniens uictor Xanthippus Amyclis.
iuxta triste decus pendet sub imagine poenae 435
Regulus et fidei dat magna exempla Sagunto.
laetior at circa facies: agitata ferarum

agmina uenatu et caelata mapalia fulgent,
nec procul usta cutem nigri soror horrida Mauri
adsuetas mulcet patrio sermone leaenas. 440
it liber campi pastor, cui fine sine ullo
inuetitum saltus penetrat pecus: omnia Poenum
armenti uigilem patrio de more secuntur,
gaesaque latratorque Cydon tectumque focique
in silicis uenis et fistula nota iuuencis. 445
eminet excelso consurgens colle Saguntos,
quam circa immensi populi condensaque cingunt
agmina certantum pulsantque trementibus hastis.
extrema clipei stagnabat Hiberus in ora,
curuatis claudens ingentem flexibus orbem. 450
Hannibal abrupto transgressus foedere ripas
Poenorum populos Romana in bella uocabat.
tali sublimis dono, noua tegmina latis
aptat concutiens umeris celsusque profatur:
'Heu quantum Ausonio sudabitis, arma, cruore! 455
quas, belli ui<n>dex, poenas mihi, Curia, pendes!'

Iamque senescebat uallatus moenibus hostis,
carpebatque dies urbem, dum signa manusque
expectant fessi socias. tandem aequore uano
auertunt oculos frustrataque litora ponunt 460
et propius suprema uident. sedet acta medullis
iamdudum atque inopes penitus coquit intima pestis.
est furtim lento misere durantia tabo
uiscera et exurit siccitas sanguine uenas
per longum celata fames. iam lumina retro 465
exesis fugere genis, iam lurida sola
tectata cute et uenis male iuncta trementibus ossa
extant consumptis uisu deformia membris.
umentis rores noctis terramque madentem
solamen fecere mali, cassoque labore 470
e sicco frustra presserunt robore sucos.
nil temerare piget: rabidi ieiunia uentris
insolitis adigunt uesci, resolutaque, nudos
linquentes clipeos, armorum tegmina mandunt.

Desuper haec caelo spectans Tirynthius alto 475
inlacrimat fractae nequiquam casibus urbis.
namque metus magnique tenent praecepta parentis
ne saeuae tendat contra decreta nouercae.
sic igitur coepta occultans ad limina sanctae
contendit Fidei secretaque pectora temptat. 480
arcanis dea laeta polo tum forte remoto

caelicolum magnas uoluebat conscia curas.
quam tali adloquitur Nemeae pacator honore:
‘Ante Iouem generata, decus diuumque hominumque,
qua sine non tellus pacem, non aequora norunt, 485
iustitiae consors tacitumque in pectore numen,
exitiumne tuae dirum spectare Sagunti
et tot pendentem pro te, dea, cernere poenas
urbem lenta potes? moritur tibi uulgus, et unam
te matres uincente fame, te maesta uirorum 490
ora uocant, primumque sonant te uoce minores.
fer caelo auxilium et fessis da surgere rebus.’

Haec satus Alcmena; contra cui talia uirgo:
‘Cerno equidem, nec pro nihilo est mihi foedera rumpi,
statque dies ausis olim tam tristibus ultor. 495
sed me pollutas properantem linquere terras
sedibus his tectisque Iouis succedere adegit
fecundum in fraudes hominum genus: impia liqui
et, quantum terrent, tantum metuentia regna
ac furias auri nec uilia praemia fraudum 500
et super haec ritu horribiles ac more ferarum
uiuentis rapto populos luxuque solutum
omne decus multaque oppressum nocte pudorem.
uis colitur, iurisque locum sibi uindicat ensis,
et probris cessit uirtus. en, aspice gentes: 505
nemo insons: pacem seruant commercia culpa.
sed si cura, tua fundata ut moenia dextra
dignum te seruent memorando fine uigorem,
dedita nec fessi tramittant corpora Poeno:
quod solum nunc fata sinunt seriesque futuri, 510
extendam leti decus atque in saecula mittam
ipsaque laudatas ad manes prosequar umbras.’

Inde seuera leui decurrens aethere uirgo
luctantem fati petit inflammata Saguntum.
inuadit mentes et pectora nota pererrat 515
immititque animis numen. tum fusa medullis
implicat atque sui flagrantem inspirat amorem.
arma uolunt temptantque aegros ad proelia nisus.
insperatus adest uigor, interiusque recursat
dulcis honor diuae et sacrum pro uirgine letum. 520
it tacitus fessis per ouantia pectora sensus
uel leto grauiora pati saeuasque ferarum
attemperare dapes et mensis addere crimen.
sed prohibet culpa pollutam extendere lucem
casta Fides paribusque famem compescere membris. 525

Quam simul inuisae gentis conspexit in arce,
forte ferens sese Libycis Saturnia castris,
uirgineum increpitat miscentem bella furorem
atque ira turbata gradum ciet ocius atram
Tisiphonen imos agitantem uerbere manes, 530
et palmas tendens 'Hos' inquit 'noctis alumna,
hos muros impelle manu populumque ferocem
dextris sterne suis: Iuno iubet. ipsa propinqua
effectus studiumque tuum de nube uidebo.
illa deos summumque Iouem turbantia tela, 535
quis Acheronta moues, flammam immanesque chelydros
stridoremque tuum, quo territa comprimit ora
Cerberus, ac mixto quae spumant felle uenena
et quicquid scelerum, poenarum quicquid et irae
pectore fecundo coquitur tibi, congere praeceps 540
in Rutulos totamque Erebo demitte Saguntum.
hac mercede Fides constet delapsa per auras.'

Sic uoce instimulans dextra dea concita saeuam
Eumenida incussit muris, tremuitque repente
mons circum, et grauior sonuit per litora fluctus. 545
sibilat insurgens capiti et turgentia circa
multus colla micat squalenti tergo serpens.
Mors graditur uasto caua pandens guttura rictu
casuroque inhiat populo: tunc Luctus et atri
pectora circumstant Planctus Maerorque Dolorque, 550
atque omnes adsunt Poenae, formaque trifauci
personat insomnis lacrimosae Ianitor aulae.
protinus adsimulat faciem mutabile monstrum
Tiburnae gressumque simul sonitumque loquentis.
haec bello uacuos et saeui turbine Martis 555
lugebat thalamos, Murro spoliata marito,
clara genus Daunique trahens a sanguine nomen.
cui uultus induta pares disiectaque crinem
Eumenis in medios inrumpit turbida coetus
et maestas lacerata genas 'Quis terminus?' inquit 560
'sat Fidei proauisque datum. uidi ipsa cruentum,
ipsa meum uidi lacerato uulnere nostras
terrentem Murrum noctes et dira sonantem:
'Eripe te, coniunx, miserandae casibus urbis
et fuge, si terras adimit uictoria Poeni, 565
ad manes, Tiburna, meos; cecidere penates,
occidimus Rutuli, tenet omnia Punicus ensis."
mens horret, nec adhuc oculis absistit imago.
nullane iam posthac tua tecta, Sagunte, uidebo?

felix, Murre, necis patriaque superstite felix. 570
at nos, Sidoniis famulatum matribus actas,
post belli casus uastique pericula ponti
Carthago aspiciet uictrix, tandemque suprema
nocte obita Libyae gremio captiua iacebo.
sed uos, o iuuenes, uetuit quos conscia uirtus 575
posse capi, quis telum ingens contra aspera mors est,
uestris seruitio manibus subducite matres.
ardua uirtutem profert uia: pergite primi
nec facilem populis nec notam inuadere laudem.'

His ubi turbatas hortatibus impulit aures, 580
inde petit tumulum, summo quem uertice montis
Amphitryoniades spectandum ex aequore nautis
struxerat et grato cineres decorarat honore.
excitus sede, horrendum, prorumpit ab ima
caeruleus maculis auro squalentibus anguis. 585
igneae sanguinea radiabant lumina flamma,
oraeque uiibranti stridebant sibila lingua.
isque inter trepidos coetus mediamque per urbem
uoluitur et muris propere delabitur altis
ac similis profugo uicina ad litora tendit 590
spumantisque freti praeceps immergitur undis.

Tum uero excussae mentes, ceu prodita tecta
expulsi fugiant manes, umbraeque recusent
captiuo iacuisse solo. sperare salute<m>
pertaesum, damnantque cibos: agit abdita Erinys. 595
haud grauior duris diuum inclementia rebus
quam leti perferre moras: abrumpere uitam
ocius attoniti quaerunt lucemque grauantur.
certatim structus subrectae molis ad astra
in media stetit urbe rogos: portantque trahuntque 600
longae pacis opes quaesitaque praemia dextris,
Callaico uestes distinctas matribus auro
armaque Dulichia proauis portata Zacyntho
et prisca aduectos Rutulorum ex urbe penates.
huc, quicquid superest captis, clipeosque simulque 605
infaustos iaciunt enses et condita bello
effodiunt penitus terra gaudentque superbi
uictoris praedam flammis donare supremis.

Quae postquam congesta uidet feralis Erinys,
lampada flammiferis tinctam Phlegethontis in undis 610
quassat et inferna superos caligine condit.
inde opus aggressi toto quod nobile mundo
aeternum inuictis infelix gloria seruat.

princeps Tisiphone lentum indignata pauentum
pressit ouans capulum cunctantemque impulit ensem 615
et dirum insonuit Stygio bis terque flagello.
inuitas maculant cognato sanguine dextras
miranturque nefas auersa mente peractum
et facto sceleri inlacrimant. hic turbidus ira
et rabie cladum perpessaeque ultima uitae 620
obliquos uersat materna per ubera uisus.
hic raptam librans dilectae in colla securim
coniugis increpitat sese mediumque furorem
proiecta damnat stupefactus membra bipenni.
nec tamen euasisse datur; nam uerbera Erinys 625
incutit atque atros insibilat ore tumores.
sic thalami fugit omnis amor, dulcesque marito
effluxere tori, et subiere obliuia taedae.
ille iacit totis conisus uiribus aegrum
in flammas corpus, densum qua turbine nigro 630
exundat fumans piceus caligine uertex.

At medios inter coetus pietate sinistra,
infelix Tymbrene, furis, Penoque parentis
dum properas auferre necem, reddentia formam
ora tuam laceras temerasque simillima membra. 635
uos etiam primo gemini cecidistis in aeuo,
Eurymedon fratrem et fratrem mentite Lycorma,
cuncta pares; dulcisque labor sua nomina natis
reddere et in uultu genetrici stare suorum.
iam fixus iugulo culpa te soluerat ensis, 640
Eurymedon, inter miserae lamenta senectae,
dumque malis turbata parens deceptaque uisis
'Quo ruis? huc ferrum' clamat 'conuerte, Lycorma,'
ecce simul iugulum perfoderat ense Lycormas.
sed magno 'Quinam, Eurymedon, furor iste?' sonabat 645
cum planctu geminaeque notis decepta figurae
funera mutato reuocabat nomine mater,
donec transacto tremebunda per ubera ferro
tunc etiam ambiguos cecidit super inscia natos.

Quis diros urbis casus laudandaque monstra 650
et Fidei poenas ac tristia fata piorum
imperet euoluens lacrimis? uix Punica fletu
cessassent castra ac miserescere nescius hostis.
urbs, habitata diu Fidei caeloque parentem
murorum repetens, ruit inter perfida gentis 655
Sidoniae tela atque immania facta suorum,
iniustis neglecta deis: furit ensis et ignis,

quique caret flamma, scelerum est locus. erigit atro
nigrantem fumo rogos alta ad sidera nubem.
ardet in excelso proceri uertice montis 660
arx intacta prius bellis (hinc Punica castra
litoraue et totam soliti spectare Saguntum),
ardent tecta deum. resplendet imagine flammae
aequor, et in tremulo uibrant incendia ponto.

Ecce inter medios caedum Tiburna furores 665
fulgenti dextram mucrone armata mariti
et laeua infelix ardentem lampada quassans
squalentemque erecta comam ac liuentia planctu
pectora nudatis ostendens saeua lacertis
ad tumulum Murri super ipsa cadauera fertur: 670
qualis, ubi inferni dirum tonat aula parentis,
iraque turbatos exercet regia manes,
Alecto solium ante dei sedemque tremendam
Tartareo est operata Ioui poenasque ministrat.
arma uiri multo nuper defensa cruore 675
imponit tumulo inlacrimans, manesque precata
acciperent sese, flagrantem lampada subdit.
tunc rapiens letum 'Tibi ego haec' ait 'optime coniunx,
ad manes, en, ipsa fero.' sic ense recepto
arma super ruit et flammam inuadit hiatu. 680

Semiambusta iacet nullo discrimine passim
infelix obitus, permixto funere, turba:
ceu, stimulante fame cum uictor ouilia tandem
faucibus inuasit siccis leo, mandit hianti
ore fremens imbellis pecus, patuloque redundat 685
guttore ructatus large cruor: incubat atris
semesae stragis cumulis, aut murmure anhelo
infrendens laceros inter spatiat aceruos:
late fusa iacent pecudes custoque Molossus
pastorumque cohors stabulique gregisque magister, 690
totaque uastatis disiecta mapalia tectis.
inrumpunt uacuum Poeni tot cladibus arcem.
tum demum ad manis perfecto munere Erinys
Iunoni laudata redit magnamque superba
exultat rapiens secum sub Tartara turbam. 695

At uos, sidereae, quas nulla aequauerit aetas,
ite, decus terrarum, animae, uenerabile uulgus,
Elysium et castas sedes decorate piorum.
cui uero non aequa dedit uictoria nomen
(audite, o gentes, neu rumpite foedera pacis 700
nec regnis postferte fidem!) uagus exul in orbe

errabit toto patriis proiectus ab oris,
tergaque uertentem trepidans Carthago uidebit.
saepe Saguntinis somnos exterritus umbris
optabit cecidisse manu, ferroque negato 705
inuictus quondam Stygias bellator ad undas
deformata feret liuenti membra ueneno.

LIBER III

Postquam rupta fides Tyriis et moenia castae
non aequo superum genitore euersa Sagunti,
extemplo positos finiti cardine mundi
uictor adit populos cognataque limina Gades.
nec uatum mentes agitare et praescia corda
cessatum super imperio: citus aequore Bostar
uela dare et rerum praenosceret fata iubetur.
prisca fides adytis longo seruatur ab aeuo,
qua sublime sedens, Cirrhaeis aemulus antris,
inter anhelantis Garamantas corniger Hammon
fatidico pandit uenientia saecula luco.
hinc omen coeptis et casus scire futuros
ante diem bellique uices nouisse petebat.

Exin clauigeri ueneratus numinis aras
captiuis onerat donis, quae nuper ab arce
uictor fumantis rapuit semusta Sagunti.
uulgatum, nec cassa fides, ab origine fani
impositas durare trabes solasque per aeuum
condentum nouisse manus. hinc credere gaudent
consedis deum seniumque repellere templis.
tum, quis fas et honos adyti penetralia nosse,
femineos prohibent gressus ac limine curant
saetigeros arcere sues. nec discolor ulli
ante aras cultus: uelantur corpora lino,
et Pelusiaco praefulget stamine uertex.
discinctis mos tura dare atque e lege parentum
sacrificam lato uestem distinguere clauo:
pes nudus tonsaeque comae castumque cubile.
inreincta focis seruant altaria flammae,
sed nulla effigies simulacraue nota deorum
maiestate locum et sacro impleuere timore.

In foribus labor Alcidae: Lernaee recisis
anguibus hydra iacet, nexuque elisa leonis
ora Cleonaei patulo caelantur hiatu.
at Stygius saeuis terrens latratibus umbras
ianitor, aeterno tum primum tractus ab antro,
uincta indignatur, metuitque Megaera catenas.
iuxta Thraces equi pestisque Erymanthia et altos
aeripedis ramos superantia cornua cerui.
nec leuior uinci Libycae telluris alumnus
matre super stratique genus deforme bimembres

Centauri frontemque minor nunc amnis Acarnan.
inter quae fulget sacratis ignibus Oete,
ingentemque animam rapiunt ad sidera flammae.

Postquam oculos uaria impleuit uirtutis imago, 45
mira dehinc cernit: surgentis mole profundi
inuetum terris subitum mare nullaue circa
litora et infuso stagnantis aequore campos.
nam qua caeruleis Nereus euoluitur antris
atque imo freta contorquet Neptunia fundo, 50
proruptum exundat pelagus, caecosque relaxans
Oceanus fontis torrentibus ingruit undis.
tum uada, ceu saeuo penitus permota tridenti,
luctantur terris tumefactum imponere pontum.
mox remeat gurges tractoque relabitur aestu, 55
ac ratis erepto campis deserta profundo,
et fusi transtris expectant aequora nautae.
Cymothoes ea regna uagae pelagique labores
Luna mouet, Luna, immissis per caerula bigis,
fertque refertque fretum, sequiturque reciproca Tethys. 60

Haec propere spectata duci; nam multa fatigant.
curarum prima exercet, subducere bello
consortem thalami paruumque sub ubere natum.
uirgineis iuuenem taedis primoque Hymenaeo
imbuerat coniunx memorique tenebat amore. 65
at puer, obsessae generatus in ore Sagunti,
bissenos Lunae nondum compleuerat orbes.
quos ut seponi stetit et discernere ab armis,
adfatur ductor: 'Spes o Carthagini altae,
nate, nec Aeneadum leuior metus, amplior, oro, 70
sis patrio decore et factis tibi nomina condas,
qui<s> superes bellator auum; iamque aegra timoris
Roma tuos numerat lacrimandos matribus annos.
ni praesaga meos ludunt praecordia sensus,
ingens hic terris crescit labor: ora parentis 75
agnosco toruaue oculos sub fronte minacis
uagitumque grauem atque irarum elementa mearum.
si quis forte deum tantos inciderit actus
ut nostro abrumpat leto primordia rerum,
hoc pignus belli, coniunx, seruare labora. 80
cumque datum fari, duc per cunabula nostra:
tangat Elissaeas palmis puerilibus aras
et cineri iuret patrio Laurentia bella.
inde ubi flore nouo pubescet firmior aetas,
emicet in Martem et calcato foedere uictor 85

in Capitolina tumulum mihi uindicet arce.
tu uero, tanti felix quam gloria partus
expectat, ueneranda fide, discede periclis
incerti Martis duerosque relinque labores.
nos clausae niuibus rupes suppostaque caelo 90
saxa manent, nos Alcidae mirante nouerca
sudatus labor et, bellis labor acrior, Alpes.
quod si promissum uertat Fortuna fauorem
laeuaque sit coeptis, te longa stare senecta
aeuumque extendisse uelim; tua iustior aetas, 95
ultra me impropere ducant cui fila sorores.'

Sic ille. at contra Cirrhaei sanguis Imilce
Castalii, quae materno de nomine dicta
(Castulo Phoebei seruat cognomina uatis)
aeque ex sacrata repetebat stirpe parentes. 100
tempore quo Bacchus populos domitabat Hiberos
concutiens thyrsos atque armata Maenade Calpen,
lasciuo genitus Satyro nymphaque Myrice
Milichus indigenis late regnarat in oris
cornigeram attollens genitoris imagine frontem. 105
hinc patriam clarumque genus referebat Imilce,
barbarica paulum uitiatum nomine lingua.
quae tunc sic lacrimis sensim manantibus inquit:
'Mene, oblitos tua nostram pendere salute,
abnuis inceptis comitem? sic foedera nota 110
primitiaeque tori, gelidos ut scandere tecum
deficiam montis coniunx tua? crede uigori
femineo. castum haud superat labor ullus amorem.
sin solo aspicimur sexu, fixumque relinqui,
cedo equidem nec fata moror; deus annuat, oro: 115
i felix, i numinibus uotisque secundis
atque acies inter flagrantiaque arma relictas
coniugis et nati curam seruare memento.
quippe nec Ausonios tantum nec tela nec ignes
quantum te metuo: ruis ipsos acer in enses 120
obiectasque caput telis, nec <te> ulla secundo
euentu satiat uirtus, tibi gloria soli
fine caret, credisque uiris ignobile letum
belligeris in pace mori. tremor implicat artus,
nec quemquam horresco, qui se tibi conferet unus. 125
sed tu, bellorum genitor, miserere nefasque
auerte et serua caput inuiolabile Teucris.'

Iamque adeo <e>gressi steterant in litore primo,
et promota ratis, pendentibus arbore nautis,

aptabat sensim pulsanti carbasa uento, ¹³⁰
cum lenire metus properans aegramque leuare
attonitis mentem curis sic Hannibal orsus:
‘Ominibus parce et lacrimis, fidissima coniunx.
et pace et bello cunctis stat terminus aevi,
extremumque diem primus tulit; ire per ora ¹³⁵
nomen in aeternum pa<u>cis mens ignea donat,
quos pater aetheriis caelestum destinat oris.
an Romana iuga et famulas Carthaginis arces
perpetiar? stimulant manes noctisque per umbras
incredulans genitor, stant arae atque horrida sacra ¹⁴⁰
ante oculos, breuitasque uetat mutabilis horae
prolatare diem. sedeamne, ut nouerit una
me tantum Carthago, et, qui sim, nesciat omnis
gens hominum, letique metu decora alta relinquam?
quantum etenim distant a morte silentia uitae? ¹⁴⁵
nec tamen incautos laudum exhorresce furores.
et nobis est lucis honos, gaudetque senecta
gloria, cum longo titulis celebratur in aeuo.
te quoque magna manent suscepti praemia belli.
dent modo se superi, Thybris tibi seruiet omnis ¹⁵⁰
Iliacaeque nurus et diues Dardanus auri.’
dumque ea permixtis inter se fletibus orant,
confisus pelago celsa de puppe magister
cunctantem ciet. abripitur diuulsa marito.
haerent intenti uultus et litora seruant, ¹⁵⁵
donec, iter liquidum uolucris rapiente carina,
consumpsit uisus pontus tellusque recessit.

At Poenus belli curis auertere amorem
apparat et repetit properato moenia gressu.
quae dum perlustrat crebroque obit omnia uisu, ¹⁶⁰
tandem sollicito cessit uis dura labori,
belligeramque datur somno componere mentem.

Tum pater omnipotens, gentem exercere periculis
Dardaniam et fama saeuorum tollere ad astra
bellorum meditans priscosque referre labores, ¹⁶⁵
praecipitat consulta uiri segnemque quietem
terret et immissa rumpit formidine somnos.
iamque per umentem noctis Cyllenius umbram
aligero lapsu portabat iussa parentis.
nec mora. mulcentem securo membra sopore ¹⁷⁰
adgreditur iuuenem ac monitis incessit amaris:
‘Turpe duci totam somno consumere noctem,
o rector Libyae. uigili stant bella magistro.

iam maria effusas cernes turbare carinas
et Latiam toto pubem uolitare profundo, 175
dum lentus coepti terra cunctaris Hibera.
scilicet id satis est decoris memorandaque uirtus,
quod tanto cecidit molimine Graia Saguntos?
en age, si quid inest animo par fortibus ausis,
fer gressus agiles mecum et comitare uocantem 180
(respexisse ueto: monet hoc pater ille deorum):
uictorem ante altae statuam te moenia Romae.'

Iamque uidebatur dextram iniectare graduque
laetantem trahere in Saturnia regna citato,
cum subitus circa fragor et uibrata per auras 185
exterrent saeuis a tergo sibila linguis,
ingentique metu diuum praecepta pauenti
effluxere uiro, et turbatus lumina flectit.
ecce iugis rapiens siluas ac robora uasto
contorta amplexu tractasque per inuia rupes 190
ater letifero stridebat turbine serpens.
quantus non aequas perlustrat flexibus Arctos
et geminum lapsu sidus circumligat Anguis,
immani tantus fauces diducit hiatu
attollensque caput nimborum montibus aequat. 195
congeminat sonitus rupti uiolentia caeli
imbriferamque hiemem permixta grandine torquet.
hoc trepidus monstro (neque enim sopor ille nec altae
uis aderat noctis, uirgaque fugante tenebras
miscuerat lucem somno deus) ardua quae sit, 200
scitatur, pestis terrasque urgentia membra
quo ferat et quosnam populos deposcat hiatu.
cui gelidis almae Cyllenes editus antris:
'Bella uides optata tibi. te maxima bella,
te strages nemorum, te moto turbida caelo 205
tempestas caedesque uirum magnaeque ruinae
Idaei generis lacrimosaeque fata secuntur.
quantus per campos populatis montibus actas
contorquet siluas squalenti tergore serpens
et late umectat terras spumante ueneno, 210
tantus perdomitis decurrens Alpibus atro
inuolues bello Italiam tantoque fragore
eruta conuulsis prosternes oppida muris.'

His aegrum stimulis liquere deusque soporque.
it membris gelidus sudor, laetoque pauore 215
promissa euoluit somni noctemque retractat.
iamque deum regi Martique sub omine fausto

instauratus honos, niueoque ante omnia tauro
placatus meritis monitor Cyllenius aris.
extemplo edicit conuellere signa, repensque 220
castra quatit clamor permixtis dissona linguis.

Prodite, Calliope, famae, quos horrida coepta
excierint populos tulerintque in regna Latini,
et quas indomitis urbes armarit Hiberis
quasque Paraetonio glomerarit litore turmas 225
ausa sibi Libye rerum deposcere frenos
et terris mutare iugum. ~non ulla nec umquam
saeuior it trucibus tempestas acta procellis,
~nec bellum ruptis tam dirum mille carinis
acrius infremuit trepidumque exterruit orbem. 230

Princeps signa tulit Tyria Carthagine pubes,
membra leuis celsique decus fraudata superbum
corporis, at docilis fallendi et nectere tectos
numquam tarda dolos. rudis his tum parma, breuique
bellabant ense; at uestigia nuda, sinusque 235
cingere inadsuetum, et rubrae uelamine uestis
ars erat in pugna fusum occuluisse cruorem.
his rector fulgens ostro super altior omnis
germanus nitet Hannibalis gratoque tumultu
Mago quatit currus et fratrem spirat in armis. 240

Proxima Sidoniis Vtica est effusa manipulis,
prisca situ ueterisque ante arces condita Byrsae.
tunc, quae Sicanio praecinxit litora muro
in clipei speciem curuatis turribus, Aspis.
sed dux in sese conuerterat ora Sychaeus, 245
Hasdrubalis proles, cui uano corda tumore
maternum implebat genus, et resonare superbo
Hannibal haud umquam cessabat auunculus ore.

Adfuit undosa cretus Berenicide miles,
nec, tereti dextras in pugnam armata dolone, 250
destituit Barce sitientibus arida uenis.
nec non Cyrene Pelopei stirpe nepotis
Battiadas prauos fidei stimulauit in arma.
quos trahit, antiquo laudatus Hamilcare quondam,
consilio uiridis, sed belli serus, Ilertes. 255

Sabratha tum Tyrium uulgis Sarranaque Leptis
Oeaeque Trinacrios Afris permixta colonos
et Tingim rapido mittebat ab aequore Lixus.
tum Vaga et antiquis dilectus regibus Hippo,
quaeque procul cauit non aequos Ruspina fluctus, 260
et Zama et uberior Rutulo nunc sanguine Thapsus.

ducit tot populos, ingens et corpore et armis,
Herculeam factis seruans ac nomine famam,
Antaeus celsumque caput super agmina tollit.

Venere Aethiopes, gens haud incognita Nilo, 265
qui magneta secant: solis honor ille, metallo
intactum chalybem uicino ducere saxo.
his simul immitem testantes corpore solem
exusti uenere Nubae. non aerea cassis
nec lorica riget ferro, non tenditur arcus: 270
tempora multiplici mos est defendere lino
et lino munire latus scelerataque sucis
spicula derigere et ferrum infamare ueneno.
tum primum castris Phoenicum tendere ritu
Cinyphii didicere Macae. squalentia barba 275
ora uiris, umerosque tegunt uelamine capri
saetigero; panda manus est armata cateia.
uersicolor contra caetra et falcatus ab arte
ensis Adyrmachidis ac laeuo tegmina crure.
sed mensis asper populus uictuque maligno: 280
nam calida tristes epulae torrentur harena.
quin et Massyli fulgentia signa tulere,
Hesperidum ueniens lucis domus ultima terrae.
praefuit intortos demissus uertice crinis
Bocchus atrox, qui sacratas in litore siluas 285
atque inter frondes reuirescere uiderat aurum.

Vos quoque desertis in castra mapalibus itis,
misceri gregibus Gaetulia sueta ferarum
indomitisque loqui et sedare leonibus iras.
nulla domus: plaustres habitant; migrare per arua 290
mos atque errantes circumuectare penates.
hinc mille alipedes turmae (uelocior Euris
et doctus uirgae sonipes) in castra ruebant:
ceu, pernix cum densa uagis latratibus implet
uenator dumeta Lacon, aut exigit Vmber 295
nare sagax e calle feras, perterrita late
agmina praecipitant uolucres formidine cerui.
hos agit haud laeto uultu nec fronte serena
Asbytes nuper caesae germanus Acherras.

Marmaridae, medicum uulgus, strepuere cateruis, 300
ad quorum cantus serpens oblita ueneni,
ad quorum tactum mites iacuere cerastae.
tum, chalybis pauper, Baniurae cruda iuuentus,
contenti parca durasse hastilia flamma,
miscebant auidi trucibus fera murmura linguis. 305

necnon Autololes, leuibus gens ignea plantis,
cui sonipes cursu, cui cesserit incitus amnis,
tanta fuga est: certant pennae, campumque uolatu
cum rapuere, pedum frustra uestigia quaeras.
spectati castris, quos suco nobilis arbor 310
et dulci pascit lotos nimis hospita baca,
quique atro rabidas efferuescente ueneno
dipsadas immensis horrent Garamantes harenis.
fama docet, caesae rapuit cum Gorgonis ora
Perseus, in Libyam dirum fluxisse cruorem: 315
inde Medusaeis terram exundasse chelydri.
milibus his ductor spectatus Marte Choaspes,
Neritia Meni<n>ge satus, cui tragula semper
fulmineam armabat, celebratum missile, dextram.
huc coit aequoreus Nasamon, inuadere fluctu 320
audax naufragia et praedas auellere ponto,
huc, qui stagna colunt Tritonidos alta paludis,
qua uirgo, ut fama est, bellatrix edita lympha
inuento primam Libyen perfudit oliuo.

Necnon totus adest Vesper populiue reposti. 325
Cantaber ante omnis, hiemisue aestusue famisque
inuictus palmamque ex omni ferre labore.
mirus amor populo, cum pigra incanuit aetas,
imbelles iam dudum annos praeuertere saxo
nec uitam sine Marte pati. quippe omnis in armis 330
lucis causa sita, et damnatum uiuere paci.

Venit et Aurorae lacrimis perfusus, in orbem
diuersum patrias fugit cum deuius oras,
armiger Eoi non felix Memnonis Astyr.
his paruus sonipes nec Marti natus, at idem 335
aut inconcusso glomerat uestigia dorso,
aut molli pacata celer rapit esseda collo.
Cydnus agit, iuga Pyrenes uenatibus acer
metiri iaculoue extendere proelia Mauro.

Venere et Celtae sociati nomen Hiberis. 340
his pugna cecidisse decus, corpusue cremari
tale nefas: caelo credunt superisque referri,
impastus carpat si membra iacentia uultur.

Fibrarum et pennae diuinarumque sagacem
flammarum misit diues Callaecia pubem, 345
barbara nunc patriis ululantem carmina linguis,
nunc pedis alterno percussa uerbere terra
ad numerum resonas gaudentem plaudere caetras.
haec requies ludusque uiris, ea sacra uoluptas.

cetera femineus peragit labor: addere sulco 350
semina et impresso tellurem uertere aratro
segne uiris. quicquid duro sine Marte gerundum,
Callaici coniunx obit inrequieta mariti.
hos Viriathus agit Lusitanumque remotis
extractum lustris, primo Viriathus in aeuo, 355
nomen Romanis factum mox nobile damnis.

Nec Cerretani, quondam Tiryntia castra,
aut Vasco insuetus galeae ferre arma morati,
non, quae Dardanios post uidit, Ilerda, furores,
nec qui Massageten monstrans feritate parentem 360
cornipedis fusa satiariis, Concane, uena.
iamque Ebusus Phoenissa mouet, mouet Arbacus arma
aclyde uel tenui pugnax instare ueruto,
iam cui Tlepolemus sator et cui Lindus origo,
funda bella ferens Baliaris et alite plumbo, 365
et quos nunc Grauios uiolato nomine Graium
Oeneae misere domus Aetolaque Tyde.
dat Carthago uiros, Teucro fundata uetusto,
Phocaicae dant Emporiae, dat Tarraco pubem
uitifera et Latio tantum cessura Lyaeo. 370
hos inter clara thoracis luce nitebat
Sedetana cohors, quam Sucro rigentibus undis
atque altrix celsa mittebat Saetabis arce,
Saetabis et telas Arabum spreuisse superba
et Pelusiaco filum componere lino. 375
Mandonius populis domitorque insignis equorum
imperitat Caeso, et socio stant castra labore.

At Vettonum alas Balarus probat aequore aperto,
hic adeo, cum uer placidum flatusque tepescit,
concubitus seruans tacitos grex perstat equarum 380
et Venerem occultam genitali concipit aura.
sed non multa dies generi, properatque senectus,
septimaque his stabulis longissima ducitur aestas.

At non Sarmaticos attollens Vxama muros
tam leuibz persultat equis: hinc uenit in arma 385
haud aeui fragilis sonipes crudoque uigore
asper frena pati aut iussis parere magistris.
Rhyndacus his ductor, telum sparus; ore ferarum
et rictu horrificans galeas. uenatibus aeuum
transigitur, uel more patrum uis raptaque pascunt. 390

Fulget praecipuis Parnasia Castulo signis
et celebre Oceano atque alternis aestibus Hispal
ac Nebrissa dei Nysaeis conscia thyrsis,

quam Satyri coluere leues redimitaque sacra
nebride et arcano Maenas nocturna Lyaeo. 395
Arganthoniacos armat Carteia nepotes.
rex proavis fuit humani ditissimus aevi,
ter denos decies emensus belliger annos.
armat Tartessos stabulanti conscia Phoebō
et Munda Emathios Italis paritura labores. 400
nec decus auriferae cessauit Corduba terrae.
hos duxere uiros flauenti uertice Phorcys
spiciferisque grauis bellator Arauricus oris,
aequales aevi, genuit quos ubere ripa
Palladio Baetes umbratus cornua ramo. 405

Talia Sidonius per campos agmina ductor
puluere nigrantis raptat lustransque sub armis,
qua uisu comprehendere erat, fulgentia signa
ibat ouans longaque umbram tellure trahebat.
non aliter, quotiens perlabitur aequora curru 410
extremamque petit, Phoebea cubilia, Tethyn
frenatis Neptunus equis, fluit omnis ab antris
Nereidum chorus et sueto certamine nandi
candida perspicuo conuertunt brachia ponto.

At Pyrenaei frondosa cacumina montis 415
turbata Poenus terrarum pace petebat.
Pyrene celsa nimborum uerticis arce
diuisos Celtis late prospectat Hiberos
atque aeterna tenet magnis diuortia terris.
nomen Bebrycia duxere a uirgine colles, 420
hospitis Alcidae crimen, qui, sorte laborum
Geryonae peteret cum longa tricorporis arua,
possessus Baccho saeua Bebrycis in aula
lugendam formae sine uirginitate reliquit
Pyrenen, letique deus, si credere fas est, 425
causa fuit leti miserae deus. edidit aluo
namque ut serpentem patriasque exhorruit iras,
confestim dulcis liquit turbata penates.
tum noctem Alcidae solis plangebatur in antris
et promissa uiri siluis narrabat opacis, 430
donec maerentem ingratos raptoris amores
tendentemque manus atque hospitis arma uocantem
diripere ferae. laceros Tirynthius artus,
dum remeat uictor, lacrimis perfudit et amens
palluit inuento dilectae uirginis ore. 435
at uoce Herculeae percussa cacumina montis
intremuere iugis: maestum clamorem ciebat

Pyrenen, scopulique omnes ac lustra ferarum
Pyrenen resonant. tumulo tum membra reponit
supremum inlacrimans, nec honos intercidit aevo, 440
defletumque tenent montes per saecula nomen.

Iamque per et collis et densos abiete lucos
Bebryciae Poenus fines transcenderat aulae.
inde ferox quaesitum armis per inhospita rura
Volcarum populatur iter tumidique minaces 445
accedit Rhodani festino milite ripas.
aggeribus caput Alpinis et rupe niuali
proserit in Celtas ingentemque extrahit amnem
spumanti Rhodanus proscindens gurgite campos
ac propere in pontem lato ruit incitus alueo. 450
auget opes stanti similis tacitoque liquore
mixtus Arar, quem gurgitibus complexus anhelis
cunctantem immergit pelago raptumque per arua
ferre uetat patrium uicina ad litora nomen.
inuadunt alacres inimicum pontibus amnem: 455
nunc celso capite et ceruicibus arma tuentur,
nunc ualidis gurges certatim frangitur ulnis.
fluminea sonipes religatus ducitur alno,
belua nec retinet tardante Libyssa timore.
nam trabibus uada et iniecta tellure repertum 460
conexas operire trabes ac ducere in altum
paulatim ripae resolutis aggere uinclis.
at gregis inlapsu fremebundo territus atras
expauit moles Rhodanus stagnisque refusus
torsit harenoso minitancia murmura fundo. 465

Iamque Tricastinis incedit finibus agmen,
iam facilis campos, iam rura Vocontia carpit.
turbidus hic truncis saxisque Druentia laetum
ductoris uastauit iter. namque Alpibus ortus
auulsas ornos et adesi fragmina montis 470
cum sonitu uoluens fertur latrantibus undis
ac uada translato mutat fallacia cursu,
non pediti fidus, patulis non puppibus aequus.
et tunc imbre recens fuso correpta sub armis
corpora multa uirum spumanti uertice torquens 475
immersit fundo laceris deformia membris.

Sed iam praeteritos ultra meminisse labores
conspectae propius dempsere pauentibus Alpes.
cuncta gelu canaque aeternum grandine tecta
aequaeuam glaciem cohibent: riget ardua montis 480
aetherii facies surgentique obuia Phoebos

duratas nescit flammis mollire pruinas.
quantum Tartareus regni pallentis hiatus
ad manis imos atque atrae stagna paludis
a supera tellure patet, tam longa per auras 485
erigitur tellus et caelum intercipit umbra.
nullum uer usquam nullique aestatis honores.
sola iugis habitat diris sedesque tuetur
perpetuas deformis hiemps; illa undique nubes
huc atras agit et mixtos cum grandine nimbos. 490
iam cuncti flatus uentique furentia regna
Alpina posuere domo. caligat in altis
obtusis saxis, abeuntque in nubila montes.
mixtus Athos Tauro Rhodopeque adiuncta Mimanti
Ossaque cum Pelio cumque Haemo cesserit Othrys. 495
primus inexpertas adiit Tirynthius arces.
scindentem nubes frangentemque ardua montis
spectarunt superi longisque ab origine saeculis
intemerata gradu magna ui saxa domantem.

At miles dubio tardat uestigia gressu, 500
impia ceu sacros in finis arma per orbem,
Natura prohibente, ferant diuisque repugnent.
contra quae ductor++non Alpibus ille nec ullo
turbatus terrore loci, sed languida maestis
corda uirum fouet hortando reuocatque uigorem: 505
'Non pudet obsequio superum fessosque secundis,
post belli decus atque acies, dare terga niuosos
montibus et segnes summittere rupibus arma?
nunc, o nunc, socii, dominantis moenia Romae
credite uos summumque Iouis conscendere culmen. 510
hic labor Ausoniam et dabit hic in uincula Thybrim.'
nec mora. commotum promissis ditibus agmen
erigit in collem et uestigia linquere nota
Herculis edicit magni crudisque locorum
ferre pedem ac proprio turmas euadere calle. 515
rumpit inaccessos aditus atque ardua primus
exuperat summaque uocat de rupe cohortes.
tum, qua durati concreto frigore collis
lubrica frustratur canenti semita cliuo,
luctantem ferro glaciem cremat: haurit hiatu 520
nix resoluta uiros altoque e culmine praeceps
umentis turmas operit delapsa ruina.
interdum aduerso glomeratas turbine Corus
in media ora niues fuscis agit horridus alis,
aut rursus immani stridens auulsa procella 525

nudatis rapit arma uiris uoluensque per orbem
contorto rotat in nubes sublimia flatu.
quoque magis subiere iugo atque euadere nisi
erexere gradum, crescit labor. ardua supra
sese aperit fessis et nascitur altera moles, 530
unde nec edomitos exudatosque labores
respexisse libet: tanta formidine plana
exterrent repetita oculis, atque una pruinae
canentis, quocumque datur permittere uisus,
ingeritur facies. medio sic nauita ponto, 535
cum dulcis liquit terras et inania nullos
inueniunt uentos securo carbasa malo,
immensas prospectat aquas ac uicta profundis
aequoribus fessus renouat sua lumina caelo.

Iamque super clades atque importuna locorum 540
inluie rigidaeque comae squalore perenni
horrida semiferi promunt e rupibus ora,
atque effusa cauis exesi pumicis antris
Alpina inuadit manus adsuetoque uigore
per dumos notasque niues atque inuia pernix 545
clausum montiuagis infestat cursibus hostem.
mutatur iam forma locis. hic sanguine multo
infectae rubuere niues, hic nescia uinci
paulatim glacies cedit tepefacta cruore,
dumque premit sonipes duro uestigia cornu, 550
ungula perfossis haesit compressa pruinis.
nec pestis lapsus simplex: abscisa relinquant
membra gelu, fractosque asper rigor amputat artus.
bis senos soles, totidem per uulnera saeuas
emensi noctes optato uertice sidunt 555
castraque praeruptis suspendunt ardua saxis.

At Venus, ancipiti mentem labefacta timore,
adfatur genitorem et rumpit maesta querelas:
'Quis poenae modus aut pereundi terminus, oro,
Aeneadis erit, et quando terrasque fretumque 560
emensis sedisse dabis? cur pellere nostros
a te concessa Poenus parat urbe nepotes?
Alpibus imposuit Libyam finemque minatur
imperio. casus metuit iam Roma Sagunti.
quo Troiae extremos cineres sacramque ruinam 565
Assaracique larem et Vestae secreta feramus?
da sedem, genitor, tutisque iacere. parumne est
exilia errantis totum quaesisse per orbem?
anne iterum capta repetentur Pergama Roma?'

His Venus, et contra genitor sic deinde profatur: 570
‘Pelle metus, neu te Tyriae conamina gentis
turbarint, Cytherea: tenet longumque tenebit
Tarpeias arces sanguis tuus. hac ego Martis
mole uiros spectare paro atque expendere bello.
gens ferri patiens ac laeta domare labores 575
paulatim antiquo patrum desuescit honori,
atque ille, haud umquam parcus pro laude cruoris
et semper famae sitiens, obscura sedendo
tempora agit mutum uoluens inglorius aeuum
sanguine de nostro populus, blandoque ueneno 580
desidia uirtus paulatim euicta senescit.
magnae molis opus multoque labore parandum,
tot populos inter soli sibi poscere regna.
iamque tibi ueniet tempus quo maxima rerum
nobilior sit Roma malis. hinc nomina nostro 585
non indigna polo referet labor, hinc tibi Paulus,
hinc Fabius gratusque mihi Marcellus opimis.
hi tantum parient Latio per uulnera regnum
quod luxu et multum mutata mente nepotes
non tamen euertisse queant. iamque ipse creatus 590
qui Poenum reuocet patriae Latioque repulsum
ante suae muros Carthaginis exuat armis.
hinc, Cytherea, tuis longo regnabitur aeuo.
exin se Curibus uirtus caelestis ad astra
efferet, et sacris augebit nomen Iulis 595
bellatrix gens bacifero nutrita Sabino.
hinc pater ignotam donabit uincere Thylen
inque Caledonios primus trahet agmina lucos,
compescet ripis Rhenum, reget impiger Afros
palmiferamque senex bello domitabit Idymen. 600
nec Stygis ille lacus uiduataque lumine regna,
sed superum sedem nostrosque tenebit honores.
tum iuuenis magno praecellens robore mentis
excipiet patriam molem celsusque feretur
aequatum imperio tollens caput. hic fera gentis 605
bella Palaestinae primo delebit in aeuo.
at tu transcendes, Germanice, facta tuorum,
iam puer auricomus praeformidate Batauo.
nec te terruerint Tarpei culminis ignes:
sacrilegas inter flammis seruabere terris. 610
nam te longa manent nostri consortia mundi.
huic laxos arcus olim Gangetica pubes
summittet, uacuasque ostendent Bactra pharetras.

hic et ab Arctoo currus aget axe per urbem,
ducet et Eoos, Baccho cedente, triumphos. 615
idem indignantem tramittere Dardana signa
Sarmaticis uictor compescet sedibus Histrum.
quin et Romuleos superabit uoce nepotes
quis erit eloquio partum decus. huic sua Musae
sacra ferent, meliorque lyra, cui substitit Hebrus 620
et uenit Rhodope, Phoebo miranda loquetur.
ille etiam, qua prisca, uides, stat regia nobis,
aurea Tarpeia ponet Capitolia rupe
et iunget nostro templorum culmina caelo.
tunc, o nate deum diuosque dature, beatas 625
imperio terras patrio rege. tarda senectam
hospitia excipient caeli, solioque Quirinus
concedet, mediumque parens fraterque locabunt:
siderei iuxta radiabunt tempora nati.'

Dum pandit seriem uenturi Iuppiter aeui, 630
ductor Agenoreus tumulis delatus iniquis
lapsantem dubio deuexa per inuia nisu
firmabat gressum atque umentia saxa premebat.
non acies hostisue tenet, sed prona minaci
praerupto turbant et cautibus obuia rupes. 635
stant clausi maerentque moras et dura uiarum.
nec refouere datur torpentia membra quiete:
noctem operi iungunt et robora ferre coactis
approperant umeris ac raptas collibus ornos.
iamque ubi nudarunt silua densissima montis, 640
aggessere trabes, rapidisque accensus in orbem
excoquitur flammis scopulus: mox proruta ferro
dat gemitum putris resoluta pondere moles
atque aperit fessis antiqui regna Latini.
his tandem ignotas transgressus casibus Alpes 645
Taurinis ductor statuit tentoria campis.

Interea uoces Iouis atque oracula portans
emensis aderat Garamantum laetus harenis
Bostar et ut uiso stimulabat corda Tonante:
'Maxime Belide, patriis qui moenibus arces 650
seruitium dextra, Libycas penetrauimus aras.
nos tulit ad superos perfundens sidera Syrtis,
nos paene aequoribus tellus uiolentior hausit.
ad finem caeli medio tenduntur ab orbe
squalentes campi. tumulum Natura negauit 655
immensis spatiis, nisi quem caua nubila torquens
construxit turbo impacta glomeratus harena,

uel si perfracto populatus carcere terras
Africus et pontum spargens super aera Corus
inuasere truces capientem proelia campum 660
inque uicem ingesto cumularunt puluere montis.
has obseruatis ualles enauimus astris.
namque dies confundit iter, peditemque profundo
errantem campo et semper media arua uidentem
Sidoniis Cynosura regit fidissima nautis. 665
uerum ubi defessi lucos nemorosaque regna
cornigeri Iouis et fulgentia templa subimus,
exceptos hospes tectis inducit Arisbas.
stat fano uicina, nouum et memorabile, lympa,
quae nascente die, quae deficiente tepescit 670
quae<que> riget, medius cum sol accendit Olympum,
atque eadem rursum nocturnis feruet in umbris.
tum loca plena deo, dites sine uomere glaebas
ostentat senior laetaque ita mente profatur:
“Has umbras nemorum et conexa cacumina caelo 675
calcatosque Ioui lucos prece, Bostar, adora.
nam cui dona Iouis non diuulgata per orbem,
in gremio Thebes geminas sedisse columbas?
quarum Chaonias pennis quae contigit oras
implet fatidico <Do>donida murmure quercum. 680
at quae Carpathium super aequor uecta per auras
in Libyen niueis tranauit concolor alis
hanc sedem templo Cythereia condidit ales;
hic, ubi nunc aram lucosque uidetis opacos,
ductore electo gregis, admirabile dictu, 685
lanigeri capitis media inter cornua perstans,
Marmaricis ales populis responsa canebat.
mox subitum nemus atque annoso robore lucus
exiluit, qualesque premunt nunc sidera quercus
a prima uenere die: prisco inde pauore 690
arbor numen habet coliturque tepentibus aris.”
dumque ea miramur, subito stridore tremendum
impulsae patuere fores, maiorque repente
lux oculos ferit. ante aras stat ueste sacerdos
effulgens niuea, et populi concurrere certant. 695
inde ubi mandatas effudi pectore uoces,
ecce intrat subitus uatem deus. alta sonoro
conlisis trabibus uoluuntur murmura luco,
ac maior nota iam uox prorumpit in auras:
“Tenditis in Latium belloque agitare paratis 700
Assaraci prolem, Libyes. coepta aspera cerno

Gradiumque trucem currus iam scandere et atram
in latus Hesperium flammam expirare furentis
cornipedes multoque fluentia sanguine lora.
tu, qui pugnarum euentus extremaque fati 705
deposcis claroque ferox das uela labori,
inuade Aetoli ductoris Iapyga campum.
Sidonios augebis auos nullique relinques
altius Ausoniae penetrare in uiscera gentis,
donec uicta tibi trepidabunt Dardana regna. 710
nec ponet pubes umquam Saturnia curam
dum carpet superas in terris Hannibal auras.”

Talia portabat laetis oracula Bostar
impleratque uiros pugnae propioris amore.

LIBER IV

Fama per Ausoniae turbatas spargitur urbes
nubiferos montes et saxa minantia caelo
accepisse iugum, Poenosque per inuia uectos,
aemulaque Herculei iactantem facta laboris
descendisse ducem. diros canit improba motus 5
et gliscit gressu uolucrique citatior Euro
terrificis quatit attonitas rumoribus arces.
adstruit auditis docilis per inania rerum
pascere rumorem uulgi pauor: itur in acris
bellorum raptim curas, subitusque per omnem 10
Ausoniam Mauors strepit et ciet arma uirosque.
pila nouant, ac detersa rubigine saeuus
induitur ferro splendor, niueumque repostae
instaurant galeae coni decus; hasta iuuatur
ammento, reuocantque noua fornace bipennis. 15
conseritur tegimen laterum impenetrabile, multas
passurus dextras atque inrita uulnera, thorax.
pars arcu inuigilant, domitat pars uerbere anhelum
cornipedem in gyros saxoque exasperat ensem.
nec uero muris, quibus est luctata uetustas, 20
ferre morantur opem; subuectant saxa cauasque
retractant turris, edit quas longior aetas.
hinc tela accipiunt arces, ac robora portis
et fidos certant obices accersere silua,
circumdant fossas. haud segnis cuncta magister 25
praecipitat timor, ac uastis trepidatur in agris.
deseruere larem: portant ceruicibus aegras
attoniti matres ducentisque ultima fila
grandaeuos rapuere senes, tum crine soluto
ante agitur coniunx, dextra laeuaque trahuntur 30
parui non aequo comitantes ordine nati.
sic uulgus, traduntque metus, nec poscitur auctor.
at patres, quamquam exterrant immania coepta
inque sinu bellum, atque Alpes et peruia saxa
decepere, tamen crudam contra aspera mentem 35
et magnos tollunt animos. iuuat ire periclis
ad decus et dextra memorandum condere nomen
quale dedit numquam rebus Fortuna secundis.

Sed Libyae ductor tuto fouet agmina uallo
fessa gradum multoque gelu torpentia neruos, 40
solandique genus, laetos ostentat ad urbem

per campos superesse uiam, Romamque sub ictu.
at non et rerum curas consultaque belli
stare probat solusque nequit perferre quietem.
armiferae quondam prisca inter tempora gentes 45
Ausonium inuasere latus sedesque beatas
et metui peperere manu. mox impia bella
Tarpeius pater et capti sensere Quirites.
hic dum sollicitat donis et inania corda
ac fluxam morum gentem fouet armaque iungit, 50
iam consul uolucris praeuectus litora classe
Scipio Phocaeis sese referebat ab oris,
ingentisque duces, pelagi terraeque laborem
diuersum emensos, propiora pericula uallo
iungebant, magnaeque aderant primordia cladis. 55
namque ut, conlatis admoto consule castris,
sustulerat Fortuna moras, signumque furoris
accensae uiso poscebant hoste cohortes:
~debellata procul, quaecumque uocantur Hiberis,
ingenti Tyrius numerosa per agmina ductor 60
uoce sonat: non Pyrenen Rhodanumue ferocem
iussa aspernatos, Rutulam fumasse Saguntum,
raptum per Celtas iter, et, qua ponere gressum
Amphitryoniadae fuerit labor, isse sub armis
Poenorum turmas, equitemque per ardua uectum 65
insultasse iugo, et fremuisse hinnitibus Alpes.

Contra pulchra suos uocat ad discrimina consul:
‘Hostem, miles, habes fractum ambustumque niuis
cautibus atque aegre torpentia membra trahentem.
en age, qui sacros montis rupesque profundas 70
transiluit, discat quanto stet celsius arce
Herculea uallum, et maius sit scandere collis
an uestros rupisse globos. det inania famae,
dum magna fuso pugna retroque ruenti,
qua uentum est, obstent Alpes. super ardua ductum 75
huc egere dei, Latios ut sanguine finis
imbueret, tellusque hostilis conderet ossa.
scire libet, noua nunc nobis atque altera bellum
Carthago, anne eadem mittat, quae mersa sub aequor
Aegatis inter uasto iacet obruta ponto.’ 80

Haec ait atque agmen Ticini flectit ad undas.
caeruleas Ticinus aquas et stagna uadoso
perspicuus seruat turbare nescia fundo
ac nitidum uiridi lente trahit amne liquorem.
uix credas labi: ripis tam mitis opacis 85

argutos inter uolucrum certamine cantus
somniferam ducit lucenti gurgite lympham.

Iamque sub extremum noctis fugientibus umbris
lux aderat, Somnusque suas confecerat horas.
explorare locos consul collisque propinqui 90
ingenium, et campis quae sit natura, parabat.
par studium Poeno similesque in pectore curae.
ergo aderant rapidis equitum comitantibus alis.

Verum ubi commoto docuerunt puluere nubes
hostem ferre gradum, et propius propiusque sonoro 95
quadrupedum cornu tellus gemit, ac simul acer
uincens lituos hinnitus saeuit equorum,
'Arma, uiri, rapite arma, uiri,' dux instat uterque.
ambobus uelox uirtus geminusque cupido
laudis et ad pugnas Martemque insania concors. 100

Haud mora. iam tantum campi dirimebat ab ictu
quantum impulsa ualet comprehendere lancea nodo,
cum subitum liquida non ullis nubibus aethra
augurium mentes oculosque ad sidera uertit.
accipiter medio tendens a limite solis 105
dilectas Veneri notasque ab honore Diones
turbabat uiolentus aues atque unguibus idem,
idem nunc rostro, duris nunc ictibus alae,
ter quinas dederat saeua inter uulnera leto.
nec finis satiesue, noui sed sanguinis ardor 110
gliscere, et urgebat trepidam iam caede priorum
incertamque fugae pluma labente columbam,
donec Phoebeo ueniens Iouis ales ab ortu
in tenuis tandem nubis dare terga coegit.
tum uictrix laetos signa ad Romana uolatus 115
conuertit, prolesque ducis qua parte decora
Scipio quassabat puerilibus arma lacertis,
clangorem bis terque dedit, rostroque coruscae
perstringens conum galeae se reddidit astris.

Exclamat Liger (huic superos sentire monentis 120
ars fuit ac penna monstrare futura magistra):
'Poene, bis octonos Italis in finibus annos
audaci similis uolucris sectabere pubem
Ausoniam multamque feres cum sanguine praedam.
sed compesce minas: renuit tibi Daunia regna 125
armiger ecce Iouis. nosco te, summe deorum:
adsis o firmesque tuae, pater, alitis omen.
nam tibi seruantur, ni uano cassa uolatu
mentitur superos praepes, postrema subactae

fata, puer, Libyae et maius Carthagine nomen.’ 130

Contra laeta Bogus Tyrio canit omina regi,
et faustum accipitrem caesasque in nube uolucres
Aeneadis cladem et Veneris portendere genti.
tum dictis comitem contorquet primus in hostis
ceu suadente deo et fatorum conscius hastam. 135
illa uolans patuli longe per inania campi
ictum perdiderat spatio, ni fusus habenas
dum primae decus adfectat decerpere pugnae
obuia quadrupedis praeceps Catus ora tulisset.
sic elanguescens ac iam casura petitum 140
inuenit uulnus caedemque accepit ab hoste
cornus et oblatae stetit inter tempora frontis.

Incurrunt acies, magnoque fragore per aequor
suspendunt cuncti frenis sublime reductos
cornipedes ultroque ferunt. erectus in auras 145
it sonipes rapidaque uolans per aperta procella
tenuia uix summo uestigia puluere signat.
Boiorum ante alias Crixo duce mobilis ala
arietat in primos obicitque immania membra.
ipse tumens atai Brenni se stirpe ferebat 150
Crixus et in titulos Capitolia capta trahebat,
Tarpeioque iugo demens et uertice sacro
pensantes aurum Celtas umbone gerebat.
colla uiri fuluo radiabant lactea torque,
auro uirgatae uestes, manicaeque rigebant 155
ex auro, et simili uibrabat crista metallo.

Sternitur impulsu uasto perculsa Camertum
prima phalanx, spissaeque ruunt conferta per arma
undae Boiorum: sociata examina denses
infandi Senones, conlisaque quadrupedantum 160
pectoribus toto uoluuntur corpora campo.
arua natant, altusque uirum cruor, altus equorum
lubrica belligerae sorbet uestigia turmae.
seminecum letum peragit grauis ungula pulsu
et circumuolitans taetros e sanguine rores 165
spargit humo miserisque suo lauit arma cruore.
spicula prima, puer, tumidi, Tyrrhene, Pelori
purpureo moriens uictricia sanguine tinguis.
nam tibi, dum stimulas cornu atque in proelia mentes
accendis renouasque uiros ad uulnera cantu, 170
haesit barbaricum sub anhelio gutture telum
et clausit raucum letali uulnere murmur.
at sonus extremo morientis fusus ab ore

flexa pererrauit mutis iam cornua labris.
Crixus Picentem Laurumque, nec eminus ambo, 175
sed gladio Laurum++Picenti rasilis hasta
ripis lecta Padi letum tulit. auia namque
dum petit ac laeue meditatur fallere gyro,
hasta uiri femur et pariter per anhela uolantis
ilia sedit equi et geminam dedit horrida mortem. 180
idem sanguinea Venuli ceruice reuellens
sternit praecipitem tepido te, Farfare, telo
et te sub gelido nutritum, Tulle, Velino,
egregium Ausoniae decus ac memorabile nomen,
si dent fata moras aut seruent foedera Poeni, 185
tum Remulum atque, olim celeberrima nomina bello,
Tiburtis Magios Hispellatemque Metaurum
et Clanium dubia meditantem cuspidem uulnus.

Nec locus est Tyriis belli pugnae, sed omnem
Celticus impleuit campum furor. inrita nulli 190
spicula torquentur, statque omne in corpore ferrum.
hic inter trepidos immane Quirinius audens,
cui fugere ignotum atque inuicta mente placebat
rebus in aduersis exceptum pectore letum,
cuspidem flammat eum ac dispergit gaesa lacerto, 195
si reserare uiam atque ad regem rumpere ferro
detur iter, certusque necis petit omnibus ausis,
quod nequeat sentire, decus. cadit inguine fosso
Teutalus, et uasto quatitur sub pondere tellus.
occumbit Sarmens, flauam qui ponere uictor 200
caesariem crinemque tibi, Gradiue, uouebat
auro certantem et rutilum sub uertice nodum.
sed Parcae intonsa non exaudita uouentem
ad manes traxere coma. per candida membra
it fumans cruor, et tellus perfusa rubescit. 205
at non tardatus iaculo occurrente Ligaunus
inruit aduersumque uiro rotat obuius ensem
et ferit insurgens, umero qua brachia lenti
adnectunt nerui, decisaque uulnere dextra
laxatis paulum moribunda pendit habenis, 210
dumque micans tremulo conatu lora retemptat,
flectentem adsuetos imitatur nescia frenos.
demitit auersi Vosegus tum colla, iubaque
suspensam portans galeam atque inclusa perempti
ora uiri, patrio diuos clamore salutat. 215

Dumque ea Gallorum populi dant funera campo,
accitas propere castris in proelia consul

raptabat turmas primusque ruebat in hostem
 candenti sublimis equo. trahit undique lectum
 diuitis Ausoniae iuuenem, Marsosque Coramque 220
 Laurentumque decus iaculatoremque Sabellum
 et Gradiucolam celso de colle Tudertem
 indutosque simul gentilia lina Faliscos,
 quosque sub Herculeis ~taciturno flumine muris
 pomifera arua creant Anienicolae Catilli, 225
 quosque in praegelidis duratos Hernica riuis
 mittebant saxa et nebulosi rura Casini.
 ibant in Martem terrae dominantis alumni
 damnati superis nec iam reditura iuuentus.
 Scipio qua medius pugnae uorat agmina uertex 230
 infert cornipedem atque instinctus strage suorum
 inferias caesis mactat Labarumque Padumque
 et Caunum et multo uix fusum uulnere Breucum
 Gorgoneoque Larum torquentem lumina uultu.
 occidis et tristi, pugnax Lepontice, fato; 235
 nam dum frena ferox obiecto corpore prensat
 atque aequat celsus residentis consulis ora
 ipse pedes, frontem in mediam grauis incidit ensis,
 et diuisum umeris iacuit caput. at Batus, amens
 qui luctatur equo parmaque incursibus obstat, 240
 ictu quadrupedis fulua porrectus harena
 elisa incussis amisit calcibus ora.
 perfurit Ausonius turbata per aequora ductor,
 ceu Geticus Boreas, totum cum sustulit imo
 Icarium fundo uictor mare: nauita uasto 245
 iactatur sparsus lacerata classe profundo,
 cunctaque canenti perfunditur aequore Cyclas.

Crixus, ut in tenui spes exiguumque salutis,

.

248a

armat contemptu mentem necis. horrida barba
 sanguinea rutilat spuma, rictusque furentis
 albet, et adfuso squalent a puluere crines.
 inuadit Tarium uicino consule pugnans
 miscentem saeuisque uirum circumtonat armis.
 uoluitur ille solo; nam pronum effundit in armos
 fata extrema ferens abies, rapiturque pauore 255
 tractus equi uinctis conexa ad cingula membris.
 longa cruor sparso linquit uestigia campo,
 et tremulos cuspis ductus in puluere signat.
 laudabat leti iuuenem egregiosque parabat
 ulcisci consul manis, cum dira per auris 260

uox uenit, et Crixum ferri clamoribus audit,
haud notum uultu. surgit uiolentior ira
comminus atque oculos optato in corpore figit.
tum stimulans grato plausae ceruicis honore
cornipedem adloquitur: 'Vulgum Martemque minorem 265
mox, Gargane: uocant superi ad maiora. uidesne,
quantus eat Crixus? iam nunc tibi praemia pono
illum Sidonio fulgentem ardore tapeta,
barbaricum decus, et fuluis donabere frenis.'
sic fatus, magno Crixum clamore ciebat 270
in pugnam ac uacuo poscebat proelia campo.
nec detractantem par ira accenderat hostem.
ut iussae cessere retro spatiumque dederunt
hinc atque hinc alae et medio stetit aequore pugna,
quantus Phlegraeis Telluris alumnus in aruis 275
mouit signa Mimas caelumque exterruit armis,
tantus semifero Crixus sub pectore murmur
torquet et horrissonis ululatibus erigit iras:
'Nemone incensae captaeque superfuit urbi,
ut tibi, quas Brenni populus ferremus in arma, 280
narraret, dextras? disce en nunc' inquit et una
contorquet nodis et obusto robore diram
uel portas quassare trabem. sonat illa tremendum,
at nimio iactu seruasse improvida campi
distantis spatium propiorem transuolat hostem. 285
cui consul: 'Ferre haec umbris proauoque memento,
quam procul occumbas Tarpeia sede, tibi que
haud licitum sacri Capitolia cernere montis.'
tum nodo cursuque leui simul adiuuat hastam,
dignum mole uiri nisus. fugit illa per oras 290
multiplicis lini subtextaque tegmina neruis
atque altum tota metitur cuspidē pectus.
procumbit lata porrectus in arua ruina,
et percussa gemit tellus ingentibus armis.
haud aliter structo Tyrrhena ad litora saxo 295
pugnatura fretis subter caecisque procellis,
pila immane sonans impingitur ardua ponto:
immugit Nereus, diuisaque caerula pulsu
inlisum accipiunt irata sub aequora montem.
ductore amisso pedibus se credere Celtae: 300
una spes anima tantusque pependerit ardor.
ac ueluti, summo uenator densa Picano
cum lustra exagitat spissisque cubilibus atram
immittit passim dumosa per inuia pestem,

dum tacitas uires et flammam colligit ignis, 305
nigranti piceus sensim caligine uertex
uoluitur et pingui contorquet nubila fumo:
mox subita in toto lucent incendia monte,
fit sonitus, fugere ferae, fugere uolucres,
atque ima longe trepidant in ualle iuuencae. 310

At Mago, ut uertisse globos primumque laborem,
qui solus genti est, cas<s>um uidet, arma suorum
ac patrium in pugnas equitem uocat. undique nudi
adsiliunt frenis infrenatique manipuli.
nunc Itali in tergum uersis referuntur habenis, 315
nunc rursus Tyrias retro pauor auehit alas,
aut illi dextros lunatis flexibus orbes,
aut illi laeuos sinuant in cornua gyros.
texunt alterno glomerata uolumina cursu
atque eadem refuga cedentes arte resoluunt. 320
hac pontum uice, ubi exercet discordia uentos,
fert Boreas Eurusque refert molemque profundi
nunc huc alterno, nunc illuc, flamine gestant.

Aduolat aurato praefulgens murice ductor
Sidonius, circaque Metus Terrorque Furorque. 325
isque ubi Callaici radiantem tegminis orbem
extulit et magno percussit lumine campos,
spes uirtusque cadunt, trepidaque a mente recedit
uertere terga pudor, nec leti cura decori,
sed fugere infixum est, terraeque optantur hiatus. 330
sic, ubi Caucaseis tigris se protulit antris,
linquuntur campi, et tutas petit omne latebras
turbatum insano uultu pecus: illa pererrat
desertas uictrix uallis, iamque ora reducto
paulatim nudat rictu, ut praesentia mandens 335
corpora, et immani stragem meditatur hiatu.
non illum Metabus, non illum celsior Vfens
euasere tamen, quamuis hic alite planta,
hic ope cornipedis totis ferretur habenis.
nam Metabum ad manis demisit cuspide fulgens 340
fraxinus, Vfentem conlapsum poplite caeso
ensis obit laudemque pedum cum sanguine ademit.
iamque dedit leto Sthenium Laurumque domoque
Collinum gelida, uiridi quem Fucinus antro
nutrierat dederatque lacum tramittere nando. 345
fit socius leti coniecta Massicus hasta,
uitiferi sacro generatus uertice montis
et Liris nutritus aquis, qui f<r>onte quieta

dissimulat cursum ac nullo mutabilis imbri
perstringit tacitas gemmanti gurgite ripas. 350
[exoritur rabies caedum, ac uix tela furori
sufficiunt. teritur iunctis umbonibus umbo,
pesque pedem premit, et nutantes casside cristae
hostilem tremulo pulsant conamine frontem.]

Tergemini primam ante aciem fera proelia fratres 355
miscebant, quos Ledaean Sidonia Barce
Xanthippo felix uteri inter bella creat.
res Graiae ductorque parens ac nobile Amyclae
nomen et iniectus Spartanis colla catenis
Regulus inflabant ueteri praecordia fama. 360
Marte probare genus factisque Laconia parentem
ardebant gelidosque dehinc inuisere montis
Taygeta et tandem bellis innare subactis
Eurota patrium ritusque uidere Lycurgi.
sed Spartam penetrare deus fratresque negarunt 365
Ausonii, totidem numero, quos miserat altis
Egeriae genitos immitis Aricia lucis,
aetatis mentisque pares; at non dabat ultra
Clotho dura lacus aramque uidere Dianae.
namque ut in aduersos impacti turbine pugnae 370
Eumachus et Critias et laetus nomine patris
Xanthippus iunxere gradus, (ceu bella leones
inter se furibunda mouent et murmure anhelos
squalentis campos ac longa mapalia complent:
omnis in occultas rupis atque auia pernix 375
Maurus saxa fugit, coniunxque Libyssa profuso
uagitum cohibens suspendit ab ubere natos;
illi dira fremunt, perfractaque in ore cruento
ossa sonant, pugnantque feri sub dentibus artus)
haud secus Egeriae pubes, hinc Virbius acer, 380
hinc Capys, adsiliunt paribusque Albanus in armis.
subsicens paulum perfossa proruit aluo
Albanum Critias: ast illi cuncta repente
implerunt clipeum miserando uisera lapsu.
Eumachus inde Capys sed tota mole tenebat 385
ceu fixum membris tegimen; tamen improbus ensis
adnexam parmae decidit uulnere laeuam,
inque suo pressa est non reddens tegmina nisu
infelix manus atque haesit labentibus armis.
ultima restabat fuscis iam palma duobus 390
Virbius. huic trepidos simulanti ducere gressus
Xanthippus gladio, rigida cadit Eumachus hasta,

et tandem aequatae geminato funere pugnae.
inde alterna uiris transegit pectora mucro,
inque uicem erepta posuerunt proelia uita. 395
felices leti, pietas quos addidit umbris!
optabunt similes uenientia saecula fratres,
aeternumque decus memori celebrabitur aeuo,
si modo ferre diem serosque uidere nepotes
carmina nostra ualent, nec famam inuidit Apollo. 400

At consul toto palantis aequore turmas
uoce tenet, dum uoce uiget: 'Quo signa refertis?
quis uos heu uobis pauor abstulit? horrida primi
si sors uisa loci pugnaeque lacescere frontem,
post me state uiri et pulsa formidine tantum 405
aspicite! has dextras capti genuere parentes
quas fugitis. quae spes uictis? Alpesne petemus?
ipsam turrihero portantem uertice muros
credite summissas Romam nunc tendere palmas.
natorum passim raptus caedemque parentum 410
Vestalisque focos extinguere sanguine cerno.
hoc arcete nefas!' postquam inter talia crebro
clamore obtusae crassoque a puluere fauces,
hinc laeua frenos, hinc dextra corripit arma
et latum obiectat pectus strictumque minatur 415
nunc sibi, nunc trepidis, ni restent, comminus ense.

Quas acies alto genitor dum spectat Olympo,
consulis egregii mouere pericula mentem.
Gradium uocat et patrio sic ore profatur:
'Magnanimi me, nate, uiri, ni bella capessis 420
haud dubie extremus, terret labor: eripe pugnae
ardentem, oblitumque sui dulcedine caedum
siste ducem Libyae; nam plus petit improbus uno
consulis exitio tota quam strage cadentum.
praeterea, cernis, tenerae qui proelia dextrae 425
iam credit puer atque annos transcendere factis
molitur longumque putat pubescere bello,
te duce primitias pugnae, te magna magistro
audeat et primum hoc uincat, seruasse parentem.'

Haec rerum sator. at Mauors in proelia currus 430
Odrysia tellure uocat. tum fulminis atri
spargentem flammas clipeum galeamque deorum
haud ulli facilem multoque labore Cyclopus
sudatum thoraca capit quassatque per auras
Titanum bello satiatam sanguinis hastam 435
atque implet curru campos. exercitus una

Irarum Eumenidesque simul letique cruenti
innumerae facies, frenisque operata regendis
quadriiugos atro stimulat Bellona flagello.
fertur ab immenso tempestas horrida caelo 440
nigrantisque globos et turbida nubila torquens
inuoluit terras. quatitur Saturnia sedes
ingressu tremefacta dei, ripasque relinquit
audito curru fontique relabitur amnis.

Ductorem Ausonium telis Garamantica pubes 445
cinxerat et Tyrio regi noua dona parabat
armorum spolium ac rorantia consulis ora.
stabat Fortunae non cedere certus et acri
mole retorquebat crudescens caedibus hastas,
iamque suo, iamque hostili perfusa cruore 450
membra madent, cecidere iubae, gyroque per orbem
artato Garamas iaculis propioribus instat
~et librat saeua coniectum cuspide ferrum.
hic puer ut patrio defixum corpore telum
conspexit, maduere genae, subitoque trementem 455
corripuit pallor, gemitumque ad sidera rupit.
bis conatus erat praecurrere fata parentis
conuersa in semet dextra, bis transtulit iras
in Poenos Mauors. fertur per tela, per hostis
intrepidus puer et Graduum passibus aequat. 460
continuo cessere globi, latusque repente
apparet campo limes. metit agmina tectus
caelesti clipeo et sternit super arma iacentum
corporaue auctorem teli multasque paternos
ante oculos animas, optata piacula, mactat. 465
tunc rapta propere duris ex ossibus hasta
innixum ceruice ferens umeroque parentem
emicat. attonitae tanta ad spectacula turmae
tela tenent, ceditque loco Libys asper, et omnis
late cedit Hiber, pietasque insignis et aetas 470
belligeris fecit miranda silentia campis.
tum celso e curru Mauors 'Carthaginis arces
excindes' inquit 'Tyriosque ad foedera coges.
nulla tamen longo tanta exorietur in aeuo
lux tibi, care puer. macte, o macte indole sacra, 475
uera Iouis proles. et adhuc maiora supersunt,
sed nequeunt meliora dari.' tum nubila Mauors
aetheraque emenso terras iam sole capessit,
et fessas acies castris clausere tenebrae.

Condebat noctem deuexo Cynthia curru 480

fraternis adflata rotis, et ab aequore Eoo
surgebant roseae media inter caerula flammae.
at consul tristis campos Poenisque secundam
planitiem metuens Trebiam collisque petebat.
iamque dies rapti cursu nauoque labore, ⁴⁸⁵
et medio abruptus fluitabat in amne solutis
pons uinclis, qui Dardanium trauxerat agmen,
Eridani rapidas aderat cum Poenus ad undas.
dumque uada et mollis aditus per deuia flexo
circuitu petit et stagni languentia quaerit, ⁴⁹⁰
interdum rapta uicinis saltibus alno
flumineam texit, qua trauehat agmina, classem:
ecce aderat Trebiaeque simul uicina tenebat
Trinacrio accitus per caerula longa Peloro,
Gracchorum proles, consul. gens inclita magno ⁴⁹⁵
atque animosa uiro, multusque in imagine claris
praefulgebat auus titulis bellicae domique.

Nec Poeni positis trans amnem in gramine castris
deerant. namque animos stimulabant prospera rerum
increpitansque super ductor: 'Quis tertius urbi ⁵⁰⁰
iam superest consul? quaenam altera restat in armis
Sicania? en omnes Latiae Daunique nepotum
conuenere manus. feriant nunc foedera mecum
ductores Italum ac leges et pacta reposcant.
at tu, donata tela inter Martia luce, ⁵⁰⁵
infelix animae, sic, sic uiuasque tuoque
des iterum hanc laudem nato; nec fine sub aevi
oppetere in bello detur, cum fata uocabunt.
pugnantem cecidisse meum est.' haec personat ardens.
inde leui iaculo Massylumque impiger alis ⁵¹⁰
castra sub ipsa datis inritat et elicit hostem.

Nec Latius uallo miles debere salutem
fas putat aut clausas pulsari cuspide portas.
erumpunt, cunctisque prior uolat aggere aperto
degener haud Gracchis consul. quatit aura comantis ⁵¹⁵
cassidis Auruncae cristas, umeroque refulget
sanguinei patrium saguli decus. agmina magno
respectans clamore uocat, quaque obuia densos
artat turba globos rumpens iter aequore fertur,
ut torrens celsi praeceps e uertice Pindi ⁵²⁰
cum sonitu ruit in campos magnoque fragore
auulsum montis uoluit latus: obuia passim
armenta immanesque ferae siluaeque trahuntur,
spumea saxosis clamat conuallibus unda.

Non, mihi Maeoniae redeat si gloria linguae 525
centenasque pater det Phoebus fundere uoces,
tot caedes proferre queam, quot dextera magni
consulis aut contra Tyriae furor edidit irae.
Murranum ductor Libyae, ductorque Phalantum
Ausonius, gnaros belli ueteresque laborum, 530
alter in alterius fuderunt comminus ore.
monte procelloso Murranum miserat Anxur,
Tritonis ~niueo te sacra, Phalante, profundo.
ut primum insigni fulsit uelamine consul,
quamquam orbus partem uisus unoque Cupencus 535
lumine sufficiens bellis citat improbus hastam
et summae figit tremebundam margine parmae.
cui consul (namque ira coquit): 'Pone, improbe, quicquid
restat in ore fero et truncata fronte relucet.'
sic ait intorquens directo turbine robur 540
et dirum tota tramittit cuspide lumen.
nec leuior dextra generatus Hamilcare saeuit.
huic cadit infelix niueis Varenus in armis,
Meuanas Varenus, arat cui diuitis uber
campi Fulginia et patulis Clitumnus in aruis 545
candentis gelido perfundit flumine tauros.
sed tristes superi, atque ingrata maxima cura
uictima Tarpeio frustra nutrita Tonanti.
instat Hiber leuis et leuior discurrere Maurus.
hinc pila, hinc Libycae certant subtexere cornus 550
densa nube polum, quantumque interiacet aequi
ad ripas campi, tantum uibrantia condunt
tela, nec artatis locus est in morte cadendi.

Allius, Argyripa Daunique profectus ab aruis
uenator, rudibus iaculis et Iapyge campum 555
persultabat equo, mediosque inuectus in hostis,
Apula non uana torquebat spicula dextra.
huic horret thorax Samnitis pellibus ursae,
et galea annosi uallatur dentibus apri.
uerum ubi turbantem, solo ceu lustra pererret 560
in nemore aut agitet Gargano terga ferarum,
hinc Mago, hinc saeuus pariter uidere Maharbal,
ut subigente fame diuersis rupibus ursi
inuadunt trepidum gemina inter proelia taurum,
nec partem praedae patitur furor, haud secus acer 565
hinc atque hinc iaculo deuoluitur Allius acto:
it stridens per utrumque latus Maurusia taxus.
obuia tum medio sonuerunt spicula corde,

incertumque fuit, letum cui cederet hastae.
et iam dispersis Romana per agmina signis 570
palantis agit ad ripas, miserabile, Poenus
impellens trepidos fluuioque immergere certat.

Tum Trebia infausto noua proelia gurgite fessis
incohat ac precibus Iunonis suscitatur undas.
haurit subsidens fugientum corpora tellus 575
infidaque soli frustrata uoragine sorbet.
nec niti lentoque datur conuellere limo
mersa pedum penitus uestigia: labe tenaci
haerent deuincti gressus, resolutaque ripa
implicat aut caeca prosternit fraude paludis. 580
iamque alius super atque alius per lubrica surgens
dum sibi quisque uiam per inextricabile litus
praeripit et putri luctatur caespite, lapsi
occumbunt seseque sua pressere ruina.
ille celer nandi iamiamque adprendere tuta 585
dum parat et celso conisus corpore prensat
gramina summa manu liquidisque emergit ab undis,
contorta ripae pendens adfigitur hasta.
hic hostem orbatus telo complectitur ulnis
luctantemque uado permixta morte coerct. 590
mille simul leti facies. Ligus occidit aruis,
sed proiecta uiri lymphis fluuiialibus ora
sanguineum hauserunt longis singultibus amnem.
enabat tandem medio uix gurgite pulcher
Irpinus sociumque manus clamore uocabat, 595
cum rapidis inlatus aquis et uulnere multo
impulit asper equus fessumque sub aequora mersit.

Accumula<t> clades subito conspecta per undas
uis elephantorum turrito concita dorso.
namque uadis rapitur praeceps, ceu proruta cautes 600
auulsi montis, Trebiamque insueta timentem
prae se pectore agit spumantique incubat alueo.
explorant aduersa uiros, perque aspera duro
nititur ad laudem uirtus interrita cliuo.
namque inhonoratam Fibrenus perdere mortem 605
et famae nudam impatiens ‘Spectabimur,’ inquit
‘nec, Fortuna, meum condes sub gurgite letum.
experiar, sitne in terris, domitare quod ensis
non queat Ausonius Tyrrhenaue permeet hasta.’
tum iacit adsurgens dextroque in lumine sistit 610
spicula saeua ferae telumque in uulnere linquit.
stridore horrisono penetrantem cuspidis ictum

belua prosequitur laceramque cruore profuso
attollit frontem ac lapsa dat terga magistro.
tum uero inuadunt iaculis crebraque sagitta, 615
ausi iam sperare necem, immensosque per armos
et laterum extentus uenit atra cuspide uulnus.
stat multa in tergo et nigranti lancea dorso,
ac siluam ingentem concusso corpore uibrat,
donec consumptis longo certamine telis 620
concidit et clausit magna uada pressa ruina.

Ecce per aduersum, quamquam tardata morantur
uulnere membra uirum, subito implacabilis amnem
Scipio et innumeris infestat caedibus hostem.
corporibus clipeisque simul galeisque cadentum 625
contegitur Trebia, et uix cernere linquitur undas.
Mazeus iaculo, Gestar prosternitur ense,
tum Pelopeus auis Cyrenes incola Thelgon.
huic torquet rapido correptum e gurgite pilum
et quantum longo ferri tenuata rigore 630
procedit cuspis per hiantia transigit ora.
pulsati ligno sonuere in uulnere dentes.
nec leto quaesita quies: turgentia membra
Eridano Trebia, Eridanus dedit aequoris undis.
tu quoque, Thapsee, cadis, tumulo post fata negato. 635
quid domus Hesperidum aut luci iuuere dearum,
fuluos aurifera seruantes arbore ramos?

Intumuit Trebia et stagnis se sustulit imis
iamque ferox totum propellit gurgite fontem
atque omnis torquet uires. furit unda sonoris 640
uerticibus, sequiturque nouus cum murmure torrens.
sensit et accensa ductor uiolentius ira
'Magnas, o Trebia, et meritas mihi, perfide, poenas
exsolues:' inquit 'lacerum per Gallica riuus
dispergam rura atque amnis tibi nomina demam, 645
quoque aperis te fonte, premam, nec tangere ripas
inlabique Pado dabitur. quatenam ista repente
Sidonium, infelix, rabies te reddidit amnem?'

Talia iactantem consurgens agger aquarum
impulit atque umeros curuato gurgite pressit. 650
arduus aduersa mole incurrentibus undis
stat ductor clipeoque ruentem sustulit amnem.
necnon a tergo fluctus stridente procella
spumeus inrorat summas aspergine cristas.
ire uadis stabilemque uetat defigere gressum 655
subducta tellure deus, percussa longe

raucum saxa sonant, undaeque ad bella parentis
excitae pugnant, et ripas perdidit amnis.
tum madidos crinis et glauca fronde reuinctum
attollit cum uoce caput: 'Poenasne superbas 660
insuper et nomen Trebiae delere minaris,
o regnis inimice meis? quot corpora porto
dextra fusa tua! clipeis galeisque uirorum,
quos mactas, artatus iter cursumque reliqui.
caede, uides, stagna alta rubent retroque feruntur. 665
adde modum dextrae aut campis incumbere propinquis.'

Haec, Venere adiuncta, tumulo spectabat ab alto
Mulciber obscurae tectus caligine nubis,
ingrauat ad caelum sublatis Scipio palmis:
'Di patrii, quorum auspiciis stat Dardana Roma, 670
talin me leto tanta inter proelia nuper
seruastis? fortune animam hanc excindere dextra
indignum est uisum? redde o me, nate, periclis,
redde hosti! liceat bellanti accersere mortem
quam patriae fratrique probem.' tum percita dictis 675
ingemuit Venus et rapidas derexit in amnem
coniugis inuicti uires. agit undique flammas
dispersus ripis ignis multosque per annos
nutritas fluuiio populatur feruidus umbras.
uritur omne nemus, lucosque effusus in altos 680
immissis crepitat uictor Vulcanus habenis.
iamque ambusta comas abies, iam pinus et alni,
iam solo restans trunco dimisit in altum
populus adsuetas ramis habitare uolucres.
flamma uorax imo penitus de gurgite tractos 685
absorbet latices, saeuoque urgente uapore
siccus inarescit ripis cruor. horrida late
scinditur in rimas et hiatus rupta dehiscit
tellus, ac stagnis altae sedere fauillae.

Miratur pater aeternos cessare repente 690
Eridanus cursus, Nympharumque intima maestus
impleuit chorus attonitis ululatibus antra.
ter caput ambustum conantem attollere iacta
lampade Vulcanus mersit fumantibus undis,
ter correpta dei crines nudauit harundo. 695
tum demum admissae uoces et uota precantis,
orantique datum ripas seruare prioris,
ac tandem a Trebia reuocauit Scipio fessas
munitum in collem Graccho comitante cohortes.
at Poenus multo fluuium ueneratus honore 700

gramineas undis statuit socialibus aras,
nescius heu, quanto superi maiora mouerent,
et quos Ausoniae luctus, Trasimenne, parares.

Boiorum nuper populos turbauerat armis
Flaminius, facilisque uiro tum gloria belli, ⁷⁰⁵
corde leuem atque astus inopem contundere gentem.
sed labor haud idem Tyrrio certasse tyranno.
hunc laeuis urbi genitum ad fatalia damna
ominibus parat imperio Saturnia fesso
ductorem dignumque uirum ueniente ruina. ⁷¹⁰
inde ubi prima dies iuris, clauumque regendae
inuasit patriae, ac sub nutu castra fuere,
ut pelagi rudis et pontum tractare per artem
nescius, accepit miserae si iura carinae,
uentorum tenet ipse uicem cunctisque procellis ⁷¹⁵
dat iactare ratem: fertur uaga gurgite puppis
ipsius in scopulos dextra impellente magistri++
ergo agitur raptis praeceps exercitus armis
Lydorum <in> populos sedemque ab origine prisci
sacratam Corythi iunctosque a sanguine auorum ⁷²⁰
Maeonios Italis permixta stirpe colonos.

Nec regem Afrorum noscenda ad coepta moratur
laude super tanta monitor deus. omnia somni
condiderant aegrisque dabant obliuia curis,
cum Iuno in stagni numen conuersa propinqui ⁷²⁵
et madidae frontis crinis circumdata fronde
populea stimulat subitis praecordia curis
ac rumpit ducis haud spernenda uoce quietem:
'O felix famae et Latio lacrimabile nomen
Hannibal, Ausoniae si te Fortuna creasset ⁷³⁰
ad magnos uenture deos, cur fata tenemus?
pelle moras. breuis est magni Fortuna fauoris.
quantum uouisti, cum Dardana bella parenti
iurares, fluet Ausonio tibi corpore tantum
sanguinis, et patrias satiabis caedibus umbras. ⁷³⁵
nobis persolues meritos securus honores.
namque ego sum celsis quem cinctum montibus ambit
Tmolo missa manus, stagnis Trasimennus opacis.'

His agitur monitis et laetam numine pubem
protinus aerii praeceps rapit aggere montis. ⁷⁴⁰
horrebat glacie saxa inter lubrica summo
piniferum caelo miscens caput Apenninus.
condiderat nix alta trabes, et uertice celso
canus apex stricta surgebat ad astra pruina.

ire iubet. prior extingui labique uidetur 745
gloria, post Alpes si stetur montibus ullis.
scandunt praerupti nimbose cacumina saxi.
nec superasse iugum finit mulcetue laborem:
plana natant, putrique gelu liquentibus undis
inuisa limosa restagnant arua palude. 750
iamque ducis nudus tanta inter inhospita uertex
saeuitia quatitur caeli, manante per ora
perque genas oculo. facilis spreuisse medentis
optatum bene credit emi quocumque periculo
bellandi tempus. non frontis parcat honori, 755
dum ne perdat iter, non cetera membra moratur
in pretium belli dare, si uictoria poscat,
satque putat lucis, Capitolia cernere uictor
qua petat atque Italum feriat qua comminus hostem.
taliter perpassi tandem inter saeva locorum 760
optatos uenire lacus, ubi deinde per arma
sumeret amissi numerosa piacula uisus.

Ecce autem patres aderant Carthagine missi.
causa uiae non parua uiris, nec laeta ferebant.
mos fuit in populis, quos condidit aduena Dido, 765
poscere caede deos ueniam ac flagrantibus aris
(infandum dictu) paruos imponere natos.
urna reducebat miserandos annua casus
sacra Thoanteae ritusque imitata Dianae.
cui fato sortique deum de more petebat 770
Hannibalis prolem discors antiquitus Hannon.
sed propior metus armati ductoris ab ira
et magna ante oculos stabat redeuntis imago.
asperat haec, foedata genas lacerataque crinis,
atque urbem complet maestus clamor Imilce, 775
Edonis ut Pangaea super trieteride mota
it iuga et inclusum suspirat pectore Bacchum.
ergo inter Tyrias, facibus ceu subdita, matres
clamat: 'Io coniunx, quocumque in cardine mundi
bella moues, huc signa refer. uiolentior hic est, 780
hic hostis propior. tu nunc fortasse sub ipsis
urbis Dardaniae muris uibrantia tela
excipis intrepidus clipeo saeuamque coruscans
lampada Tarpeis infers incendia tectis.
interea tibi prima domus atque unica proles 785
heu gremio in patriae Stygias raptatur ad aras.
i nunc, Ausonios ferro populare penates
et uetitas molire uias. i, pacta resigna

per cunctos iurata deos. sic praemia reddit
Carthago et talis iam nunc tibi soluit honores. 790
quae porro haec pietas delubra aspergere tabo?
heu primae scelerum causae mortalibus aegris,
naturam nescire deum! iusta ite precari
ture pio caedumque feros auertite ritus.
mite et cognatum est homini deus. hactenus, oro, 795
sit satis ante aras caesos uidisse iuuenos.
aut si uelle nefas superos fixumque sedetque,
me, me, quae genui, uestris absumite uotis.
cur spoliare iuuat Libycas hac indole terras?
an flendae magis Aegates et mersa profundo 800
Punica regna forent, olim si sorte cruenta
esset tanta mei uirtus praerepta mariti?
haec dubios uario diuumque hominisque timore
ad cauta inlexere patres, ipsique relictum
abnueret sortem an superum pareret honori. 805
tum uero trepidare metu uix compos Imilce,
magnanimi metuens immitia corda mariti.

His auide auditis ductor sic deinde profatur:
‘Quid tibi pro tanto non impar munere soluat
Hannibal aequatus superis? quae praemia digna 810
inueniam, Carthago parens? noctemque diemque
arma feram, templisque tuis hinc plurima faxo
hostia ab Ausonio ueniat generosa Quirino.
at puer armorum et belli seruabitur heres.
spes, o nate, meae Tyriarumque unica rerum, 815
Hesperia minitante, salus, terraque fretoque
certare Aeneadis dum stabit uita memento.
perge (patent Alpes) nostroque incumbere labori.
uos quoque, di patrii, quorum delubra piantur
caedibus atque coli gaudent formidine matrum, 820
huc laetos uultus totasque aduertite mentes.
namque paro sacra et maioris molior aras.
tu, Mago, aduersi conside in uertice montis,
tu laeuos propior collis accede, Choaspe,
ad claustra et fauces ducat per opaca Sychaeus. 825
ast ego te, Trasimenne, uago cum milite praeceps
lustrabo et superis quaeram libamina belli.
namque haud parua deus promissis spondet apertis,
quae spectata, uiri, patriam referatis in urbem.’

LIBER V

Ceperat Etruscos occulto milite colles
Sidonius ductor perque alta silentia noctis
siluarum anfractus caecis insederat armis.
at parte e laeua restagnans gurgite uasto
effigiem in pelagi lacus umectabat inerti<s> 5
et late multo foedabat proxima limo.
quae uada Faunigenae regnata antiquitus Arno
nunc uolente die Trasimenni nomina seruant.
Lydius huic genitor, <T>moli decus, aequore longo
Maeoniam quondam in Latias aduexerat oras 10
Tyrrhenus pubem dederatque uocabula terris.
isque insueta tubae monstrauit murmura primus
gentibus et bellis ignaua silentia rupit,
nec modicus uoti natum ad maiora fouebat.
uerum ardens puero castumque exuta pudorem 15
(nam forma certare deis, Trasimenne, ualeres)
litore correptum stagnis demisit Agylle,
flore capi iuuenem primaewo lubrica mentem
nympha nec Idalia lenta incaluisse sagitta.
solatae uiridi penitus fouere sub antro 20
Naides amplexus undosaeque regna trementem.
hinc dotale lacus nomen, lateque Hymenaeo
conscia lasciuo Trasimennus dicitur unda.

Et iam curriculo nigram nox roscida metam
stringebat, nec se thalamis Tithonia coniunx 25
protulerat stabatque nitens in limine primo,
cum minus abnuerit noctem desisse uiator
quam coepisse diem: consul carpebat iniquas,
praegrediens signa ipsa, uias, omnisque ruebat
mixtus eques nec discretis leuia arma manipulis 30
insertique globo pedites, et inutile Marti
lixarum uulgus praesago cuncta tumultu
implere, et pugnam fugientum more petebant.
tum super ipse lacus densam caligine caeca
exhalans nebulam late corruerat omnem 35
prospectum miseris, atque atrae noctis amictu
squalabat pressum picea inter nubila caelum.
nec Poenum liquere doli: sedet ense reposto
abditus et nullis properantem occursibus arcet.
ire datur, longeque patet ceu pace quieta 40
incustoditum, mox inremeabile, litus.

namque sub angustas artato limite fauces
in fraudem ducebat iter, geminumque receptis
exitium, hinc rupes, hinc undae claustra premebant.
at tur<m>a umbroso seruabat uertice montis 45
hostilem ingressum, refugos habitura sub ictu:
haud secus ac uitreas sollers piscator ad undas,
ore leuem patulo texens de uimine nassam,
cautius interiora ligat mediamque per aluum
sensim fastigans compressa cacumina nectit 50
ac fraude artati remeare foraminis arcet
introitu facilem quem traxit ab aequore piscem.

Ocius interea propelli signa iubebat
excussus consul fatorum turbine mentem,
donec flammiferum tollentes aequore currum 55
solis equi sparsere diem. iamque orbe renato
diluerat nebulas Titan, sensimque fluebat
caligo in terras nitido resoluta sereno.
tunc ales, priscum populis de more Latinis
auspiciis cum bella parant mentesque deorum 60
explorant super euentu, ceu praescia luctus
damnauit uestigi planctuque alimenta refugit.
nec rauco taurus cessauit flebile ad aras
immugire sono pressamque ad colla bipennem
incerta ceruice ferens altaria liquit. 65
signa etiam effusa certant dum uellere mole,
taeter humo lacera nitentum erupit in ora
exultans cruor, et caedis documenta futurae
ipsa parens miseris gremio dedit atra cruento.
ac super haec diuum genitor terrasque fretumque 70
concutiens tonitru Cyclopum rapta caminis
fulmina Tyrrhenas Trasimenni torsit in undas,
ictusque aetheria per stagna patentia flamma
fumaui lacus atque arserunt fluctibus ignes.
heu uani monitus frustra morantia Parcas 75
prodigia! heu fatis superi certare minores!
atque hic, egregius linguae nomenque superbum,
Coruinus, Phoebea sedet cui casside fulua
ostentans ales proauitae insignia pugnae,
plenus et ipse deum, et socium terrente pauore 80
immiscet precibus monita atque his uocibus infit:
'Ilicas per te flammis Tarpeiaque saxa,
per patrios, consul, muros suspensa nostrae
euentu pugnae natorum pignora, cedas
oramus superis tempusque ad proelia dextrum 85

opperiari. dabunt idem camposque diemque
pugnandi: tantum ne dedignare secundos
expectare deos. cum fulserit hora, cruentam
quae stragem Libyae portet, tum signa sequentur
nulla uulsa manu, uescique interritus ales 90
gaudebit, nullosque uomet pia terra cruores.
an te praestantem belli fugit, improba quantum
hoc possit Fortuna loco? sedet obuius hostis
aduersa fronte, at circa nemorosa minantur
insidias iuga, nec laeua stagnantibus undis 95
effugium patet, et tenui stant tramite fauces.
si certare dolis et bellum ducere cordi est,
interea rapidis aderit Seruilius armis,
cui par imperium et uires legionibus aequae.
bellandum est astu. leuior laus in duce dextrae.’ 100

Talia Coruinus, primoresque addere passim
orantum uerba, et diuisus quisque timori<s>
nunc superos, ne Flamin<i>o, nunc deinde precari
Flaminium, ne caelicolis contendere perstet.
acrius hoc accensa ducis surrexerat ira, 105
auditoque furens socias non defore uires
‘Sicine nos’ inquit ‘Boiorum in bella ruentis
spectastis, cum tanta lues uulgusque tremendum
ingrueret, rupesque iterum Tarpeia paueret?
quas ego tunc animas dextra, quae corpora fudi, 110
irata tellure sata et uix uulnere uitam
reddentis uno! iacuere ingentia membra
per campos magnisque premunt nunc ossibus arua.
scilicet has sera ad laudes Seruilius arma
adiungat, nisi diuiso uicisse triumpho 115
ut nequeam et decoris contentus parte quiescam?
quippe monent superi. similes ne fingite uobis,
classica qui tremitis, diuos. sat magnus in hostem
augur adest ensis, pulchrumque et milite dignum
auspiciu Latio quod in armis dextera praestat. 120
an, Coruine, sedet, clausum se consul inerti
ut teneat uallo, Poenus nunc occupet altos
Arreti muros, Corythi nunc diruat arcem,
hinc Clusina petat, postremo ad moenia Romae
inlaesus contendat iter? deforme sub armis 125
uana superstitio est: dea sola in pectore Virtus
bellantum uiget. umbrarum me noctibus atris
agmina circumstant, Trebiae qui gurgite quique
Eridani uoluuntur aquis, inhumata iuuentus.’

Nec mora. iam medio coetu signisque sub ipsis 130
 postrema aptabat nulli exorabilis arma.
 aere atque aequorei tergo flauente iuueni
 cassis erat munita uiro, cui uertice surgens
 triplex crista iubas effundit crine Suebo:
 Scylla super fracti contorquens pondera remi 135
 instabat saeuosque canum pandebat hiatus,
 nobile Gargeni spoliū, quod rege superbus
 Boiorum caeso capiti inlacerabile uictor
 aptarat pugnasque decus portabat in omnis.
 loricam induitur: tortos huic nexilis hamos 140
 ferro squama rudi permixtoque asperat auro.
 tum clipeum capit, aspersum quem caedibus olim
 Celticus ornarat cruor, umentique sub antro
 ceu fetum lupa permulcens puerilia membra
 ingentem Assaraci caelo nutribat alumnum. 145
 hinc ensem lateri dextraeque accommodat hastam.
 stat sonipes uexatque ferox umentia frena,
 Caucas<e>am instratus uirgato corpore tigrim.
 inde exceptus equo, qua dant angusta uiarum,
 nunc hos, nunc illos adit atque hortatibus implet: 150
 ‘Vestrum opus est uestrumque decus suffixa per urbem
 Poeni ferre ducis spectanda parentibus ora.
 unum hoc pro cunctis sat erit caput. aspera quisque
 hortamenta sibi referat: “Meus, heu! meus atris
 Ticini frater ripis iacet,” “At meus alta 155
 metitur stagna Eridani sine funere natus.”
 haec sibi quisque; sed, est uestrum cui nulla doloris
 priuati rabies, is uero ingentia sumat
 e medio, fodiant quae magnas pectus in iras,
 perfractas Alpes passamque infanda Saguntum, 160
 quosque nefas uetiti transcendere nomen Hiberi,
 tangere iam Thybrim. nam dum nos augur et extis
 quaesitae fibrae uanusque moratur haruspex,
 solum iam superest Tarpeio imponere castra.’

Turbidus haec, uisoque artis in milibus atras 165
 bellatore iubas aptante ‘Est, Orfite, munus,
 est’ ait ‘hoc certare tuum, quis opima uolenti
 dona Ioui portet feretro suspensa cruento.
 nam cur haec alia pariat gloria dextra?’
 hinc praeuectus equo, postquam inter proelia notam 170
 accepit uocem, ‘Procul hinc te Martius,’ inquit
 ‘Murrane, ostendit clamor, uideoque furentem
 iam Tyria te caede. uenit laus quanta! sed, oro,

haec angusta loci ferro patefacta relaxa.’
tum Soracte satum, praestantem corpore et armis, 175
Aequanum noscens, patrio cui ritus in aruo,
cum pius Arcitenens accensis gaudet aceruis,
exta ter innocuos laetum portare per ignes,
‘Sic in Apollinea semper uestigia pruna
inuiolata teras uictorque uaporis ad aras 180
dona serenato referas sollemnia Phoebo:
concipe’ ait ‘dignum factis, Aequane, furorem
uulneribusque tuis. socio te caedis et irae
non ego Marmaridum mediam penetrare phalangem
Cinyphiaeque globos dubitarim inrumpere turmae.’ 185

Nec iam ultra monitus et uerba morantia Martem
ferre ualet: longo Aeneadis quod flebitur aeuo
increpuere simul feralia classica signum,
ac tuba terrificis fregit stridoribus auras.
heu dolor, heu lacrimae nec post tot saecula serae! 190
horresco ut pendente malo, ceu ductor ad arma
exciret Tyrius. latebrosis collibus Astur
et Libys et torta Baliaris saeuus habena
erumpunt multusque Maces Garamasque Nomasque,
tum, quo non alius uenalem in proelia dextram 195
ocior attulerit conductaque bella probarit,
Cantaber et galeae contempto tegmine Vasco.
hinc pariter rupes, lacus hinc, hinc arma simulque
consona uox urget, signum clamore uicissim
per collis Tyria circumfundente corona. 200

Auertere dei uultus fatoque dederunt
maiori non sponte locum; stupet ipse tyranni
fortunam Libyci Mauors, disiectaque crinem
inlacrimat Venus, et Delum peruectus Apollo
tristem maerenti solatur pectine luctum. 205
sola Apennini residens in uertice diras
expectat caedes immiti pectore Iuno.

Primae Picentum, rupto ceu turbine fusa
agmina et Hannibalem ruere ut uidere, cohortes
inuadunt ultro et poenas pro morte futura, 210
turbato uictore, petunt accensa iuuentus,
et uelut erepto metuendi libera caelo
manibus ipsa suis praesumpta piacula mittit.
funditur unanimo nisu et concordibus ausis
pilorum in Poenos nimbus, fixosque repulsi 215
summittunt clipeos curuato pondere teli.
acrius hoc rursum Libys (et praesentia saeui

extimulat ducis) hortantes se quisque uicissim
incumbunt pressoque impellunt pectore pectus.

Ipsa, facem quatiens ac flauam sanguine multo 220
sparsa comam, medias acies Bellona pererrat.
stridit Tartareae nigro sub pectore diuae
letiferum murmur, feralique horrida cantu
bucina lymphatas agit in certamina mentes.
his iras aduersa fouent crudusque ruente 225
fortuna stimulus spem proiecisse salutis:
hos dexter deus et laeto Victoria uultu
adridens acuit, Martisque fauore fruuntur.

Abreptus pulchro caedum Lateranus amore
dum sequitur dextram, in medios penetrauerat hostis. 230
quem postquam florens aequali Lentulus aeuo
conspexit nimium pugnae nimiumque cruoris
infestas inter non aequo Marte cateruas
fata iritantem, nisu se concitat acri
immitemque Bagam, qui iam uicina ferebat 235
uulnera pugnantis tergo, uelocior hasta
occupat et socium duris se casibus addit.
tunc alacres arma adglomerant geminaque corusci
fronte micant: paribus fulgent capita ardua cristis.
actus in aduersos casu (namque obuia ferre 240
arma quis auderet, nisi quem deus ima colentum
damnasset Stygiae nocti?) prae fracta gerebat
Syrcticus excelso decurrens robora monte
et quatiens acer nodosi pondera rami
flagrabat geminae nequiquam caedis amore: 245
‘Non hic Aegates infidaque litora nautis,
o iuuenes, motumque nouis sine Marte procellis
fortunam bello pelagus dabit. aequoris olim
uictores, media sit qualis, discite, terra
bellator Libys, et meliori cedit regnis.’ 250
ac simul infesto Lateranum pondere truncae
arboris urgebat iungens conuicia pugnae.
Lentulus huic frendens ira: ‘Trasimennus in altos
ascendet citius collis, quam sanguine roret
iste pio ramus,’ subsidensque ilia nisu 255
conantis suspensa fodit. tum feruidus atro
pulmone exundat per hiantia uiscera sanguis.

Nec minus accensis in mutua funera dextris
parte alia campi saeuit furor. altus Iertes
obtruncat Nerium. Rullo ditissimus arui 260
occumbis, genere Volunx, nec clausa repositis

pondera thesauris patrio nec regia quondam
praefulgens ebore et possessa mapalia soli
profuerunt. quid rapta iuuant, quid gentibus auri
numquam extincta sitis? modo quem Fortuna fouendo 265
congestis opibus donisque refersit opimis,
nudum Tartarea portabit nauita cumba.

Iuxta bellator iuuenilibus Appius ausis
pandebat campum caede atque, ubi plurima uirtus
nullique aspirare uigor, decus inde petebat. 270
obuius huic Atlans, Atlans a litore Hiberno,
nequiquam extremae longinquus cultor harenae,
impetit os hasta, leuiterque e corpore summo
degustat cuspis generosum extrema cruorem.
intonuere minae, uiolentaque lumina flammis 275
exarsere nouis. furit et diffulminat omnem
obstantum turbam; at clausum sub casside uulnus
Martia commendat mananti sanguine membra.
tum uero aspiceres pauitantem et condere semet
nitentem sociis iuuenem, ceu tigride cerua 280
Hyrcana cum pressa tremit, uel territa pennas
colligit accipitrem cernens in nube columba,
aut dumis subit, albenti si sensit in aethra
librantem nisus aquilam, lepus. ora citato
ense ferit, tum colla uiri dextramque micantem 285
demitit ac mutat successu saeuior hostem.

Stabat fulgentem portans in bella bipennem
Cinyphius socerique miser Magonis inire
optabat pugnam ante oculos spe laudis Isalcas,
Sidonia tumidus sponsa uanoque superbus 290
foedere promissae post Dardana proelia taedae.
huic immittit atrox uiolentas Appius iras
conantique grauem fronti librare securim
altior insurgens galeam super exigit ictum.
at fragilis ualido conamine soluitur ensis 295
aere in Cinyphio, nec dispar sortis Isalcas
umbonem incerto deterisit futilis ictu.
tum quod humo haud umquam ualuisset uellere saxum,
ni uires trux ira daret, contorquet anhelans
Appius et lapsu resupino in terga cadentem 300
mole premit scopuli perfractisque ossibus urget.
uidit coniuncto miscens certamina campo
labentem socer, et lacrimae sub casside fusae
cum gemitu, rapidusque ruit: data foedera nuper
accendant animos expectatique nepotes. 305

iamque aderat clipeumque uiri atque immania membra
lustrabat uisu, propiorque a fronte coruscae
lux galeae saeuas paulum tardauerat iras.
haud secus, e specula praeceps delatus opaca,
subsicens campo summissos contrahit artus, 310
cum uicina trucidis conspexit cornua tauri,
quamuis longa fames stimulet, leo: nunc ferus alta
surgentis ceruice toros, nunc torua sub hirta
lumina miratur fronte ac iam signa mouentem
et sparsa pugnans meditantem spectat harena. 315
hic prior intorquens telum sic Appius infit:
‘Si qua tibi pietas, ictum ne desere foedus
et generum comitare socer.’ per tegmina uelox
tunc aerisque moras laeue stetit hasta lacerto.
at contra non dicta Libys, sed feruidus hastam 320
perlibrat, magni donum memorabile fratris,
caeso quam uictor sub moenibus ille Sagunti
abstulerat Durio ac spectatae nobile pugnae
germano dederat portare in proelia pignus.
telum ingens perque arma uiri perque ora, doloris 325
adiutum nisu, letalem pertulit ictum,
exanguesque uiri conantis uellere ferrum
in uulnus cecidere manus. iacet aequare nomen
clarum Maeonio atque Italiae pars magna ruinae
Appius. intremuere lacus, corpusque refugit 330
contractis Trasimennus aquis: telum ore cruento
expirans premit atque admorsae immurmurat hastae.

Nec fati melior Mamercus corpore toto
exsoluit poenas nulli non saucius hosti.
namque per aduersos, qua Lusitana ciebat 335
pugnans dira manus, raptum cum sanguine caesi
signiferi magna uexillum mole ferebat
et trepida infelix reuocabat signa suorum.
sed furiata cohors ausisque accensa superbis
quodcumque ipsa manu gestabat missile, quicquid 340
praebebat tellus sparsis uix peruia telis
iniecit pariter, pluresque in corpore nullum
inuenere locum perfossis ossibus hastae.

Aduolat interea fraterni uulneris ira
turbatus Libyae ductor, uisoque cruore, 345
num lateri cuspis, num toto pondere telum
sedisset, fratremque amens sociosque rogabat.
utque metum leti procul et leuiores pauore
cognouit, proprio tectum gestamine praeceps

ex acie rapit et tutis a turbine pugnae 350
constituit castris. medicas hinc ocius artes
et senioris opem Synhali uocat. unguere uulnus
herbarum hic sucis ferrumque e corpore cantu
exigere et somnum tacto misisse chelydro
anteibat cunctos, nomenque erat inde per urbes 355
perque Paraetoniae celebratum litora Syrtis.
ipse olim antiquo primum Garamanticus Hammon
scire pater dederat Synhalo morsusque ferarum
telorumque grauis ictus sedare medendo.
atque is deinde suo moriens caelestia dona 360
monstrauit nato, natusque heredis honori
tramisit patrias artis. quem deinde secutus
haud leuior fama Synhalus Garamantica sollers
monstrata augebat studio multaque uetustum
Hammonis comitem numerabat imagine patrem. 365
tum proauita ferens leni medicamina dextra
ocius, intortos de more astrictus amictus,
mulcebat lymphā purgatum sanguine uulnus.
at Mago, exuuias secum caesique uolutans
hostis mente necem, fraternas pectore curas 370
pellebat dictis et casum laude leuabat:
'Parce metu, germane. meis medicamina nulla
aduersis maiora feres: iacet Appius hasta
ad manis pulsus nostra. si uita relinquat,
sat nobis actum est: sequar hostem laetus ad umbras.'

Quae dum turbatos auertunt aequore campi
ductores ualloque tenent, ex agmine Poenum
cedentem consul tumulo speculatus ab alto
atque atram belli castris se condere nubem,
turbidus extemplo trepidantis milite maestro 380
inuadit cuneos subitoque pauore relaxat
iam rarescentis acies. tum uoce feroci
poscit eum ac mediae ruit in certamina uallis.
sic ubi torrentem crepitanti grandine nimbū
inlidit terris molitus Iuppiter altas 385
fulmine nunc Alpes, nunc mixta Ceraunia caelo,
intremuere simul tellus et pontus et aether,
ipsaque commoto quatiuntur Tartara mundo.
incidit attonitis inopino turbine Poenis
haud secus improuisa lues, gelidusque sub ossa 390
peruasit miseris conspecti consulis horror.
it medius ferroque ruens densissima latum
pandit iter. clamor uario discrimine uocum

fert belli rabiem ad superos et sidera pulsat,
ceu pater Oceanus cum saeua Tethye Calpen 395
Herculeam ferit atque exesa in uiscera montis
contortum pelagus latrantibus ingerit undis:
dant gemitum scopuli, fractasque in rupibus undas
audit Tartessos latis distermine terris,
audit non paruo diuisus gurgite Lixus. 400

Ante omnis iaculo tacitas fallente per auras
occumbit Bogus, infaustum qui primus ad amnem
Ticini rapidam in Rutulos contorserat hastam.
ille sibi longam Clotho turbamque nepotum
crediderat uanis deceptus in alite signis. 405
sed non augurio Parcarum impellere metas
concessum cuiquam: ruit inter tela cruentis
suspiciens oculis caelum superosque reposcit
tempora promissae media iam morte senectae.
nec Bagaso exultare datum <a>ut impune relictum 410
consulis ante oculos uita spoliasset Libonem.
laurigeris decus illud auis nauaque iuuenta
florebat, sed Massylus succiderat ensis
pubescente caput mala, properoque uirentis
deleat leto bellator barbarus annos. 415
Flaminium implorasse tamen iam morte suprema
haud frustra fuit. auulsa est nam protinus hosti
ore simul ceruix: iuuat punire feroci
uictorem exemplo <et> monstratum reddere letum.

Quis deus, o Musae, paribus tot funera uerbis 420
euoluat, tantisque umbris in carmine digna
quis lamenta ferat? certantis laude cadendi
primaeuos iuuenes mortisque in limine cruda
facta uirum et fixis rabiem sub pectore telis?
sternitur alternus uastis concursibus hostis, 425
nec spoliare uacat praedaeque aduertere mentem.
urget amor caedum, clausis dum detinet hostem
fratrum castris uulnus, funditque ruitque
nunc iaculis, nunc ense, modo inter milia consul
bellantum conspectus equo, modo Marte feroci 430
ante aquilas et signa pedes. fluit impia riuus
saguineis uallis, tumulique et concaua saxa
armorum sonitus flatusque imitantur equorum.

Miscebat campum, membrorum in proelia portans
celsius humano robur, uisaeque pauentis 435
mole gigantei uertebat corporis alas
Othrys Marmarides: lati super agmen utrumque

ingens tollebant umeri caput, hirtaque toruae
frontis caesaries et crinibus aemula barba
umbrabat rictus; squalore hinc hispida diro 440
et uillosa feris horrebant pectora saetis.
aspirare uiro propioremque addere Martem
haud ausum cuiquam. laxo ceu belua campo
incessebatur tutis ex agmine telis.
tandem uesanos palantum in terga ferenti 445
cum fremitu uultus tacita per nubila penna
intrauit toruum Gortynia lumen harundo
auertitque uirum. fugientis ad agmina consul
intorquet tergo iaculum, quod tegmine nudas
inrupit costas hirtoque a pectore primum 450
mucronem ostendit. rapidus conuellere temptat
qua nasci ferrum fulgenti cuspide cernit,
donec abundanter defuso sanguine late
procubuit moriens et telum uulnere pressit.
spiritus exundans uicinum puluere moto 455
perflauit campum et nubem dispersit in auras.

Nec minor interea tumultis siluisque fremebat
diuersis Mauors, uariaque per ardua pugna
et saxa et dumi rorantes caede nitebant.
exitium trepidis letique et stragis acerbae 460
causa Sychaeus erat. Murranum ille eminus hasta
perculerat, quo non alius, cum bella silerent,
dulcius Oeagrios pulsabat pectine neruos.
occubuit silua in magna patriosque sub ipso
quaesiuit montis leto ac felicia Baccho 465
Aequana et Zephyro Surrentum molle salubri.
addiderat misero comitem pugnaeque ferocis
gaudebat tristi uictor nouitate Sychaeus.
palantis nam dum sequitur, peruaserat altam
in siluam et priscae reclinis ab ictibus ulmi 470
terga tuebatur trunco frustra relictos
Tauranus comites suprema uoce ciebat.
transegit iuuenem ac perfossis incita membris
haesit in opposito cuspis Sidonia ligno.

Quid uobis, quaenam ira deum, uel mente sinistra 475
quae sedit formido, uiri? qui Marte relicto
ramorum quaesistis opem. non aequus in artis
nimirum rebus suasor metus. arguit asper
exitus euentu praui consulta timoris.
annosa excelsos tendebat in aethera ramos 480
aesculus, umbrosum magnas super ardua siluas

nubibus insertans altis caput, instar (aperto
si staret campo) nemoris, lateque tenebat
frondosi nigra tellurem roboris umbra.
par iuxta quercus longum molita per aeuum 485
uertice canenti proferre sub astra cacumen
diffusas patulo laxabat stipite frondes
umbrabatque coma summi fastigia montis.
huc Hennaëa cohors, Triquetris quam miserat oris
rex, Arethusa, tuus, defendere nescia morti 490
dedecus et mentem nimio mutata pauore
certatim sese tulit ascendensque uicissim
pressit nutantis incerto pondere ramos.
mox alius super atque alius consistere tuto
dum certant, pars excussi (nam fragmine putri 495
ramorum et senio male fida fefellerat arbor),
pars trepidi celso inter tela cacumine pendent.
turbatos una properans consumere peste
corripit aeratam iam dudum in bella bipennem,
deposito clipeo mutatus tela, Sychaeus. 500
incumbunt sociae dextrae, magnoque fragore
pulsa gemit crebris succumbens ictibus arbos.
fluctuat infelix concusso stipite turba,
ceu, Zephyrus quatit antiquos ubi flamine lucos,
fronde super tremuli uix tota cacuminis haerens 505
iactatur nido pariter nutante uolucris.
procubuit tandem multa deuicta securi
suffugium infelix miseris et inhospita quercus
elisitque uirum spatiosa membra ruina.

Inde aliae cladum facies. contermina taedis 510
conlucet rapidoque inuoluitur aesculus igni.
iamque inter frondes arenti robore gliscens
uerticibus saeuis torquet Vulcanus anhelos
cum feruore globos flammarum et <c>ulmina torret.
nec tela interea cessant. semusta gementum 515
atque amplexa cadunt ardentis corpora ramos.

Haec inter miseranda uirum certamina consul
ecce aderat uoluens iram exitiumque Sychaeo.
at iuuenis dubio tantae discrimine pugnae
occupat euentum telo temptare priorem. 520
cui medio leuiter clipeo stetit aeris in ora
cuspis et oppositas uetita est tramittere crates.
sed non et consul misso concredere telo
fortunam optatae caedis parat, at latus ense
haurit: nec crudae tardarunt tegmina parmae. 525

labitur infelix atque adpetit ore cruento
tellurem expirans. tum diffundente per artus
frigore se Stygio manantem in uiscera mortem
accipit et longo componit lumina somno.

Atque ea dum uariis permixtus tristia Mauors 530
casibus alternat, iam castris Mago relictis,
iam Libyae ductor properantia signa citato
raptabant cursu et cessata reponere hauebant
tempora caede uirum ac multo pensare cruore.
it globus intorquens nigranti turbine nubem 535
pulueris, et surgit sublatis campus harenis,
quaque ferens gressum flectit uestigia ductor,
undanti circum tempestas acta procella
uoluitur atque altos operit caligine montis.
occubuere femur Fontanus, Buta canorum 540
transfixi guttur, pressoque e uulnere cuspis
prospexit terga. hunc tristes luxere Fregellae
multiplicem proauis, hunc mater Anagnia fleuit.
haud dispar fortuna tibi, Laeuine, sed auso
non eadem. neque enim Tyrio concurrere regi 545
temptas, sed lectus par ad certamen Ithemon
Autololum moderator erat; quem poplite caeso
dum spoliat, grauis immiti cum turbine costas
fraxinus inrupit, conlapsaque membra sub ictu
hoste super fuso subita cecidere ruina. 550

[Nec Sidicina cohors defit. Viriasius armat
mille uiros, nulli uictus uel ponere castra
uel iunxisse ratem duroque resolvere muros
ariete et in turrim subitos immittere pontis.]

*

554a

Quem postquam Libyae ductor uirtute feroci
exultare uidet (namque illi uulnere praeceps
terga dabat leuibus diffisus Arauricus armis),
acrius hoc, pulchro Mauorte accensus in iram
et dignum sese ratus in certamina saeuo
comminus ire uiro, referenti e corpore telum 560
aduolat et fodiens pectus: 'Laudande laborum,
quisquis es, haud alia decuit te occumbere dextra.
ad manis leti perfer decus. Italia gentis
ni tibi origo foret, uita donatus abires.'
hinc Fadum petit et ueterem bellare Labicum, 565
cui Siculis quondam terris congressus Hamilcar
clarum spectato dederat certamine nomen.
immemor annorum seniumque oblitus in arma

ille quidem cruda mente et uiridissimus irae
ibat, sed uani frigentem in Marte senectam 570
prodebant ictus: stipula crepitabat inani
ignis iners cassamque dabat sine robore flammam.
quem postquam accepit patrio monstrante superbum
armigero Poenum ductor, 'Certamina primae
hic lue nunc' inquit 'pugnae: te notus Hamilcar 575
hac trahit ad manis dextra.' tum librat ab aure
intorquens iaculum et uersantem in uulnere sese
transigit. extracta foedauit cuspide sanguis
canitiem et longos finiuit morte labores.
nec minus Herminium primis obtruncat in armis, 580
adsuetum, Trasimenne, tuos praedantibus hamis
exhaustire lacus patriaeque alimenta senectae
ducere suspenso per stagna iacentia lino.
interea exanimem maestum super arma Sychaeum
portabant Poeni corpusque in castra ferebant. 585
quos ubi conspexit tristi clamore ruentis
ductor, praesago percussus pectora luctu,
'Quinam' inquit 'dolor, o socii, quemue ira deorum
eripuit nobis? num te, dulcedine laudis
flagrantem et nimio primi Mauortis amore 590
atra, Sychaeae, dies properato funere carpsit?'
utque dato gemitu lacrimae adsensere ferentum
et dictus pariter caedis maerentibus auctor,
'Cerno' ait 'aduerso pulchrum sub pectore uulnus
cuspidis Iliacae. dignus Carthagine, dignus 595
Hasdrubale ad manis ibis, nec te optima mater
dissimilem lugebit auis, Stygiaue sub umbra
degenerem cernens noster uitabit Hamilcar.
at mihi Flaminius, tam maestum causa doloris,
morte sua minuat luctus. haec pompa sequetur 600
exequias, seroque emptum uolet impia Roma
non uiolasse mei corpus mucrone Sychaei.'

Sic memorans torquet fumantem ex ore uaporem,
iraque anhelatum proturbat pectore murmur,
ut multo accensis feruore exuberat undis 605
clausus ubi exusto liquor indignatur aeno.
tum praeceps ruit in medios solumque fatigat
Flaminius incessens. nec dicto segnius ille
bella capessebat, propiorque insurgere Mauors
coeperat, et campo iunctus iam stabat uterque, 610
cum subitus per saxa fragor, motique repente,
horrendum, colles et summa cacumina totis

intremuere iugis. nutant in uertice siluae
pinifero fractaeque ruunt super agmina rupes.
immugit penitus conuulsis ima cauernis 615
dissiliens tellus nec paruos rumpit hiatus,
atque umbras late Stygias immensa uorago
faucibus ostendit patulis, manesque profundi
antiquum expauere diem. lacus ater in altos
sublatus montis et sede excussus auita 620
lauit Tyrrhenas ignota aspergine siluas.
iamque eadem populos magnorumque oppida regum
tempestas et dira lues strauitque tulitque.
ac super haec reflui pugnarunt montibus amnes,
et retro fluctus torsit mare. monte relicto 625
Apenninicolae fugere ad litora Fauni.
pugnabat tamen (heu belli uecordia!) miles,
iactatus titubante solo, tremebundaque tela,
subducta tellure ruens, torquebat in hostem,
donec pulsa uagos cursus ad litora uertit 630
mentis inops stagnisque inlata est Daunia pubes.
quis consul terga increpitans (nam turbine motae
ablatus terrae inciderat): 'Quid deinde, quid, oro,
restat, io, profugis? uos en ad moenia Romae
ducitis Hannibalem, uos in Tarpeia Tonantis 635
tectata faces ferrumque datis. sta, miles, et acris
disce ex me pugnare, uel si pugnare negatum,
disce mori. dabit exemplum non uile futuris
Flaminius. ne terga Libys, ne Cantaber umquam
consulis aspiciat. solus, si tanta libido 640
est uobis rabiesque fugae, tela omnia solus
pectore consumo et moriens fugiente per auras
hac anima uestras reuocabo ad proelia dextras.'

Dumque ea commemorat densosque obit obuius hostis,
aduolat ora ferus mentemque Ducarius. acri 645
nomen erat gentile uiro, fuisque cateruis
Boiorum quondam patriis antiqua gerebat
uulnera barbaricae mentis, noscensque superbi
uictoris uultus 'Tune' inquit 'maximus ille
Boiorum terror? libet hoc cognoscere telo, 650
corporis an tanti manet de uulnere sanguis.
nec uos paeniteat, populares, fortibus umbris
hoc mactare caput: nostros hic curribus egit
insistens uictos alta ad Capitolia patres.
ultrix hora uocat.' pariter tunc undique fuis 655
obruitur telis, nimboque ruente per auras

contectus nulli dextra iactare reliquit
Flaminius cecidisse sua. nec pugna perempto
ulterior ductore fuit. namque agmine denso
primores iuuenum, laeua ob discrimina Martis 660
infensi superis dextrisque et cernere Poenum
uictorem plus morte rati, super ocius omnes
membra ducis stratosque artus certamine magno
telaque corporaque et non fausto Marte cruentas
iniecere manus. sic densi caedis aceruo 665
ceu tumulo texere uirum. tum, strage per undas
per siluas sparsa perque altam sanguine uallem,
in medias fratre inuectus comitante cateruas
caesorum iuuenum Poenus ‘Quae uulnera cernis,
quas mortes!’ inquit ‘premit omnis dextera ferrum, 670
armatusque iacet seruans certamina miles.
hos, en, hos obitus nostrae spectate cohortes!
fronte minae durant, et stant in uultibus irae.
et uereor, ne, quae tanta creat indole tellus
magnanimos fecunda uiros, huic fata dicarint 675
imperium, atque ipsis deuincat cladibus orbem.’

Sic fatus cessit nocti; finemque dedere
caedibus infusae subducto sole tenebrae.

LIBER VI

Iam, Tartessiaco quos soluerat aequore Titan
in noctem diffusus, equos iungebat Eois
litoribus, primique nouo Phaethonte relecti
Seres lanigeris repetebant uellera lucis,
et foeda ante oculos strages, propiusque patebat 5
insani Mauortis opus: simul arma uirique
ac mixtus sonipes dextraeque in uulnere caesi
haerentes hostis, passim clipeique iubaeque
atque artus trunci capitum fractusque iacebat
ossibus in duris ensis. nec cernere deerat 10
frustra seminecum quaerentia lumina caelum.
tum spumans sanie lacus et fluitantia summo
aeternum tumulis orbata cadauera ponto.

Nec tamen aduersis ruerat tota Itala uirtus.
Bruttius ingenti miserandae caedis aceruo, 15
non aequum ostentans confosso corpore Martem,
extulerat uix triste caput truncosque trahebat
per stragem neruis interlabentibus artus,
tenuis opum, non patre nitens linguaue, sed asper
ense, nec e Volsca quisquam uir gente redemit 20
plus aevi nec<e> magnanima. puer addere sese
pubescente gena castris optarat et acri
Flaminio spectatus erat, cum Celtica uictor
obrueret bello diuis melioribus arma.
inde honor ac sacrae custodia Marte sub omni 25
alitis: hinc causam nutriuit gloria leti.
namque necis certus, captae prohibere nequiret
cum Poenos aquilae, postquam subsidere fata
uiderat et magna pugnam inclinare ruina,
occulere interdum et terrae mandare parabat. 30
sed subitis uictus telis labentia membra
prostrauit super ac mentita morte tegebat.
uerum ubi lux nocte e Stygia miseroque sopore
reddita, uicini de strage cadaueris hasta
erigitur soloque uigens conamine late 35
stagnantem caede et facilem discedere terram
ense fodit, clausamque aquilae infelicis adorans
effigiem, palmis languentibus aequat harenas.
supremus fessi tenuis tum cessit in auras
halitus et magnam misit sub Tartara mentem. 40

Iuxta cernere erat merita sibi poscere carmen

uirtutis sacram rabiem. Laeuinus, ab alto
Priuerno, uitis Latiae praesignis honore,
exanimum Nasamona Tyren super ipse iacebat
exanimis: non hasta uiro, non ensis: in artis 45
abstulerat Fors arma. tamen certamine nudo
inuenit Marti telum dolor. ore cruento
pugnatum, ferrique uicem dens praebuit irae.
iam lacerae nares foedataque lumina morsu,
iam truncum raptis caput auribus, ipsaque diris 50
frons depasta modis, et sanguine abundat hiatus;
nec satias, donec mandentia linqueret ora
spiritus et plenos rictus mors atra teneret.

Talia dum praebet tristis miracula uirtus,
diuerso interea fugientes saucia turba 55
iactantur casu silisque per auia caecis
ablatis furtim multo cum uulnere solos
per noctem metantur agros. sonus omnis et aura
exterrent pennaque leui commota uolucris.
non sopor aut menti requies. agit asper acerba 60
nunc Mago attonitos, nunc arduus Hannibal hasta.

Serranus, clarum nomen, tua, Regule, proles,
qui longum semper fama gliscente per aeuum
infidis seruasse fidem memorabere Poenis,
flore nitens primo, patriis heu Punica bella 65
auspiciis ingressus erat, miseramque parentem
et dulcis tristi repetebat sorte penates
saucius. haud illi comitum super ullus, et atris
uulneribus qui ferret opem: per deuia, fractae
innitens hastae furtoque ereptus opacae 70
noctis, iter tacitum Perusina ferebat in arua.
hic fessus parui, quaecumque ibi fata darentur,
limina pulsabat tecti, cum membra cubili
euoluens non tarda Marus (uetus ille parentis
miles et haud surda tractarat proelia fama) 75
procedit renouata focus et paupere Vesta
lumina praetendens. utque ora agnouit et aegrum
uulneribus diris ac, lamentabile uisu,
lapsantis fultum truncata cuspide gressus,
funesti rumore mali iam saucius aures: 80
'Quod scelus, o nimius uitae nimiumque ferendis
aduersis genitus, cerno? te, maxime, uidi,
ductorum, cum captiuo Carthaginis arcem
terreres uultu, crimen culpamque Tonantis,
occidere atque hausit, quem non Sidonia tecta 85

expulerint euersa meo de corde, dolorem.
estis ubi en iterum, superi? dat pectora ferro
Regulus, ac stirpem tantae periura recidit
surgentem Carthago domus.’ inde aegra reponit
membra toro, nec ferre rudis medicamina (quippe 90
callebat bellis) nunc purgat uulnera lymphā,
nunc mulcet sucis. ligat inde ac uellera molli
circumdat tactu et torpentis mitigat artus.
exin cura seni tristem depellere fesso
ore sitim et parca uires accersere mensa. 95
quae postquam properata, sopor sua munera tandem
applicat et mitem fundit per membra quietem.
necdum exorta dies, Marus instat uulneris aestus:
expertis medicare modis gratumque teporem
exutus senium trepida pietate ministrat. 100

Hic iuuenis maestos tollens ad sidera uultus
cum gemitu lacrimisque simul: ‘Si culmina nondum
Tarpeia exosus damnasti sceptrā Quirini,
extremas Italum res Ausoniamque ruentem
aspice,’ ait ‘genitor, tandemque aduerte procellis 105
aequos Iliacis oculos. amissus Alpes,
nec deinde aduersis modus est: Ticinus et ater
stragibus Eridanus, tuque insignite tropaeis
Sidoniis Trebia et tellus lacrimabilis Arni.
sed quid ego haec? grauior quanto uis ecce malorum! 110
uidi crescentis Trasimenni caedibus undas,
prostrataque uirum mole inter tela cadentem
uidi Flaminium. testor, mea numina, manes
dignam me poenae tum nobilitate paternae
strage hostis quaesisse necem, ni tristia letum, 115
ut quondam patri, nobis quoque fata negassent.’

Cetera ~aceruantem questu lenire laborans
effatur senior: ‘Patrio, fortissime, ritu
quicquid adest duri et rerum inclinata feramus.
talis lege deum cliuoso tramite uitae 120
per uarios praeceps casus rota uoluitur aeuī.
sat tibi, sat magna et totum uulgata per orbem
stant documenta domus: sacer ille et numine nullo
inferior, tuus ille parens decora alta parauit
restando aduersis nec uirtutem exuit ullam 125
ante reluctantis liquit quam spiritus artus.
uix puerile mihi tempus confecerat aetas,
cum primo malas signabat Regulus aeuo.
accessi comes, atque omnis sociauius annos,

donec dis Italae uisum est extinguere lumen 130
gentis, in egregio cuius sibi pectore sedem
ceperat alma Fides mentemque amplexa tenebat.
ille ensem nobis magnorum hunc instar honorum
uirtutisque ergo dedit et, sordentia fumo
quae cernis nunc, frena (sed est argenteus ollis 135
fulgor). nec cuiquam Marus est post talia dona
non praelatus eques. uerum superauit honores
omnis hasta meos. cui me libare Lyaei
quod cernis latices, dignum cognoscere causam.

Turbidus arentis lento pede sulcat harenas 140
Bagrada, non ullo Libycis in finibus amne
uictus limosas extendere latius undas
et stagnante uado patulos inuoluere campos.
hic studio laticum, quorum est haud prodiga tellus,
per ripas laeti saeuis consedimus aruis. 145
lucus iners iuxta Stygium pallentibus umbris
seruabat sine sole nemus, crassusque per auras
halitus erumpens taetrum expirabat odorem.
intus dira domus curuoque immanis in antro
sub terra specus et tristes sine luce tenebrae. 150
horror mente redit. monstrum exitiabile et ira
telluris genitum, cui par uix uiderit aetas
ulla uirum, serpens centum porrectus in ulnas
letalem ripam et lucos habitabat Auernos.
ingluuiem immensi uentris grauidamque uenenis 155
aluum deprensi satiabant fonte leones
aut acta ad fluuium torrenti lampade solis
armenta et tractae foeda grauitate per auras
ac tabe adflatus uolucres. semesa iacebant
ossa solo informi dape quae repletus et asper 160
uastatis gregibus nigro ructarat in antro.
isque ubi feruenti concepta incendia pastu
gurgite mulcebat rapido et spumantibus undis,
nondum etiam toto demersus corpore in amnem
iam caput aduersae ponebat margine ripae. 165
imprudens tantae pestis gradiebar, Aquino
Apenninicola atque Vmbro comitatus Auentē:
scire nemus faciemque loci explorare libebat.
iamque propinquantum tacitus penetrauit in artus
horror et occulto riguerunt frigore membra. 170
intramus tamen et Nymphas numenque precamur
gurgitis ignoti trepidosque et multa pauentis
arcano gressus audemus credere luco.

ecce e uestibulo primisque e faucibus antri
Tartareus turbo atque insano saeuior Euro 175
spiritus erumpit, uastoque e gurgite fusa
tempestas oritur, mixtam stridore procellam
Cerberae torquens. pauefacti clade uicissim
aspicimus. resonare solum, tellusque moueri,
atque antrum ruere, et uisi procedere manes. 180
quantis armati caelum petiere Gigantes
anguibus, aut quantus Lerna lassauit in undis
Amphitryoniaden serpens, qualisque comantis
auro seruauit ramos Iunonius anguis:
tantus disiecta tellure sub astra coruscum 185
extulit adsurgens caput atque in nubila primam
dispersit saniem et caelum foedauit hiatu.
diffugimus tenuemque metu conamur anhelu
tollere clamorem frustra: nam sibila totum
implebant nemus. at subita formidine caecus 190
et facti damnandus Auens (sed fata trahebant)
antiquae quercus ingenti robore sese
occulit, infandum si posset fallere monstrum.
uix egomet credo: spiris <c>ingentibus arte
arboris abstraxit molem penitusque reuulsam 195
euertit fundo et radicibus eruit imis.
tum trepidum ac socios extrema uoce cientem
corripit atque haustu sorbens et faucibus atris
(uidi respiciens) obscaena condidit aluo.
infelix fluuio sese et torrentibus undis 200
crediderat celerique fuga iam nabat Aquinus.
hunc medio inuasit fluctu ripaeque relatos
(heu genus infandum leti!) depascitur artus.

Sic dirum nobis et lamentabile monstrum
effugisse datur. quantum mens aegra sinebat, 205
adpropero gressum et ductori singula pando.
ingemuit casus iuuenum miseratus acerbos.
utque erat in pugnas et Martem et proelia et hostem
igneus et magna audendi flagrabat amore,
ocius arma rapi et spectatum Marte sub omni 210
ire iubet campis equitem. ruit ipse citatum
quadrupedem planta fodiens, scutataque raptim
consequitur iusso manus et muralia portat
ballistas tormenta grauis suetamque mouere
excelsas turris immensae cuspidis hastam. 215
iamque ubi feralem strepitu circumtonat aulam
cornea gramineum persultans ungula campum,

percitus hinnitu serpens euoluitur antro
et Stygios aestus fumanti exsibilat ore:
terribilis gemino de lumine fulgurat ignis. 220
at nemus arrectae et procera cacumina saltus
exuperant cristae: trifido uibrata per auras
lingua micat motu atque adsultans aethera lambit.
ut uero strepuere tubae, conterritus alte
immensum attollit corpus tergoque residens 225
cetera sinuatis glomerat sub pectore gyris.
dira dehinc in bella ruit rapideque resoluens
contortos orbes directo corpore totam
extendit molem subitoque propincus in ora
lato distantum spatio uenit. omnis anhelat 230
attonitus serpentis ecus frenoque teneri
impatiens crebros expirat naribus ignes.
arduus ille super tumidis ceruicibus altum
nutat utroque caput. trepidos inde incitus ira
nunc sublime rapit, nunc uasto pondere gaudet 235
elisisse premens. tunc fractis ossibus atram
absorbet saniem et, tabo manante per ora,
mutat hians hostem semesaque membra relinquit.
cedebant iam signa retro, uictorque cateruas
longius auectas adflatus peste premebat, 240
cum ductor, propere reuocatam in proelia turmam
uocibus impellens: “Serpentine Itala pubes
terga damus Libycisque parem non esse fatemur
anguibus Ausoniam? si debellauit inertis
halitus, ac uiso mens aegra effluxit hiatu, 245
ibo alacer solusque manus componere monstro
sufficiam.” clamans haec atque interritus hastam
fulmineo uolucrum torquet per inane lacerto.
uenit in aduersam non uano turbine frontem
cuspis et haud paulum uires adiuta ruentis 250
contra ardore ferae capiti tremebunda resedit.
clamor ad astra datur, uocesque repente profusae
aetherias adiere domos. furit illicet ira
terrigena, impatiens dare terga nouusque dolori
et chalybem longo tum primum passus in aeuo. 255
nec frustra rapidi stimulante dolore fuisset
impetus, ablato ni Regulus arte regendi
instantem elusisset equo rursusque secutum
cornipedis gyros flexi curuamine tergi
detortis laeua celer effugisset habenis. 260

At non spectator Marus inter talia segni

torpebat dextra. mea tanto in corpore monstri
 hasta secunda fuit. iam iamque extrema trisulca
 lambebat lingua fessi certamine terga
 quadrupedis: torsi telum atque urgentia uelox 265
 in memet saeui serpentis proelia uerto.
 hinc imitata cohors certatim spicula dextris
 congerit alternasque ferum diducit in iras,
 donec murali ballista coercuit ictu.
 tum fractus demum uires; nec iam amplius aegra 270
 consuetum ad nisus spina praestante rigorem
 et solitum in nubes tolli caput, acrius insta<n>t.
 iamque aluo penitus demersa phalarica sedit
 et geminum uolucres lumen rapuere sagittae.
 iam patulis uasto sub uulnere faucibus a<t>er 275
 tabificam expirat saniem specus. ultima iamque
 ingesti<s> cauda et iaculis et pondere conti
 haeret humi, lassoque tamen minitatur hiatu,
 donec tormentis stridens magnoque fragore
 discussit trabs acta caput, longoque resoluens 280
 aggere se ripae tandem exhalauit in auras
 liuentem nebulam fugientis ab ore ueneni.
 erupit tristi fluuio mugitus et imis
 murmura fusa uadis, subitoque et lucus et antrum
 et resonae siluis ulularunt flebile ripae. 285
 heu quantis luimus mox tristia proelia damnis,
 quantaque supplicia et qualis exhausimus iras!
 nec tacuere pii uates famulumque sororum
 Naiadum, tepida quas Bagra da nutrit in unda,
 nos uiolasse manu seris monuere periclis. 290
 haec tunc hasta decus nobis pretiumque secundi
 uulneris a uestro, Serrane, tributa parente,
 princeps quae sacro bibit e serpente cruorem.’

Iamdudum uultus lacrimis atque ora rigabat
 Serranus medioque uiri sermone profatur: 295
 ‘Huic si uita duci nostrum durasset in aeuum,
 non Trebia infaustas superasset sanguine ripas,
 nec, Trasimenne, tuus premeret tot nomina gurgēs.’

Tum senior ‘Magnas’ inquit ‘de sanguine poenas
 percepit Tyrio et praesumpta piacula mortis. 300
 nam defecta uiris et opes attrita supinas
 Africa tendebat palmas, cum sidere diro
 misit Agenoreis ductorem animosa Therapne.
 nulla uiro species decorisque et frontis egenum
 corpus; in exiguis uigor, admirabile, membris 305

uiuidus et nisu magnos qui uinceret artus.
iam Martem regere atque astus adiungere ferro
et duris facilem per inhospita ducere uitam
haud isti, quem nunc penes est sollertia belli,
cederet Hannibali. uellem hunc, o tristia nobis 310
Taygeta, hunc unum non durassetis opacis
Eurotae ripis. uidissem moenia flammis
Phoenissae ruere, aut certe non horrida fata
fleuissem ducis et, nulla quos morte nec igni
exutos seruans portabo in Tartara, luctus. 315
consertae campis acies, multusque per arua
feruebat Mauors, nec mens erat ulla sine ira.
hic inter medios memorandis Regulus ausis
laxabat ferro campum <in>que pericla ruebat
nec repetenda dabat letali uulnera dextra. 320
sic, ubi nigrantem torquens stridentibus Austris
portat turbo globum piceaque e nube ruinam
pendentem terris pariter pontoque minatur,
omnis et agricola et nemoroso uertice pastor
et pelago trepidat subductis nauita uelis. 325
at fraudem nectens, socios ubi concaua saxa
claudebant, uertit subito certamina Graius
et dat terga celer ficta formidine ductor,
haud secus ac stabulis procurans otia pastor
in foueam parco tectam uelamine frondis 330
ducit nocte lupos positae balatibus agnae.
abripuit traxitque uirum fax mentis honestae
gloria et incerti fallax fiducia Martis.
non socios comitumue manus, non arma sequentum
respicere: insano pugnae tendebat amore 335
iam solus, nubes subito cum densa Laconum
saxosis latebris intento ad proelia circum
funditur, et pone insurgit uis saeua uirorum.
o diram Latio lucem, fastisque notandum
dedecus o, Gradiue, tuum! tibi dextera et urbi 340
nata tuae tristi damnatur sorte catenae.
haud umquam absistam gemitu. te, Regule, uidit
Sidonius carcer, tuque huic sat magna triumpho
uisa es, Carthago, superis. quae poena sequetur
digna satis tali pollutos Marte Laconas? 345

At noua Elissaei iurato foedera patres
consultant mandare duci pacisque sequestrem
mittere poscentis uinctam inter proelia pubem
captiuamque manum ductore rependere nostro.

nec mora, iam stabat primis in litoris undis 350
nauali propulsa ratis, iam nautica pubes
aut siluis stringunt remos, aut abiete secta
transtra nouant. his intortos aptare rudentis,
his studium erecto componere carbasa malo.
unca locant prora curuati pondera ferri. 355
ante omnis doctus pelagi rectorque carinae
puppim aptat clauumque Cothon. micat aereus alta
fulgor aqua trifidi splendentis in aequore rostri.
tela simul uariamque ferunt contra aspera ponti
rerum ad tempus opem. mediae stat margine puppis 360
qui uoce alternos nautarum temperet ictus
et remis dictet sonitum pariterque relatis
ad numerum plaudat resonantia caerula tonsis.

Postquam confectum nautis opus horaque cursus
atque armata ratis uentique dedere profundum, 365
omnis turba ruit, matres puerique senesque.
per medios coetus trahit atque inimica per ora
spectandum Fortuna ducem. fert lumina contra
pacatus frontem, qualis cum litora primum
attigit adpulsa rector Sidonia classe. 370
accessi comes, haud ipso renuente, rati-
que impositus maestis socium me casibus addo.
inluuiem atque inopes mensas durumque cubile
et certare malis urgentibus hoste putabat
deuicto maius, nec tam fugisse cauendo 375
aduersa egregium, quam perdomuisse ferendo.
spes tamen una mihi, quamquam bene cognita et olim
atrox illa fides, urbem murosque domumque
tangere si miseris licuisset, corda moueri
posse uiri et uestro certe mitescere fletu. 380
claudebam sub corde metus lacrimasque putabam
esse uiro et nostrae similem inter tristia mentem.
cum tandem patriae Tiberino adlabimur amni,
seruabam uultus ducis ac prodentia sensum
lumina et obtutu perstabam intentus eodem. 385
si qua fides, unum, puer, inter mille labores,
unum etiam in patria saeuaque in Agenoris urbe
atque unum uidi poenae quoque tempore uultum.
obuia captiuo cunctis simul urbibus ibat
Ausonia, et campum turba uincente propinqui 390
implentur colles; strepit altis Albula ripis.
ipsi Poenorum procures immitia corda
ad patrios certant cultus reuocare, togaeque

addebatur honos. stetit, inlacrimante senatu
et matrum turba iuuenumque dolore profuso, 395
inter tot gemitus immobilis. aggere consul
tendebat dextram et patria uestigia primus
ponentem terra occurso celebrabat amico.
collegit gressum, monitusque recedere consul
nec summum uiolare decus. cingente superba 400
Poenorum turba captiuoque agmine saeptus
ibat et inuidiam caelo diuisque ferebat.

Ecce trahens geminum natorum Marcia pignus,
infelix nimia magni uirtute mariti,
squalentem crinem et tristis lacerabat amictus. 405
agnoscisne diem? an teneris non haesit in annis?
atque ea, postquam habitu iuxta et uelamine Poeno
deformem aspexit, fuis ululatibus aegra
labitur, et gelidos mortis color occupat artus.
si qua deis pietas, tales, Carthago, uidere 410
dent tibi Sidonias matres. me uoce quieta
adfatus iubet et uestros et coniugis una
arcere amplexus pater, impenetrabilis ille
luctibus et numquam summissus colla dolori.'

Hic alto iuuenis gemitu lacrimisque coortis 415
'Magne parens,' inquit 'quo maius numine nobis
Tarpeia nec in arce sedet, si iura querelis
sunt concessa piis, cur hoc matrique mihi
solamen, uel cur decus hoc, o dure, negasti,
tangere sacratos uultus atque oscula ab ore 420
libauisse tuo? dextram mihi prendere dextra
non licitum? leuiores forent haec uulnera quantum,
si ferre ad manis infixos mente daretur
amplexus, uenerande, tuos. sed uana recordor
ni, Mare, (nam primo tunc haerebamus in aeuo) 425
humana maior species erat. horrida cano
uertice descendens ingentia colla tegebat
caesaries, frontique coma squalente sedebat
terribilis decor atque animi uenerabile pondus.
nil posthac oculis simile incidit.' excipit inde 430
iam Marus atque, inhibens conuellere uulnera questu,
'Quid, cum praeteritis inuisa penatibus' inquit
'hospitia et sedes Poenorum intrauit acerbis?
adfixi clipei currusque et spicula nota
aedibus in paruis, magni monumenta triumpho, 435
pulsabant oculos, coniunxque in limine primo
clamabat: "Quo fers gressus? non Punicus hic est,

Regule, quem fugias, carcer. uestigia nostri
casta tori domus et patrium sine crimine seruat
iniulata larem. semel hic iterumque (quid, oro, 440
pollutum est nobis?) prolem, gratante senatu
et patria, sum enixa tibi. tua, respice, sedes
haec est, unde ingens umeris fulgentibus ostro
uidisti Latios consul procedere fasces,
unde ire in Martem, quo capta referre solebas 445
et uictor mecum suspendere postibus arma.
non ego complexus et sanctae foedera taedae
coniugiumue peto: patrios damnare penatis
absiste ac natis fas duc concedere noctem.”

Hos inter fletus iunctus uestigia Poenis 450
limine se clusit Tyrio questusque reliquit.
uixdum clara dies summa lustrabat in Oeta
Herculei monumenta rogi, cum consul adire
accirque iubet Libyas. tum limina templi
uidimus intrantem. quae consultata senatus, 455
quasue uiri uoces extremum curia maerens
audierit, placido nobis ipse edidit ore.
intulit ut gressus, certatim uoce manuque
ad solitam sedem et uestigia nota uocabant.
abnuat antiquumque loci aspernatus honorem. 460
at circumfusi non setius undique dextram
prensare ac, patriae ductorem nomine tanto
redderet, orabant: captiua posse redemptum
pensari turba, ac Tyrias tum iustius arces
arsuras dextra, fuerit quae uincta catenis. 465

Tum palmas simul attollens ac lumina caelo
“Iustitiae rectique dator, qui cuncta gubernas,
nec leuior mihi diua Fides Sarranaque Iuno,
quos reditus testes iurata mente uocaui,
sit mihi fas me digna loqui Latiosque tueri 470
uoce focos: ibo ad Tyrios non segnior,” inquit
“stante fide reditus et saluo foedere poenae.
sic nobis rerum exitio desistite honorem
tendere. tot bellis totque annis fregimus aeuum.
nunc etiam uinclis et longo carcere torpent 475
captiuo in senio uires. fuit ille nec umquam,
dum fuit, a duro cessauit munere Martis
Regulus. exangui spectatis corpore nomen.
at non Carthago, fraudum domus, inscia quantum
e nobis restet, iuuenes parat, aspera ferro 480
pectora, captiuos nostra pensare senecta.

ite dolos contra, gensque astu fallere laeta
discat, me capto quantum tibi, Roma, supersit.
nec uero placeat, nisi quae de more parentum
pax erit. exposcunt Libyes nobisque dedere 485
haec referenda, pari libeat si pendere bellum
foedere et ex aequo geminas conscribere leges.
sed mihi sit Stygios ante intrauisse penatis,
taliam quam uideam ferientis pacta Latinos.”

Haec fatus Tyriae sese iam reddidit irae, 490
nec monitus spernente grauis fido<s>que senatu
Poenorum dimissa cohors. quae maesta repulsa
ac minitans capto patrias properabat ad oras.
prosequitur uulgus, patres, ac planctibus ingens
personat et luctu campus. reuocare libebat 495
interdum et iusto raptum retinere dolore.

At trepida et subito ceu stans in funere coniunx,
ut uidit puppi properantem intrare, tremendum
uociferans celerem gressum referebat ad undas:
“Tollite me, Libyes, comitem poenaeque necisque. 500
hoc unum, coniunx, uteri per pignora nostri
unum oro: liceat tecum quoscumque ferentem
terrarum pelagique pati caelique labores.
non ego Amyclaeum ductorem in proelia misi,
nec nostris tua sunt circumdata colla catenis. 505
cur usque ad Poenos miseram fugis? accipe mecum
hanc prolem. forsitan duras Carthaginis iras
flectemus lacrimis, aut, si praecluserit aures
urbs inimica suas, eadem tunc hora manebit
teque tuosque simul, uel, si stat rumpere uitam, 510
in patria moriamur. adest comes ultima fati.”

Has inter uoces uinclis resoluta moueri
paulatim et ripa coepit decedere puppis.
tum uero infelix, mente<m> furiata dolore,
exclamat fessas tendens ad litora palmas: 515
“En, qui se iactat Libyae populisque nefandis
atque hosti seruare fidem. data foedera nobis
ac promissa fides thalamis ubi, perfide, nunc est?”
ultima uox duras haec tunc penetrauit ad aures,
cetera percussi uetuerunt noscere remi. 520

Tum fluuio raptim ad pelagi deuoluimur oras
ac legimus pontum pinuque immane cauata
aequor et immensas curua trabe findimus undas.
ludibrium necis horrescens, uis aspera ponti
obrueret scopulisque ratem furor improbus Euri 525

frangeret, optabam: letum id commune fuisset.
sed nos ad poenam moderato flamine lenes
uexerunt Zephyri Tyrioque dedere furori.

Infelix uidi patriamque remissus in urbem
narrator poenae dura mercede reuerti. 530
nec tibi nunc ritus imitantem irasque ferarum
Pygmalioneam temptarem expromere gentem,
si maius quicquam toto uidisset in orbe
gens hominum, quam quod uestri ueneranda parentis
edidit exemplum uirtus. pudet addere questus 535
suppliciis, quae spectauī placido ore ferentem.
tu quoque, care puer, dignum te sanguine tanto
figere ne cessa atque orientis comprime fletus.
praefixo paribus ligno mucronibus omnes
armantur laterum crates, densumque per artem 540
textitur erecti stantisque ex ordine ferri
infelix stimulus, somnisque hac fraude negatis
quocumque inflexum producto tempore torpor
inclinauit iners, fodiunt ad uiscera corpus.
absiste, o iuuenis, lacrimis. patientia cunctos 545
haec superat currus. longo reuirescet in aeuo
gloria; dum caeli sedem terrasque tenebit
casta Fides, dum uirtutis uenerabile nomen,
uiuet; eritque dies, tua quo, dux inclite, fata
audire horrebunt a te calcata minores.’ 550

Haec Marus et maesta refouebat uulnera cura.
interea, rapidas perfusa cruoribus alas,
sicut sanguinea Trasimenni tinxerat unda,
uera ac ficta simul spargebat Fama per Urbem.
Allia et infandi Senones captaeque recursat 555
attonitis arcis facies. excussit habenas
luctificus Pauor, et tempestas aucta timendo.
hic raptim ruit in muros: uox horrida fertur
‘Hostis adest’, iaciuntque sudes et inania tela.
ast aliae laceris canentes crinibus alta 560
uerrunt tecta deum et seris post fata suorum
sollicitant precibus. requiem tenebraeque diesque
amisere: iacent portis ululante dolore
dispersum uulgus, remeantumque ordine longo
seruat turba gradus. pendent ex ore loquentum, 565
nec laetis sat certa fides, iterumque morantur
orando et, uultu interdum sine uoce precati,
quod rogitant, audire pauent. hic fletus, ubi aures
percussae grauiore malo, metus inde, negatum

si scire, et dubius responsi nuntius haesit. 570
iamque ubi conspectu redeuntum uisa propinquo
corpora, sollicite laeti funduntur et ipsis
oscula uulneribus figunt superosque fatigant.

Hic inter trepidos, curae uenerandus, agebat
Serranum Marus, atque olim post fata mariti 575
non egressa domum uitato Marcia coetu
et lucem causa natorum passa ruebat
in luctum similem antiquo. turbata repente
agnoscensque Marum 'Fidei comes inclite magnae,
hunc certe mihi reddis.' ait 'leue uulnus? an alte 580
usque ad nostra ferus penetrauit uiscera mucro?
quicquid id est, dum non uinctum Carthago catenis
abripiat poenaeque instauret monstra paternae,
gratum est, o superi. quotiens heu, nate, petebam,
ne patrias iras animosque in proelia ferres 585
neu te belligeri stimularet in arma parentis
triste decus. nimium uiuacis dura senectae
supplicia expendi. quaeso, iam parcite, si qua
numina pugnastis nobis.'

At cladis acerbae
discussa ceu nube, patres conquerere fessis 590
iam rebus meditantur opem, atque ad munera belli
certatur, pulsusque timor grauiore periclo.
maxima curarum rectorem ponere castris
cui Latium et moles rerum quassata recumbat,
spectante occasum patria. Iouis illa ruenti 595
Ausoniae atque Italis tempus protendere regnis
cura fuit; nam Tyrrhenos Poenumque secundis
Albana surgens respexerat arce tumentem,
qui ferre in muros uictricia signa parabat.
tum quassans caput 'Haud umquam tibi Iuppiter,' inquit 600
'o iuuenis, dederit portas transcendere Romae
atque inferre pedem. Tyrrhenas sternere ualles
caedibus, et ripas fluuiorum exire Latino
sanguine fas fuerit: Tarpeium accedere collem
murisque aspirare ueto.' quater inde coruscum 605
contorsit dextra fulmen, quo tota reluxit
Maeonidum tellus, atramque per aethera uoluens
abrupto fregit caelo super agmina nubem.
nec Poenum auertisse satis: dat numine magno
Aeneadis mentem gremio deponere tuto 610
Romuleam laudem Fabioque salutis habenas
credere ductori. cui postquam tradita belli

iura uidet, 'Non hunc' inquit 'superauerit unquam
inuidia aut blando popularis gloria fuco,
non astus fallax, non praeda aliusue cupido. 615
bellandi uetus ac laudum cladumque quieta
mente capax. par ingenium castrisque togaeque.'
sic genitor diuum recipitque ad sidera gressum.

Hic circumspectis nulli deprensus in armis
laudatusque Ioui Fabius mirabile quantum 620
gaudebat reducem patriae adnumerare reuersus,
duxerat egrediens quam secum in proelia, pubem.
nec membris quisquam natouae pepercit amato
acrius aut uidit socium per bella cruorem
tristior. atque idem, perfusus sanguine uictor 625
hostili, plenis repetebat moenia castris.
stirpe genus clarum caeloque adfinis origo.
nam remeans longis olim Tirynthius oris
et triplicis monstri famam et spectacula captas
mira boues hac, qua fulgent nunc moenia Romae, 630
egit ouans. tunc Arcadius, sic fama, locabat
inter desertos fundata Palatia dumos
paupere sub populo ductor, cum regia uirgo
hospite uicta sacro Fabium de crimine laeto
procreat et magni commiscet seminis ortus 635
Arcas in Herculeos mater uentura nepotes.
ter centum domus haec Fabios armauit in hostem
limine progressos uno; pulcherrima quorum
cunctando Fabius superauit facta ducemque
Hannibalem aequando. tantus tunc, Poene, fuisti. 640

Dum se perculsi renouant in bella Latini,
turbatus Ioue et exuta spe moenia Romae
pulsandi, collis Vmbros atque arua petebat
Hannibal, excelso summi qua uertice montis
deuexum lateri pendet Tuder, atque ubi latis 645
proiecta in campis nebulas exhalat inertis
et sedet ingentem pascens Meuania taurum,
dona Ioui. tum Palladios se fundit in agros
Picenum diues praedae atque errantibus armis,
quo spolia inuitant, transfert populantia signa, 650
donec pestiferos mitis Campania cursus
tardauit bellumque sinu indefensa recepit.

Hic dum stagnosi spectat templumque domosque
Literni ductor, uaria splendentia cernit
pictura belli patribus monumenta prioris 655
exhausti: nam porticibus signata manebant,

quis inerat longus rerum et spectabilis ordo.
 primus bella truci suadebat Regulus ore,
 bella neganda uiro, si noscere fata daretur.
 at princeps Poenis indicta more parentum 660
 Appius astabat pugna lauroque reuinctus
 iustum Sarrana ducebat caede triumphum.
 aequoreum iuxta decus et nauale tropaeum,
 rostra gerens niuea surgebat mole columna.
 exuias Marti ~donumque Du<i>lius, alto 665
 ante omnis mersa Poenorum classe, dicabat.
 cui, nocturnus honos, funalia clara sacerque
 post epulas tibicen adest, castosque penatis
 insignis laeti repetebat murmure cantus.
 cernit et extremos defuncti ciuis honores: 670
 Scipio ductoris celebrabat funera Poeni,
 Sardoia uictor terra. uidet inde ruentem
 litoribus Libycis dispersa per agmina pubem;
 instabat crista fulgens et terga premebat
 Regulus: Autololes Nomadesque et Maurus et Hammon 675
 et Garamas positis dedebant oppida telis.
 lentus harenoso spumabat Bagrada campo
 uiperea sanie, turmisque minantibus ultro
 pugnabat serpens et cum duce bella gerebat.
 necnon proiectum puppi frustra uocantem 680
 numina Amyclaeum mergebat perfida ponto
 rectorem manus, et seras tibi, Regule, poenas
 Xanthippus digni pendebat in aequore leti.
 addiderant geminas medio consurgere fluctu
 Aegatis: lacerae circum fragmenta uideres 685
 classis et effusos fluitare in gurgite Poenos.
 possessor pelagi pronaque Lutatius aura
 captiuas puppis ad litora uictor agebat.
 haec inter iuncto religatus in ordine Hamilcar,
 ductoris genitor, cunctarum ab imagine rerum 690
 totius in sese uulgi conuerterat ora.
 sed Pacis faciem et pollutas foederis aras
 deceptumque Iouem ac dictantis iura Latinos
 cernere erat. strictas trepida ceruice securis
 horrebat Libys, ac summissis ordine palmis 695
 orantes ueniam iurabant inrita pacta.
 haec Eryce e summo spectabat laeta Dione.
 Quae postquam infesto percensuit omnia uultu
 adridens Poenus, lenta proclamat ab ira:
 'Non leuiora dabis nostris inscribere tectis 700

acta meae dextrae: captam, Carthago, Saguntum
da spectare, simul flamma ferroque ruentem;
perfodiant patres natorum membra. nec Alpes
exiguus domitas capiet locus: ardua celsis
persultet iuga uictor equis Garamasque Nomasque. 705
addes Ticini spumantis sanguine ripas
et nostrum Trebiam et Trasimenni litora Tusci
clausa cadaueribus. ruat ingens corpore et armis
Flaminius, fugiat consul manante cruore
Scipio et ad socios nati ceruice uehatur. 710
haec mitte in populos, et adhuc maiora dabuntur.
flagrantem effinges facibus, Carthago, Libyssis
Romam et deiectum Tarpeia rupe Tonantem.
interea uos, ut dignum est, ista (ocius ite)
o iuuenes, quorum dextris mihi tanta geruntur, 715
in cineres monumenta date atque inuoluite flammis.'

LIBER VII

Interea trepidis Fabius spes unica rebus.
ille quidem socios atque aegram uulnere praeceps
Ausoniam armabat uiridique ad dura laborum
bellator senio iam castra mouebat in hostem,
sed mens humana maior non tela nec enses 5
nec fortis spectabat equos. tot milia contra
Poenorum inuictumque ducem, tot in agmina solus
ibat et in sese cuncta arma uirosque gerebat.
ac ni sacra seni uis impressumque fuisset
sistere Fortunam cunctando aduersa fouentem, 10
ultima Dardanii transisset nominis aetas.
ille modum superis in Punica castra fauoris
addidit et Libyae finem inter prospera bella
uincendi statuit. tumefactum cladibus ille
Hesperiiis lento Poenum moderamine ludit. 15
summe ducum, qui regna iterum labentia Troiae
et fluxas Latii res maiorumque labores,
qui Carmentis opes et regna Euandria seruas,
surge, age et emerito sacrum caput insere caelo.

At Libyae ductor, postquam noua nomina lecto 20
dictatore uigent, raptim mutata Latinis
imperia haud frustra reputans, cognoscere hauebat,
quae fortuna uiro, quodnam decus, ultima fessis
ancora cur Fabius, quem post tot Roma procellas
Hannibali putet esse parem. feruore carentes 25
angebant anni fraudique inaperta senectus.
ocius accitum captiuo ex agmine poscit
progeniem ritusque ducis dextraeque labores.
Cilnius, Arreti Tyrrhenis ortus in oris,
clarum nomen erat. sed laeua adduxerat hora 30
Ticini iuuenem ripis, fususque ruentis
uulnere equi Libycis praebebat colla catenis.
hic ardens exire malis et rumpere uitam,
'Non cum Flaminio tibi res, nec feruida Gracchi
in manibus consulta:' inquit 'Tirynthia gens est; 35
quam si fata tuis genuissent, Hannibal, oris,
terrarum imperium Carthaginis arce uideres.
non ego te longa serie per singula ducam.
hoc sat erit: nosces Fabios certamine ab uno.
Veientum populi uiolata pace negabant 40
acceptare iugum, ac uicino Marte furebat

ad portas bellum, consulque ciebat ad arma.
dilectus uetiti, priuataque castra penates
Herculei impleuere. domo, mirabile, ab una
patricius iunctis exercitus ibat in armis. 45
ter centum exiluere duces. quocumque liberet
uno non pavidus rexisses bella magistro.
sed dirum egressis omen: Scelerata minaci
stridentis sonitu tremuerunt limina portae,
maximaque Herculei mugiuit numinis ara. 50
inuasere hostem, numerarique aspera uirtus
haud est passa uiros, et plures milite caedes.
saepe globo densi, saepe et per deuia passim
dispersi subiere uices, meritique labore
aequato, nulli quisquam uirtute secundus, 55
ducere ter centum Tarpeia ad templa triumphos.
spes heu fallaces oblitaque corda, caducum
mortali quodcumque datur! grex ille uirorum,
qui Fabia gente incolumi deforme putabat
publica bella geri, pariter cecidere deorum 60
inuidia, subitis circumuenientibus armis.
nec tamen occisos est cur laetere. supersunt
quot tibi si<n>t Libyaеque satis: certauerit unus
ter centum dextris. tam uiuida membra laborque
prouidus et cauta sollertia tecta quiete. 65
nec uero, calidi, nunc tu, cui sanguinis aetas,
foderis in pugna uelocius ilia planta
bellatoris equi frenisque momorderis ora.’
quem cernens auidum leti post talia Poenus,
‘Nequiquam nostras, demens,’ ait ‘elicit iras 70
et captiua paras moriendo euadere uincla.
uiuendum est. arta seruentur colla catena.’
haec iuuenis, diuisque tumens ausisque secundis.

At patres Latiasque nurus raptabat ad aras
cura deum. maesto suffusae lumina uultu 75
femineus matres graditur chorus: ordine longo
Iunoni pallam conceptaque uota dicabant:
‘Huc ades, o regina deum, gens casta precamur
et ferimus, digno quaecumque est nomine, turba
Ausonidum pulchrumque et, acu et subtemine fuluo 80
quod nostrae neuere manus, uenerabile donum.
ac dum decrescit matrum metus, hoc tibi, diua,
interea uelamen erit. si pellere nostris
Marmaricam terris nubem dabis, omnis in auro
pressa tibi uaria fulgebit gemma corona.’ 85

necnon et proprio uenerantur Pallada dono
Phoebumque armigerumque deum primamque Dionen.
tanta adeo, cum res trepidae, reuerentia diuum
nascitur: at rarae fumant felicibus arae.

Dum Roma antiquos templis indicit honores, 90
iam Fabius, tacito procedens agmine et arte
bellandi lento similis, praecluserat omnis
fortunaequae hostique uias. discedere signis
haud licitum, summumque decus, quo tollis ad astra
imperii, Romane, caput, parere docebat. 95
uerum ubi prima satis conspecta in montibus altis
signa procul fulsitque nouis exercitus armis,
arrectae spes Sidonii, feruetque secundis
fortunaee iuuenis. uincendi sola uidetur,
quod nondum steterint acies, mora: ‘Pergite,’ clamat 100
‘ite citi, ruite ad portas, propellite uallum
pectoribus. quantum campi distamus, ad umbras
tantum hosti superest. resides ad bella uocantur,
quis pudeat certare, senes. quodcumque uidetis,
hoc reliquum est, primo damnatum ut inutile bello. 105
en, ubi nunc Gracchi atque ubi nunc sunt fulmina gentis
Scipiadae? pulsi Ausonia non ante pauentem
dimisere fugam quam terror ad ultima mundi
Oceanumque tulit. profugus nunc errat uterque
nomina nostra tremens et ripas seruat Hiberi. 110
est etiam, cur Flaminio mihi gloria caeso
creuerit, et titulis libeat cur figere nostris
crudum Marte uiri nomen. quot demere noster
huic annos Fabio gladius ualet! et tamen audet.
audeat. haud ultra faxo spectetur in armis.’ 115

Talia uociferans uolucris rapit agmina cursu
ac praeuectus equo nunc dextra prouocat hostem
nunc uoce increpitat, missa nunc eminus hasta
fertur ouans pugnaequae agitat simulacra futurae:
ut Thetidis proles Phrygiis Vulcania campis 120
arma tulit, clipeo amplexus terramque polumque
maternumque fretum totumque in imagine mundum.

Cassarum sedet irarum spectator et alti
celsus colle iugi domat exultantia corda
infractasque minas dilato Marte fatigat 125
sollers cunctandi Fabius, ceu nocte sub atra
munitis pastor stabulis per ouilia clausum
impavidus somni seruat pecus: effera saeuit
atque impasta trucidis ululatus turba luporum

exercet morsuque quatit restantia claustra. 130

Inritus incepti mouet inde atque Apula tardo
arua Libys passu legit ac nunc ualle residit
conditus occulta, si praecipitare sequentem
atque inopinata detur circumdare fraude,
nunc nocturna parat caecae celantibus umbris 135
furta uiae retroque abitum fictosque timores
adsimulat, tum castra citus deserta relict
ostentat praeda atque inuitat prodigus hostem:
qualis Maeonia passim Maeandrus in ora,
cum sibi gurgitibus flexis reuolutus oberrat. 140
nulla uacant incepta dolis: simul omnia uersat
miscetque exacuens uaria ad conamina mentem,
sicut aquae splendor radiatus lampade solis
dissultat per tecta uaga sub imagine uibrans
luminis et tremula laquearia uerberat umbra. 145
iamque dolore furens ita secum immurmurat ira:
'Obuia si primus nobis hic tela tulisset,
nullane nunc Trebiae et Trasimenni nomina? nulli
lugerent Itali? numquam Phaethontius amnis
sanguinea pontum turbasset decolor unda? 150
inuentum, dum se cohibet terimurque sedendo,
uincendi genus. en quotiens, uelut obuius iret,
discinxit ratione dolos fraudesque resoluit.'
haec secum, medio somni cum bucina noctem
diuideret, iamque excubias sortitus iniquas 155
tertius abrupta uigil iret ad arma quiete.
uertit iter Daunique retro tellure relict
Campanas remeat notus populator in oras.
hic uero, intrauit postquam uberis arua Falerni
(diues ea et numquam tellus mentita colono), 160
addunt frugiferis inimica incendia ramis.

Haud fas, Bacche, tuos tacitum tramittere honores,
quamquam magna incepta uocent. memorabere, sacri
largitor laticis, grauidae cui nectare uites
nulli dant prelis nomen praeferre Falernis. 165
Massica sulcabat meliore Falernus in aeuo
ensibus ignotis senior iuga. pampinus umbras
nondum uua uiridis nudo texebat in aruo,
pocula nec norant sucis mulcere Lyaei,
fonte sitim et pura soliti defendere lympa. 170
attulit hospitio pergentem ad litora Calpes
extremumque diem pes dexter et hora Lyaeum,
nec pigitum paruosque lares humilisque subire

limina caelicolam tecti. cepere uolentem
fumosi postes et ritu pauperis aei 175
ante focos mensae, laetus nec senserat hospes
aduenisse deum. sed enim de more parentum
grato cursabat studio instabatque senectae,
donec, opes festas, puris nunc poma canistris
composuit, nunc inriguis citus extulit hortis 180
rorantis umore dapes, tum lacte fauisque
distingxit dulcis epulas nulloque cruore
polluta castus mensa Cerealia dona
attulit ac primum Vestae deterisit honorem
undique et in mediam iecit libamina flammam. 185
deesse tuos latices, hac sedulitate senili
captus, Iacche, uetas. subito, mirabile dictu,
fagina pampineo spumarunt pocula suco,
pauperis hospitii pretium, uilisque rubenti
fluxit mulctra mero, et quercu in cratera cauata 190
dulcis odoratis umor sudauit ab uuis.
'En cape' Bacchus ait 'nondum tibi nota, sed olim
uiticolae nomen peruulgatura Falerni
munera,' et haud ultra latuit deus. inde nitentem
lumine purpureo frontem cinxere corymbi, 195
et fusae per colla comae, dextraque pependit
cantharus, ac uitis thyrsos delapsa uirenti
festas Nysaeo redimiuit palmite mensas.
nec facilis laeto certasse, Falerne, sapor,
postquam iterata tibi sunt pocula, iam pede risum, 200
iam lingua titubante moues, patrioque Lyaeo
tempora quassatus, grates et praemia digna
uix intellectis conaris reddere uerbis,
donec composuit luctantia lumina Somnus,
Somnus, Bacche, tibi comes additus. hinc ubi primo 205
ungula dispersit rores Phaethontia Phoebos,
uiuiferis late florebat Massicus aruis
miratus nemora et lucentis sole racemos.
it monti decus, atque ex illo tempore diues
Tmolus <et> ambrosiis Ariusia pocula sucis 210
ac Methymna ferox lacibus cessere Falernis.

Haec tum uasta dabat terrisque infestus agebat
Hannibal, et sicci stimulabant sanguinis enses,
ludificante ducem Fabio. iamque improba castris
Ausoniis uota et pugnandi praua libido 215
gliscebant: prona decurrere monte parabant.

Da famae, da, Musa, uirum, cui uincere bina

concessum castra et geminos domitare furores.
'Feruida si nobis corda abruptumque putassent
ingenium patres et si clamoribus' inquit 220
'turbari facilem mentem, non ultima rerum
et deplorati mandassent Martis habenas.
stat pensata diu belli sententia: uincam
seruare inuitos urgentisque ultima fata.
nulli per Fabium e uobis cecidisse licebit. 225
si lucis piget et supremis esse cupido est
nominis Ausonii taedetque in tempore tali
nullum clade noua claraeque fragore ruinae
insignem fecisse locum, reuocandus ab atris
Flaminius uobis est sedibus. ille ruendi 230
iam dudum properans signum auspiciumque dedisset.
an nondum praeceps uicinaque fata uidetis?
una, ut debellet, satis est uictoria Poeno.
state, uiri, et sentite ducem. cum optabile tempus
deposcet dextras, tunc ista ferocia dicta 235
aequentur factis. non est, mihi credite, non est
arduus in pugnâ ferri labor: una reclusis
omnes iam portis in campum effuderit hora.
magnum illud solisque datum, quos mitis euntis
Iuppiter aspexit, magnum est ex hoste reuerti. 240
fortunae Libys incumbit flatuque secundo
fidit agens puppim. dum desinat aura sinusque
destituat tumidos subducto flamine uentus,
in rem cunctari fuerit. non ulla perenni
amplexu Fortuna fouet. iam copia quanto 245
artior et nullo Tyriis certamine quantum
detritum est famae! quin inter cetera nostra
haud laude afuerit, modo qui++sed parcere dictis
sit melius. iam uos acies et proelia et hostem
poscitis? o maneat, superi, fiducia talis! 250
interea exclusa maioris sorte pericli
me solum, quaeso, toti me opponite bello.'
his dictis fractus furor et rabida arma quierunt:
ut, cum turbatis placidum caput extulit undis
Neptunus totumque uidet totique uidetur 255
regnator ponto, saeui fera murmura uenti
dimittunt nullasque mouent in frontibus alas,
tum sensim infusa tranquilla per aequora pace
languentes tacito lucent in litore fluctus.

Sensit cura sagax Poeni fraudisque ueneno 260
adgreditur mentes. pauca atque haec ruris auiti

iugera nec multis Fabius uertebat aratris:
Massicus uuiferis addebat nomina glaebis.
hinc pestem placitum moliri et spargere causas
in castra ambiguas. ferro flammisque pepercit 265
suspectamque loco pacem dedit arte maligna
ceu clandestino traheretur foedere bellum.

Intellectus erat Fabio, Tyriosque uidebat
dictator saeuire dolos. sed non uacat ~aegre
inuidiam gladios inter lituosque timere 270
et dubia morsus famae depellere pugna,
donec reptantem et nequiquam saepe trahendo
huc illuc castra scrutantem proelia Poenum,
qua nemorosa iuga et scopulosi uertice colles
exurgunt, clausit sparsa ad diuortia turma. 275
hinc Laestrygoniae saxoso monte premebant
a tergo rupes, undosis squalida terris
hinc Literna palus, nec ferri aut militis usum
poscebat regio, saeptos sed fraude locorum
arta fames poenas miserae exactura Sagunti 280
urgebat, finisque aderat Carthaginis armis.

Cuncta per et terras et lati stagna profundi
condiderat somnus, positoque labore dierum
pacem nocte datam mortalibus orbis agebat.
at non Sidonium curis flagrantia corda 285
ductorem uigilesque metus haurire sinebant
dona soporiferae noctis. nam membra cubili
erigit et fului circumdat pelle leonis,
qua super instratos proiectus gramine campi
presserat ante toros. tunc ad tentoria fratris 290
fert gressus uicina citos. nec degener ille
belligeri ritus taurino membra iacebat
effultus tergo et mulcebat tristia somno.
haud procul hasta uiri terrae defixa propinquae,
et dir<a> e summa pendebat cuspide cassis; 295
at clipeus circa loricaque et ensis et arcus
et telum Baliare simul tellure quiescunt.
iuxta lecta manus, iuuenes in Marte probati,
et sonipes strato carpebat gramina dorso.
ut pepulere leuem intrantis uestigia somnum, 300
'Heus!' inquit (pariterque manus ad tela ferebat)
'quae te cura uigil fessum, germane, fatigat?'
ac iam constiterat sociosque in caespite fusos
incussa reuocat castrorum ad munera planta,
cum Libyae ductor: 'Fabius me noctibus aegris, 305

in curas Fabius nos excitat, illa senectus
heu fatis quae sola meis currentibus obstat!
cernis ut armata circumfundare corona,
et uallet clausos collectus miles in orbe<m>.
uerum, age, nunc quando res artae, percipe porro 310
quae meditata mihi. latos correpta per agros
armenta adsueto belli de more secuntur.
cornibus arentis edicam innectere ramos
sarmentique leuis fronti religare maniplos,
admotus cum feruorem disperserit ignis 315
ut passim exultent stimulante dolore iuueni
et uaga per collis ceruice incendia iacent.
tum terrore nouo trepidus laxabit iniquas
custos excubias maioraque nocte timebit.
si cordi consulta (moras extrema recusant) 320
accingamur' ait. gemino tentoria gressu
inde petunt. ingens clipeo ceruice reposta
inter equos interque uiros interque iacebat
capta manu spolia et rorantia caede Maraxes
ac dirum, in somno ceu bella capesseret, amens 325
clamorem tum forte dabat dextraque tremente
arma toro et notum quaerebat feruidus ense.
huic Mago, inuersa quatiens ut dispulit hasta
bellantem somnum, 'Tenebris, fortissime ductor,
iras compesce atque in lucem proelia differ. 330
ad fraudem occultamque fugam tutosque receptus
nunc nocte utendum est. arentis nectere frondes
cornibus et latis accensa immittere siluis
armenta, oppositi reserent quo claustra manipuli,
germanus parat atque obsessa euellere castra. 335
emergamus, et hic Fabio persuadeat astus
non certare dolis.' nihil hinc cunctante, sed acris
incepti laeto iuueni, ad tentoria Acherrae
festinant, cui parca quies minimumque soporis,
nec notum somno noctes aequare: feroci 340
peruigil inseruibat equo fessumque leuabat
tractando et frenis ora exagitata fouebat.
at socii renouant tela arentemque cruorem
ferro detergent et dant mucronibus iras.
quid fortuna loci poscat, quid tempus, et ipsi 345
quaenam agitent, pandunt et coeptis ire ministrum
haud segnem hortantur. discurrit tessera castris,
intentiquo docent, quae sint properanda, mone<n>tque
quisque suos: instat trepidis stimulatque ruentis

nauus abire timor, dum caeca silentia dumque 350
maiores umbrae. rapida iam subdita peste
uirgulta atque altis surgunt e cornibus ignes.
hic uero ut, gliscente malo et quassantibus aegra
armentis capita, adiutae pinguescere flammae
coepere et uincens fumos erumpere uertex, 355
per collis dumosque (lues agit atra) per altos
saxosi scopulos montis lymphata feruntur
corpora anhela boum, atque obsessis naribus igni
luctantur frustra rabidi mugire iuueni.
per iuga, per uallis errat Vulcania pestis 360
nusquam stante malo, uicinaque litora fulgent:
quam multa adfixus caelo sub nocte serena
fluctibus e mediis sulcator nauita ponti
astra uidet, quam multa uidet, feruoribus atris
cum Calabros urunt ad pingua pabula saltus, 365
uertice Gargani residens incendia pastor.

At facie subita uolitantum montibus altis
flammarum, quis tunc ce<ci>dit custodia sorti,
horrere atque ipsos nullo spargente uagari
credere et indomitos pasci sub collibus ignes. 370
caelone exciderint, et magna fulmina dextra
torserit Omnipotens, an caecis rupta cauernis
fuderit egestas accenso sulphure flammam
infelix tellus, media in formidine quaerunt.
iamque abeunt, faucesque uiae citus occupat armis 375
Poenus et in patulos exultans emicat agros.
huc tamen usque uigil processerat arte regendi
dictator Trebiam et Tusci post stagna profundi,
esset ut Hannibali Fabium Romanaque tela
euasisset satis. quin et uestigia pulsus 380
et gressus premeret castris, ni sacra uocarent
ad patrios ueneranda deos. tum uersus ad urbem
adloquitur iuuenem, cui mos transmittere signa
et belli summam primasque iubebat habenas,
atque his praeformat dictis fingitque monendo: 385
'Si factis nondum, Minuci, te cauta probare
erudiit Fortuna meis, nec ducere uerba
ad uerum decus ac prauis arcere ualebunt.
uidisti clausum Hannibalem. nil miles et alae
iuuere aut densis legio conferta manipulis. 390
testor te, solus clausi nec deinde morabor.
dis sine me libare dapem et sollemnia ferre:
hunc iterum atque iterum uinctum uel montibus altis

annibus aut rapidis (modo pugna absistite) tradam.
interea (crede experto, non fallimus) aegris 395
nil mouisse salus rebus. sit gloria multis
et placeat, quippe egregium, prosternere ferro
hostem, sed Fabio sit uos seruasse triumphus.
plena tibi castra atque intactus uulnere miles
creditur: hos nobis (erit haec tibi gloria) redde. 400
iam cernes Libycum huic uallo adsultare leonem,
iam praedas offerre tibi, iam uertere terga,
respectantem adeo atque iras cum fraude coquentem.
claude, oro, castra et cunctas spes eripe pugnae.
haec monuisse satis. sed si compescere corda 405
non datur oranti, magno te iure pioque
dictator capere arma ueto.’ sic castra relinquens
uallarat monitis ac se referebat ad urbem.

Ecce autem flatu classis Phoenissa secundo
litora Caietae Laestrygoniosque recessus 410
sulcabat rostris portusque intrarat apertos
ac totus multo spumabat remige pontus,
cum trepidae fremitu uitreis e sedibus antri
aequoreae pelago simul emersere sorores
ac possessa uident infestis litora proris. 415
tum magno perculsa metu Nereia turba
attonitae propere refluunt ad limina nota,
Telebou medio surgunt qua regna profundo
pumiceaeque procul sedes. immanis in antro
conditur abrupto Proteus ac spumea late 420
cautibus obiectis reiectat caerula uates.
is postquam (sat gnarus enim rerumque metusque)
per uarias lusit formas et terruit atri
serpentis squamis horrendaque sibila torsit
aut fremuit toruo mutatus membra leone, 425
‘Dicite,’ ait ‘quae causa uiae? quisue ora repente
peruasit pallor? cur scire futura libido?’

Ad quae Cymodoce, Nympharum maxima natu
Italidum: ‘Nosti nostros, praesage, timores.
quid Tyriae classes ereptaque litora nobis 430
portendunt? num migrantur Rhoeteia regna
in Libyam superis? aut hos Sarranus habebit
nauita iam portus? patria num sede fugatae
Atlantem et Calpen extrema habitabimus antra?’

Tunc sic euoluens repetita exordia retro 435
incipit ambiguus uates reseratque futura:
‘Laomedonteus Phrygia cum sedit in Ida

pastor et errantis dumosa per auia tauros
arguta reuocans ad roscida pascua canna
audiuit sacrae lentus certamina formae, 440
tum matris currus niueos agitabat olores
tempora sollicitus litis seruasse Cupido.
paruulus ex umero corytos et aureus arcus
fulgebat, nutuque uetans trepidare parentem
monstrabat grauidam telis se ferre pharetram. 445
ast alius niuea comebat fronte capillos,
purpureos alius uestis religabat amictus.
cum sic suspirans roseo Venus ore decoros
adloquitur natos: "Testis certissima uestrae
ecce dies pietatis adest. quis credere saluis 450
hoc ausit uobis? de forma atque ore (quid ultra
iam superest rerum?) certat Venus. omnia paruus
si mea tela dedi blando medicata ueneno,
si uester, caelo ac terris qui foedera sancit,
stat supplex, cum uultis, auus: uictoria nostra 455
Cypron Idymaeas referat de Pallade palmas,
de Iunone Paphos centum mihi fumet in aris."
dumque haec aligeris instat Cytherea, sonabat
omne nemus gradiente dea. iam bellica uirgo,
aegide deposita et qua adsuetum casside crinem 460
inuoluit, nec compta tamen pacemque serenis
condiscens oculis, ibat lucoque ferebat
praedicto sacrae uestigia concita plantae.
parte alia intrabat iussis Saturnia siluis,
iudicium Phrygis et fastus pastoris et Iden 465
post fratris latura toros. postrema nitenti
adfulsit uultu ridens Venus: omnia circa
et nemora et penitus frondosis rupibus antra
spirantem sacro traxerunt uertice odorem.
nec iudex sedisse ualet, fessique nitoris 470
luce cadunt oculi, ac metuit dubitasse uideri.
sed uictae fera bella deae uexere per aequor,
atque excisa suo pariter cum iudice Troia.
tum pius Aeneas terris iactatus et undis
Dardanios Italia posuit tellure penatis. 475
dum cete ponto innabunt, dum sidera caelo
lucebunt, dum sol Indo se litore tollet,
hic regna et nullae regnis per saecula metae.
at uos, o natae, currit dum immobile filum,
Hadriaci fugite infaustas Sasonis harenas. 480
sanguiueis tumidus ponto miscebitur undis

Aufidus et rubros impellet in aequora fluctus,
damnatoque deum quondam per carmina campo
Aetolae rursus Teucris pugnabitis umbrae.
Punica Romuleos quatient mox spicula muros, 485
multaque Hasdrubalis fulgebit strage Metaurus.
hinc ille in furto genitus patruique piabit
idem ultor patrisque necem; tum litus Elissae
implebit flammis auelletque Itala Poenum
uiscera torrentem et propriis superabit in oris. 490
huic Carthago armis, huic Africa nomine cedit,
hic dabit ex sese qui tertia bella fatiget
et cinerem Libyae ferat in Capitolia uictor.’

Quae dum arcana deum uates euoluit in antro,
iam monita et Fabium bellique equitumque magister 495
exuerat mente ac praeceps tendebat in hostem.
pascere nec Poenus prauum ac nutrire furorem
deerat et, ut paruo maiora ad proelia damno
eliceret, dabat interdum simulantia terga:
non aliter, quam qui sparsa per stagna profundi 500
euocat e liquidis piscem penetralibus esca,
cumque leuem summa uidit iam nare sub unda,
ducit sinuato captiuum ad litora lino.

Fama furit uersos hostis, Poenumque salutem
inuenisse fuga: liceat si uincere, finem 505
promitti cladum, sed enim dicione carere
uirtutem, et poenas uincentibus esse repostas.
clausurum iam castra ducem rursusque referri
uaginae iussurum enses, reddatur in armis
ut ratio, et purget miles cur uicerit hostem. 510
haec uulgus. necnon patrum Saturnia mentes
inuidiae stimulo fodit et popularibus auris.
tunc indigna fide censent optandaque Poeno,
quae mox haud paruo luerent damnata periclo.

Diuiditur miles, Fabioque equitumque magistro 515
imperia aequantur penitus. cernebat et experts
irarum senior, magnas ne penderet alti
erroris poenas patria inconsulta, timebat.
ac tum, multa putans secum, ut remeauit ab urbe,
partitus socias uires, uicina propinquis 520
signa iugis locat et specula sublimis ab alta
non Romana minus seruat quam Punica castra.
nec mora. disiecto Minuci uecordia uallo
perdendi simul et pereundi ardebat amore.

Quem postquam rapidum uidit procedere castris 525

hinc Libys, hinc Fabius, simul accendere sagacis
in subitum curas: propere capere arma manipulis
edicit uallique tenet munimine turmas
Ausonius, torquet totas in proelia uires
Poenorum ductor propellitque agmina uoce: 530
‘Dum dictator abest, rape, miles, tempora pugnae.
non sperata diu plano certamina campo
offert ecce deus. quando data copia, longum
detergete situm ferro multoque cruore
exsatiare, uiri, plenos rubiginis enses.’ 535

Atque ea Cunctator pensabat ab aggere ualli
perlustrans campos oculis, tantoque periculo
discere, quinam esset Fabius, te, Roma, dolebat.
cui natus iuncta arma ferens ‘Dabit improbus,’ inquit
‘quas dignum est, poenas, qui per suffragia caeca 540
inuasit nostros haec ad discrimina faszces.
insanae spectate tribus. pro lubrica rostra
et uanis fora laeta uiris! nunc munera Martis
aequent imperio et solem concedere nocti
sciscant imbelles. magna mercede piabunt 545
erroris rabiem et nostrum uiolasse parentem.’
tum senior, quatiens hastam lacrimisque coortis.
‘Sanguine Poenorum, iuuenis, tam tristia dicta
sunt abolenda tibi. patiarne ante ora manusque
ciuem deleri nostras, aut uincere Poenum, 550
me spectante, sinam? non aequauisse minorem
soluetur culpa si sunt mihi talia corda?
iamque hoc, ne dubites, longaeui, nate, parentis
accipe et aeterno fixum sub pectore serua:
succensere nefas patriae, nec foedior ulla 555
culpa sub extremas fertur mortalibus umbras.
sic docuere senes. quantus qualisque fuisti,
cum pulsus lare et extorris Capitolia curru
intrares exul, tibi corpora caesa, Camille,
damnata quot sunt dextra! pacata fuissent 560
ni consulta uiro mensque impenetrabilis irae,
mutassentque solum sceptris Aeneia regna
nullaque nunc stares terrarum uertice, Roma.
pone iras, o nate, meas. socia arma feramus
et celeremus opem.’ iamque intermixta sonabant 565
classica, procursusque uiros conliserat acer.

Primus claustra manu portae dictator et altos
disiecit postis rupitque in proelia cursum.
non grauiore mouent uenti certamina mole

Odrysius Boreas et Syrtim tollere pollens 570
Africus, obnixa cum bella furentia torquent:
distraxere fretum ac diuersa ad litora uoluunt
aequor quisque suum; sequitur stridente procella
nunc huc, nunc illuc, raptum mare et intonat undis.
haud prorsus daret ullus honos tellusque subacta 575
Phoenicum et Carthago ruens, iniuria quantum
orta ex inuidia decoris tulit. omnia namque
dura simul deuicta uiro, metus, Hannibal, irae,
inuidia, atque una fama et fortuna subactae.

Poenus ab excelso rapidos decurrere uallo 580
ut uidit, tremuere irae, ceciditque repente
cum gemitu spes haud dubiae praesumpta ruinae.
quippe aciem denso circumuallauerat orbe
hausurus clausos coniectis undique telis.
atque hic Dardanius prauo certamine ductor 585
iam Styga et aeternas intrarat mente tenebras
(nam Fabium auxiliumque uiri sperare pudebat),
cum senior gemino complexus proelia cornu
ulteriore ligat Poenorum terga corona
et modo claudentis aciem nunc, extima cingens, 590
clausos ipse tenet. maiorem surgere in arma
maioremque dedit cerni Tiryntius. altae
scintillant cristae et, mirum, uelocibus ingens
per subitum membris uenit uigor: ingerit hastas
auersumque premit telorum nubibus hostem: 595
qualis post iuuenem, nondum subeunte senecta,
rector erat Pylius bellis aetate secunda.

Inde ruens Thurin et Buten et Narin et Arsen
dat leto fisumque manus conferre Mahalcen,
cui decus insigne et quaesitum cuspidem nomen. 600
tum Garadum largumque comae prosternit Adherben
et geminas acies superantem uertice Thulin,
qui summas alto prensabat in aggere pinnas,
eminus hos, gladio Sapharum gladioque Monaesum
et Morinum pugnas aeris stridore cientem, 605
dexteriore gena cum sedit letifer ictus,
perque tubam fixae decurrens uulnere malae
extremo fluxit propulsus murmure sanguis.
proximus huic iaculo Nasamonius occidit Idmon.
namque super tepido lapsantem sanguine et aegra 610
lubrica nitentem nequiquam euadere planta
impacto prosternit equo trepideque leuantem
membra adflicta solo pressa uiolentius hasta

implicuit terrae telumque in caede reliquit.
haeret humi cornus motu tremefacta iacentis 615
et campo seruat mandatum adfixa cadauer.

Necnon exemplo laudis furiata iuuentus,
Sullaque Crassique simul iunctusque Metello
Furnius ac melior dextrae Torquatus, inibant
proelia et unanimi uel morte emisse uolebant 620
spectari Fabio. miser hic uestigia retro
dum rapit et molem subducto corpore uitat
intorti Bibulus saxi atque in terga refertur,
strage super lapsus socium, qua fibula morsus
loricae crebro laxata resoluerat ictu, 625
accepit lateri penitusque in uiscera adegit
extabat fixo quod forte cadauere ferrum.
heu sortem necis! euasit Garamantica tela
Marmaridumque manus, ut inertī cuspide fusus
occideret, telo non in sua uulnera misso. 630
uoluitur exanimis, turpatque decora iuuenta
ora nouus pallor. membris dimissa solutis
arma fluunt, erratque niger per lumina somnus.

Venerat ad bellum Tyria Sidone, nepotum
excitus prece, et auxilio socia arma ferebat, 635
Eoa tumidus pharetrati militis ala,
gens Cadmi, Cleadas; fulua cui plurima passim
casside et aurato fulgebat gemma monili,
qualis ubi Oceani renouatus Lucifer unda
laudatur Veneri et certat maioribus astris. 640
ostro ipse ac sonipes ostro totumque per agmen
purpura Agenoreis saturata micabat aenis.
hic audidum pugnae <et> tam clarum excidere nomen
Brutum exoptantem, uarie nunc laeuus in orbem,
nunc dexter leuib' flexo per deuia gyris 645
ludificatus equo, uolucrum post terga sagittam
fundit Achaemenio detractans proelia ritu.
nec damnata manus, medio sed, flebile, mento
armigeri Cascae penetrabilis haesit harundo
oblicumque secans subrecta cuspide uulnus 650
umentī ferrum admouit tepefacta palato.
at Brutus diro casu turbatus amici
ausum multa uirum et spargentem in uulnera saeuos
fraude fugae calamos, iam nullis cursibus instat
prendere cornipedis, sed totam pectoris iram 655
mandat atrox hastae telumque uolatīle nodo
excutit et summum, qua laxa monilia crebro

nudabant uersu, tramittit cuspide pectus.
labitur intento cornu transfossus, et una
arcum laeua cadens, dimisit dextra sagittam. 660

At non tam tristi sortitus proelia Marte
Phoebei Soractis honor Carmelus agebat.
sanguine quippe suo iam Bagraa tinxerat ense,
dux rectorque Nubae populi, iam fusus eidem
Zeusis Amyclaei stirps impacata Phalanti, 665
quem tulerat mater claro Phoenissa Laconi.
taliam dum metuit, nec pugnae fisus in hoste
tam rapido nec deinde fugae, suadente pauore,
per dumos miser in uicina cacumina quercus
repserat atque alta sese occultabat in umbra 670
Hampsicus, insistens tremulis sub pondere ramis.
hunc longa multa orantem Carmelus et altos
mutantem saltu ramos transuerberat hasta,
ut, qui uiscatos populatur harundine lucos,
dum nemoris celsi procera cacumina sensim 675
substructa certat tacitus contingere meta,
sublimem calamo sequitur crescente uolucrem.
effudit uitam, atque alte manante cruore
membra pependerunt curuato exanguia ramo.

Iamque in palantis ac uersos terga feroces 680
pugnabant Itali, subitus cum mole pauenda
terrificis Maurus prorumpit Tunger in armis.
nigra uiro membra, et furui iuga celsa trahebant
cornipedes, totusque nouae formidinis arte
concolor aequabat liuentia currus equorum 685
terga: nec erectis similes imponere cristis
cessarat pennas, aterque tegebat amictus:
ceu quondam aeternae regnator noctis, ad imos
cum fugeret thalamos Hennaee uirgine rapta,
egit nigrantem Stygia caligine currum. 690
at Cato, tum prima sparsus lanugine malas,
quod peperere decus Circaeae Tuscula dorso
moenia, Laertae quondam regnata nepoti,
quamquam tardatos turbata fronte Latinos
collegisse gradum uidet, imperterritus ipse 695
ferrata calce atque effusa largus habena
cunctantem impellebat equum. negat obuius ire
et trepidat cassa sonipes exterritus umbra.
tum celer in pugnam dorso delatus ab alto
alipedem planta currum premit atque uolanti 700
adsilit a tergo. cecidere et lora repente

et stimuli, ferrumque super ceruice tremiscens
palluit infelix subducto sanguine Maurus.
ora rapit gladio praefixaque cuspidē portat.

At saeu Mauorte ferox perrumpit anhelum 705
dictator cum caede globum. miserabile uisu,
uulneribus fessum ac multo labente cruore
ductorem cernit suprema ac foeda precantem.
manuere genis lacrimae, clipeoque pauentem
protegit et natum stimulans 'Fortissime, labem 710
hanc pellamus' ait 'Poenoque ob mitia facta,
quod nullos nostris ignis disperserit aruis,
dignum expendamus pretium.' tunc arte paterna
ac stimulis gaudens iuuenis circumdata Poenum
agmina deturbat gladio campumque relaxat, 715
donec Sidonius decederet aequore ductor:
ceu, stimulante fame, rapuit cum Martius agnum
auerso pastore lupus fetumque trementem
ore tenet presso, tum, si uestigia cursu
auditis celeret balatibus obuia pastor, 720
iam sibimet metuens, spirantem dentibus imis
reiecat praedam et uacuo fugit aeger hiatu.
~tum demum, Tyriis quas circumfuderat atra
tempestas, Stygiae tandem fugere tenebrae.
torpebant dextra<e>, et sese meruisse negabant 725
seruari, subitisque bonis mens aegra natabat:
ut, qui conlapsa pressi iacuere ruina,
eruta cum subito membra et nox atra recessit,
coniuent solemque pauent agnoscere uisu.

Quis actis senior numerato milite laetus 730
collis et tuto repetebat in aggere castra.
ecce autem e media iam morte renata iuuentus
clamorem tollens ad sidera et ordine longo
ibat ouans Fabiumque decus Fabiumque salutem
certatim et magna memorabant uoce parentem. 735
tum qui partitis dissederat ante manipulis
'Sancte' ait 'o genitor, reuocato ad lucis honorem
si fas uera queri, cur nobis castra uirosque
diuidere est licitum? patiens cur arma dedisti,
quae solus rexisse uales? hoc munere lapsi 740
aeternas multo cum sanguine uidimus umbras.
ocius huc aquilas seruataque signa referte.
hic patria est, murique urbis stant pectore in uno.
tuque dolos, Poene, atque astus tandem exue notos:
cum solo tibi iam Fabio sunt bella gerenda.' 745

Haec ubi dicta dedit, mille hinc, uenerabile uisu,
caespitem de uiridi surgunt properantibus arae.
nec prius aut epulas aut munera grata Lyaei
fas cuiquam tetigisse fuit quam multa precatus
in mensam Fabio sacrum libauit honorem.

LIBER VIII

Primus Agenoridum cedentia terga uidere
Aeneadis dederat Fabius. Romana parentem
solum castra uocant, solum uocat Hannibal hostem
impatiensque morae fremit: ut sit copia Martis,
expectanda uiri fata optandumque sub armis 5
Parcarum auxilium. namque hac spirante senecta
nequiquam sese Latium sperare cruorem.
iam uero concors miles signisque relatis
indiuus honos, iterumque et rursus eidem
soli obluctandum Fabio maioribus aegrum 10
angebant curis. lentando feruida bella
dictator cum multa adeo, tum miles egenus
cunctarum ut rerum Tyrius foret, arte sedendi
egerat et, quamquam finis pugnaque manuque
haud dum partus erat, iam bello uicerat hostem. 15
quin etiam ingenio fluxi, sed prima feroces,
uaniloquum Celtæ genus ac mutabile mentis,
respectare domos: maerebant caede sine ulla
(insolitum sibi) bella geri, siccasque cruore
inter tela siti Mauortis hebescere dextras. 20
his super internæ labes et ciuica uulnus
inuidia augebant. laeuus conatibus Hannon
ductoris non ulla domo summittere patres
auxilia aut ullis opibus iuuisse sinebat.

Quis lacerum curis et rerum extrema pauentem 25
ad spes armorum et furialia uota reducit
praescia Cannarum Iuno atque elata futuris.
namque hac accitam stagnis Laurentibus Annam
adfatur uoce et blandis hortatibus implet:
'Sanguine cognato iuuenis tibi, diua, laborat 30
Hannibal a uestro nomen memorabile Belo.
perge age, et insanos curarum comprime fluctus.
excute sollicito Fabium. sola ille Latinos
sub iuga mittendi mora iam discingitur armis.
cum Varrone manus et cum Varrone serenda 35
proelia, nec desit fatis ad signa mouenda.
ipsa adero. tendat iamdudum in Iapyga campum.
huc Trebiae rursus et Trasimenni fata sequentur.'

Tum diua Indigetis castis contermina lucis
'Haud' inquit 'tua ius nobis praecepta morari. 40
sit fas, sit tantum, quaeso, retinere fauorem

antiquae patriae mandataque magna sororis,
quamquam inter Latios Annae stet numen honores.’

Multa retro rerum iacet atque ambagibus aevi
obtegitur densa caligine mersa uetustas, 45
cur Sarrana dicent Oenotri numina templo,
regnisque Aeneadum germana colatur Elissae.
sed pressis stringam reuocatam ab origine famam
narrandi metis breuiterque antiqua reuoluam.

Iliaco postquam deserta est hospite Dido 50
et spes abruptae, media<m> in penetralibus atram
festinat furibunda pyram. tum corripit ensem
certa necis, profugi donum exitiale mariti.
despectus taedae regnis se imponit Iarbas,
et tepido fugit Anna rogo. quis rebus egenis 55
ferret opem, Nomadum late terrente tyranno?
Battus Cyrenen molli tum forte fouebat
imperio, mitis Battus lacrimasque dedisse
casibus humanis facilis. qui supplice uisa
intremuit regum euentus dextramque tetendit. 60
atque ea, dum flauas bis tondet messor aristas,
seruata interea sedes: nec longius uti
his opibus Battoque fuit. nam ferre per aequor
exitium miserae iam Pygmaliona docebat.
ergo agitur pelago, diuis inimica sibique, 65
quod se non dederit comitem in suprema sorori,
donec iactatam laceris, miserabile, uelis
fatalis turbo in Laurentis expulit oras.
non caeli, non illa soli, non gnara colentum
Sidonis in Latia trepidabat naufraga terra. 70
ecce autem Aeneas sacro comitatus Iulo,
iam regni compos, noto sese ore ferebat.
qui terrae defixam oculos et multa timentem
ac deinde adlapsam genibus lacrimantis Iuli
attollit mitique manu intra limina ducit. 75
atque ubi iam casus aduersorumque pauorem
hospitii leniuit honos, tum discere maesta
exposcit cura letum infelicis Elissae.
cui sic uerba trahens largis cum fletibus Anna
incipit et blandas addit pro tempore uoces: 80
‘Nate dea, solus regni lucisque fuisti
germanae tu causa meae: mors testis et ille
(heu cur non idem mihi tum!) rogos. ora uidere
postquam est ereptum miserae tua, litore sedit
interdum, stetit interdum, uentosque secuta 85

infelix oculis magno clamore uocabat
Aenean comitemque tuae se imponere solam
orabat paterere rati. mox turbida anhelum
rettulit in thalamos cursum subitoque tremore
substitit et sacrum timuit tetigisse cubile. 90
inde amens nunc sideream fulgentis Iuli
effigiem fouet amplexu, nunc tota repente
ad uultus conuersa tuos, ab imagine pendet
conqueriturque tibi et sperat responsa remitti.
non umquam spem ponit amor: iam tecta domumque 95
deserit et rursus portus furibunda reuisit,
si qui te referant conuerso flamine uenti.
ad magicas etiam fallax atque improba gentis
Massylae leuitas descendere compulit artes.
heu sacri uatum errores! dum numina noctis 100
eliciunt spondentque nouis medicamina curis,
quod uidi decepta nefas! conguessit in atram
cuncta tui monumenta pyram et non prospera dona.'

Tunc sic Aeneas dulci repetitus amore:
'Tellurem hanc iuro, uota inter nostra frequente<r> 105
auditam uobis, iuro caput, Anna, tibi que
germanaeque tuae dilectum mitis Iuli,
respiciens aegerque animi tum regna reliqui
uestra, nec abscessem thalamo, ni magna minatus
meque sua ratibus dextra imposuisset et alto 110
egisset rapidis classem Cyllenius Euris.
sed cur (heu seri monitus!), cur tempore tali
incustodito saeuire dedistis amoribus?'

Contra sic infit uoluens uix murmur anhelum
inter singultus labrisque trementibus Anna: 115
'Nigro forte Ioui, cui tertia regna laborant,
atque atri sociae thalami noua sacra parabam,
quis aegram mentem et trepidantia corda leuaret
infelix germana tori, furuasque trahebam
ipsa manu properans ad uisa pianda bidentis; 120
~namque asper somno dirus me impleuerat horror,
terque suam Dido, ter cum clamore uocarat
et laeta exultans ostenderat ora Sychaeus.
quae dum abigo menti et sub lucem ut uisa secudent
oro caelicolas ac uiuo purgor in amni, 125
illa cito passu peruecta ad litora mutae
oscula, qua steteras, bis terque infixit harenae:
deinde amplexa sinu late uestigia fouit,
ceu cinerem orbatæ pressant ad pectora matres.

tum rapido praeceps cursu resolutaque crinem 130
euasit propere in celsam, quam struxerat ante
magna mole, pyram, cuius de sede dabatur
cernere cuncta freta et totam Carthaginiis urbem.
hic Phrygiam uestem et bacatum induta monile,
postquam illum infelix hausit, quo munera primum 135
sunt conspecta, diem et conuiuia mente reduxit
festasque aduentu mensas teque ordine Troiae
narrantem longos se peruigilante labores,
in portus amens rorantia lumina flexit:
“Di longae noctis, quorum iam numina nobis 140
mors instans maiora facit, precor,” inquit “adeste
et placidi uictos ardore admittite manis.
Aeneae coniunx, Veneris nurus, ulta maritum,
<uidi constructas nostrae Carthaginiis arces.
nunc ad uos magni descendet corporis umbra. 145
me quoque fors dulci quondam uir notus amore
expectat, curas cupiens aequare priores.”
haec dicens ensem media in praecordia adegit,
ensem Dardanii quaesitum in pignus amoris.
uiderunt comites tristisque per atria planctu 150
concurrunt: magnis resonant ululatibus aedes.
accepi infelix dirisque exterrita fatis,
ora manu lacerans, lymphato regia cursu
tectata peto celsosque gradus euadere nitor.
ter diro fuero conata incumbere ferro, 155
ter cecidi exanimae membris reuoluta sororis.
iamque ferebatur uicina per oppida rumor:
arma parant Nomadum procures et saeuus Iarbas. 157a
tum Cyrenaeam fatis agitantibus urbem
deuenio. hinc uestris pelagi uis adpulit oris.’

Motus erat placidumque animum mentemque quietam 160
Troius in miseram rector susceperat Annam.
iamque omnis luctus omnisque e pectore curas
dispulerat, Phrygiis nec iam amplius aduena tectis
illa uidebatur. tacito nox atra sopore
cuncta per et terras et lati stagna profundi 165
condiderat, tristi cum Dido aegerrima uultu
has uisa in somnis germanae effundere uoces:
‘His, soror, in tectis longae indulgere quieti,
heu nimium secunda, potes, nec, quae tibi fraudes
tendantur, quae circumstant discrimina, cernis? 170
at nondum nostro infaustos generique soloque
Laomedontae nosis telluris alumnos?’

dum caelum rapida stellas uertigine uoluet,
lunaque fraterno lustrabit lumine terras,
pax nulla Aeneadas inter Tyriosque manebit. 175
surge, age: iam tacitas suspecta Lauinia fraudes
molitur dirumque nefas sub corde uolutat
praeterea, ne falsa putes haec fingere somnum,
haud procul hinc paruo descendens fonte Numicus
labitur et leni per ualles uoluitur amne. 180
huc rapies, germana, uiam tutosque receptus.
te sacra excipient hilares in flumina Nymphae,
aeternumque Italis numen celebrabere in oris.’
sic fata in tenuem Phoenissa euanuit auram.

Anna nouis somno excutitur perterrita uisis, 185
itque timor totos gelido sudore per artus.
tunc, ut erat tenui corpus uelamine tecta,
prosiluit stratis humilique egressa fenestra
per patulos currit plantis pernicipibus agros,
donec harenoso, sic fama, Numicius illam 190
suscepit gremio uitreisque abscondidit antris.
orta dies totum radiis impleuerat orbem,
cum nullam Aeneadae thalamis Sidonida nacti
et Rutulum magno errantes clamore per agrum
uicini ad ripas fluuii manifesta secuntur 195
signa pedum, dumque inter se mirantur, ab alto
amnis aquas cursumque rapit. tum sedibus imis
inter caeruleas uisa est residere sorores
Sidonis et placido Teucros adfarier ore.
ex illo primis anni celebrata diebus 200
per totam Ausoniam uenerando numine culta est.

Hanc postquam in tristis Italum Saturnia pugnas
hortata est, celeri superum petit aethera curru,
optatum Latii tandem potura cruorem.
diua deae parere parat magnumque Libyssae 205
ductorem gentis nulli conspecta petebat.
ille uirum coetu tum forte remotus ab omni
incertos rerum euentus bellique uolutans
anxia ducebat uigili suspiria uoce.
cui dea sic dictis curas solatur amicis: 210
‘Quid tantum ulterius, rex o fortissime gentis
Sidoniae, ducis cura aegrescente dolorem?
omnis iam placata tibi manet ira deorum,
omnis Agenoridis rediit fauor. eia, age, segnis
 rumpe moras, rape Marmaricas in proelia uires. 215
mutati fasces. iam bellum atque arma senatus

ex inconsulto posuit Tirynthius heros,
cumque alio tibi Flaminio sunt bella gerenda.
me tibi, ne dubites, summi matrona Tonantis
misit. ego Oenotris aeternum numen in oris 220
concelebror uestri generata e sanguine Beli.
haud mora sit: rapido belli rape fulmina cursu.
celsus Iapygios ubi se Garganus in agros>
explicat (haud longe tellus), huc derige signa.
[haec, ut Roma cadat, sat erit uictoria Poenis.'] 224a
dixit et in nubes umentia sustulit ora.

Cui dux, promissae reuirescens pignore laudis,
'Nympha, decus generis, quo non sacratius ullum
numen' ait 'nobis, felix oblata secundes.
ast ego te compos pugnae Carthaginis arce
marmoreis sistam templis iuxtaque dicabo 230
aequatam gemino simulacri munere Dido.'
haec fatus socios stimulat tum<e>factus ouantis:
'Pone grauis curas tormentaue lenta sedendi,
fatalis Latio miles. placauimus iras
caelicolum, redeunt diui: finita maligno 235
hinc Fabio imperia et mutatos consule fasces
nuntio. nunc dextras mihi quisque atque illa referto
quae Marte exclusus promittere magna solebas.
en, numen patrium spondet maiora peractis.
uellantur signa, ac diua ducente petamus 240
infaustum Phrygibus Diomedis nomine campum.'

Dumque Arpos tendunt instincti pectora Poeni,
subnixus raptio plebei muneris ostro
saeuit iam rostris Varro ingentique ruinae
festinans aperire locum fata admouet urbi. 245
atque illi sine luce genus surdumque parentum
nomen, et immodice uibrabat in ore canoro
lingua procax. hinc auctus opes largusque rapinae,
infima dum uulgi fouet oblatratque senatum,
tantum in quassata bellis caput extulit urbe 250
momentum ut rerum et fati foret arbiter unus,
quo conseruari Latium uictore puderet.
hunc Fabios inter sacrataque nomina Marti
Scipiadas interque Ioui spolia alta ferentem
Marcellum fastis labem suffragia caeca 255
addiderant, Cannasque malum exitiale fouebat
ambitus et Graio funestior aequore Campus.
idem, ut turbarum sator atque accendere sollers
inuidiam prauusque togae, sic debilis arte

belligera Martemque rudis uersare nec ullo 260
spectatus ferro, lingua sperabat adire
ad dextrae decus atque e rostris bella ciebat.
ergo alacer Fabiumque morae increpitare professus
ad uulgum in patres petulantia uerba ferebat:
'Vos, quorum imperium est, consul praecepta modumque 265
bellandi posco. sedeone au<t> montibus erro,
dum mecum Garamas et adustus corpora Maurus
diuidit Italiam? an ferro, quo cingitis, utor?
exaudi, bone dictator, quid Martia plebes
imperitet: pelli Libyas Romamque leuari 270
hoste iubent. num festinant, quos plurima passos
tertius exurit lacrimosis casibus annus?
ite igitur, capite arma, uiri. mora sola triumpho
paruum iter est. quae prima dies ostenderit hostem,
et patrum regna et Poenorum bella resoluet. 275
ite alacres: Latia deuinctum colla catena
Hannibalem Fabio ducam spectante per urbem.'

Haec postquam increpuit, portis arma incitus effert
impellitque moras: ueluti cum carcere rupto
auriga indocilis totas effudit habenas 280
et praeceps trepida pendens in uerbera planta
impar fertur equis: fumat male concitus axis,
ac frena incerto fluitant discordia curru.
cernebat Paulus (namque huic communia Campus
iura atque arma tulit) labi mergente sinistro 285
consule res pessumque dari, sed mobilis ira est
turbati uulgi, signataque mente cicatrix
undantis aegro frenabat corde dolores.
nam cum perdomita est armis iuuenilibus olim
Illyris ora uiri, nigro adlatrauerat ore 290
uictorem inuidia et uentis iactarat iniquis.
hinc inerat metus et durae reuerentia plebis.
sed genus admotum superis summumque per altos
attingebat auos caelum: numerare parentem
Assaracum retro praestabat Amulius auctor 295
Assaracusque Iouem, ne<c>, qui spectasset in armis,
abnueret genus. huic Fabius iam castra petenti:
'Si tibi cum Tyrio credis fore maxima bella
ductore (inuitus uocem hanc e pectore rumpam)
frustraris, Paule. Ausoni<d>um te proelia dira 300
teque hostis castris grauior manet, aut ego multo
nequiquam didici casus praenoscere Marte.
spondentem audiui (piget heu taedetque senectae,

si quas prospicio restat passura ruinas!)
cum duce tam fausti Martis, qua uiderit <h>ora, 305
sumpturum pugnam. quantum nunc, Paule, supremo
absumus exitio, uocem hanc si consulis ardens
audiuit Poenus! iam latis obuia credo
stat campis acies, expectaturque sub ictu
alter Flaminius. quantos, insane, ciebis 310
Varro uiros! tu (pro superi!) tu protinus arma,
tu campum? noscas ante exploresque trahendo,
~quam ritus hostis! tu non, quae copia rerum,
quae natura locis, quod sit, rimabere sollers,
armorum genus, et stantem super omnia tela 315
fortunam aspicias? fer, Paule, indeuia recti
pectora. cur, uni patriam si adfligere fas est,
uni sit seruare nefas? eget improbus arto
iam uictu Libys, et belli feruore retuso
laxa fides socium est. non hic domus hospita tecto 320
inuitat patrio, non fidae moenibus urbes
excipiunt renouatque pari se pube iuuentus.
tertia uix superest, crudo quae uenit Hiberno,
turba uirum. persta et cauti medicamina belli
lentus ama. si qua interea inuitauerit aura 325
annueritque deus, uelox accede secundis.'

Cui breuiter maesto consul sic ore uicissim:
'Mecum erit haec prorsus pietas, mentemque feremus
in Poenos, inuicte, tuam. nec me unica fallit
cunctandi ratio, qua te grassante senescens 330
Hannibal oppressum uidit considerare bellum.
sed quaenam ira deum? consul datus alter, opinor,
Ausoniae est, alter Poenis. trahit omnia secum
et metuit demens alio ne consule Roma
concidat. e Tyrrio consortem accite senatu: 335
non tam saeua uolet. nullus qui portet in hostem
sufficit insano sonipes. incedere noctis,
quae tardent cursum, tenebras dolet, itque superbus
tantum non strictis mucronibus, ulla retardet
ne pugnas mora, dum uagina ducitur ensis. 340
Tarpeiae rupes cognataque sanguine nobis
tectae Iouis, quaeque arce sua nunc stantia linquo,
moenia felicitis patriae, quocumque uocabit
summa salus, testor, spreto discrimine iturum.
sed si surda mihi pugnabunt castra monenti, 345
haud ego uos ultra, nati, dulcemque morabor
Assaraci de gente domum, similem uidebit

Varroni Paulum redeuntem saucia Roma.’

Sic tum diuersa turbati mente petebant
castra duces. at praedictis iam sederat aruis 350
Aetolos Poenus seruans ad proelia campos.
non alias maiore uirum, maiore sub armis
agmine cornipedum concussa est Itala tellus.
quippe extrema simul gentique urbique timebant,
nec spes certandi plus uno Marte dabatur. 355

Faunigenae socio bella inuasere Sicano
sacra manus Rutuli, seruant qui Daunia regna
Laurentique domo gaudent et fonte Numici,
quos Castrum Phrygibusque grauis quondam Ardea misit,
quos, celso deuexa iugo Iunonia sedes, 360
Lanuuium atque altrix casti Collatia Bruti,
quique immite nemus Triuiuae, quique ostia Tusci
amnis amant tepidoque fouent Almone Cybeben.
hinc Tibur, Catille, tuum sacrisque dicatum
Fortunae Praeneste iugis Antemnaeque, prisco 365
Crustumio prior, atque habiles ad aratra Labici.
necnon sceptriferi qui potant Thybridis undam,
quique Anienis habent ripas gelidoque rignantur
Simbruio rastrisque domant Aequicula rura.
his Scaurus monitor, tenero tunc Scaurus in aeuo, 370
sed iam signa dabat nascens in saecula uirtus.
non illis solitum crispare hastilia campo,
nec mos pennigeris pharetram impleuisse sagittis:
pila uolunt breuibisque habiles mucronibus enses;
aere caput tecti surgunt super agmina cristis. 375

At, quos ipsius mensis seposta Lyaei
Setia et incelebri miserunt ualle Velitrae,
quos Cora, quos spumans immiti Signia musto,
et quos pestifera Pomptini uligine campi,
qua Saturae nebulosa palus restagnat, et atro 380
liuentis caeno per squalida turbidus arua
cogit aquas Vfers atque inficit aequora limo,
ducit aus pollens nec dextra indignus aurum
Scaeuola, cui dirae caelatur laudis honora
effigie clipeus: flagrant altaribus ignes, 385
Tyrrhenum ualli medio stat Mucius ira
in semet uersa, saeuitque <in> imagine uirtus.
~tunc icta species iniere ac bella magistro
cernitur effugiens ardentem Porsena dextram.

Quis Circaea iuga et scopulosi uerticis Anxur 390
Hernicaque impresso raduntur uomere saxa,

quis putri pinguis sulcaris Anagnia gleba,
Sulla Ferentinis Priuernatumque manipulis
ducebat simul excitis, Soraeque iuuentus
addita fulgebat telis. hic Scaptia pubes, 395
hic Fabrateriae uulgus, nec monte niuoso
descendens Atina aberat detritaque bellis
S<u>essa atque a duro Frusino haud imbellis aratro.
at, qui Fibreno miscentem flumina Lirim
sulphureum tacitisque uadis ad litora lapsum 400
accolit, Arpinas, accita pube Venafro
ac Larinatum dextris, socia hispidus arma
commouet atque uiris ingens exhaurit Aquinum.
Tullius aeratas raptabat in agmina turmas,
regia progenies et Tullo sanguis ab alto. 405
indole pro quanta iuuenis quantumque daturus
Ausoniae populis uentura in saecula ciuem!
ille, super Gangen, super exauditus et Indos,
implebit terras uoce et furialia bella
fulmine compescet linguae nec deinde relinquet 410
par decus eloquio cuiquam sperare nepotum.

Ecce inter primos Therapnaeo a sanguine Clausi
exultat rapidis Nero non imitabilis ausis.
hunc Amiterna cohors et Bactris nomina ducens
Casperia, hunc Foruli magnaefque Reate dicatum 415
Caelicolum Matri necnon habitata pruinis
Nursia et a Tetrica comitantur rupe cohortes.
cunctis hasta decus, clipeusque refertur in orbem,
conique implumes et laeuo tegmina crure.
ibant et laeti pars Sancum uoce canebant 420
auctorem gentis, pars laudes ore ferebat,
Sabe, tuas, qui de proprio cognomine primus
dixisti populos magna dicione Sabinos.

Quid, qui Picenae stimulat telluris alumnos,
horridus et squamis et equina Curio crista, 425
pars belli quam magna uenit! non aequore uerso
tam creber fractis albescit fluctus in undis,
nec coetu leuiore, ubi mille per agmina uirgo
lunatis acies imitatur Martia peltis,
perstrepit et tellus et Amazonius Thermodon. 430
hic et, quos pascunt scopulosae rura Numanae,
et quis litoreae fumant altaria Cuprae,
quique Truentinas seruant cum flumine turris,
cernere erat: clipeata procul sub sole corusco
agmina sanguinea uibrant in nubila luce. 435

stat fucare colus nec Sidone uilior Ancon
murice nec Libyco, statque umectata Vomano
Hadria et inclemens hirsuti signifer Ascli.
ho<c> Picus quondam nomen memorabile ab alto
Saturno statuit genitor, quem carmine Circe 440
exutum formae uolitare per aethera iussit
et sparsit croceum plumis fugientis honorem.
ante, ut fama docet, tellus possessa Pelasgis,
quis Aesis regnator erat fluuioque reliquit
nomen et a sese populos tum dixit Asilos. 445

Sed non ruricolae firmarunt robore castra
deteriore cauis uenientes montibus Vmbri.
hos Aesis Sapisque lauant rapidasque sonanti
uertice contorquens undas per saxa Metaurus,
et lauat ingentem perfundens flumine sacro 450
Clitumnus taurum Narque albescentibus undis
in Thybrim properans Tiniaeque inglorius umor
et Clanis et Rubico et Senonum de nomine Sena.
sed pater ingenti medios inlabitur amne
Albula et admota perstringit moenia ripa. 455
his urbes Arna et laetis Meuania pratis,
Hispellum et duro monti per saxa recumbens
<N>arnia et infestum nebulis umentibus olim
Iguuium patuloque iacens sine moenibus aruo
Fulgin<i>a, his populi fortes: Amerinus et armis 460
uel rastris laudande Camers, his Sassina, diues
lactis, et haud parci Martem coluisse Tudertes.
ductor Piso uiros spernaces mortis agebat,
ora puer pulcherque habitum, sed corde sagaci
aequabat senium atque astu superauerat annos. 465
is primam ante aciem pictis radiabat in armis,
Arsacidum ut fuluo micat ignea gemma monili.

Iamque per Etruscos legio completa maniplos
rectorem magno spectabat nomine Galbam.
huic genus orditur Minos inclusaque tauro 470
Pasiphae, clarique dehinc stant ordine patres.
lectos Caere uiros, lectos Cor<t>ona, superbi
Tarchonis domus, et ueteres misere Grauiscae.
necnon Argolico dilectum litus Haleso
A<l>sium et obsessae campo squalente Fregenae. 475
adfuit et sacris interpret fulminis alis
Faesula et antiquus Romanis moenibus horror
Clusinum uulcus, cum, Porsena magne, iubebas
nequiquam pulsos Romae imperitare Superbos.

tunc, quos a niueis exegit Luna metallis, 480
insignis portu, quo non spatiosior alter
innumeras cepisse rates et claudere pontum,
Maeoniaeque decus quondam Vetulonia gentis.
bissenos haec prima dedit praecedere fasces
et iunxit totidem tacito terrore securis. 485
haec altas eboris decorauit honore curulis
et princeps Tyrio uestem praetexuit ostro.
haec eadem pugnas accendere protulit aere.
his mixti Nepesina cohors Aequisque Falisci,
quique tuos, Flauina, focos, Sabatia quique 490
stagna tenent Ciminique lacum, qui Sutria tecta
haud procul et sacrum Phoebus Soracte frequentant.
spicula bina gerunt: capiti cudone ferino
sat cautum: Lycios damnant hastilibus arcus.

Hae bellare acies norant. at Marsica pubes 495
et bellare manu et chelydri cantare soporem
uipereumque herbis hebetare et carmine dentem.
Ae<e>tae prolem Angitiam mala gramina primam
monstrauisse ferunt tactuque domare uenena
et lunam excussisse polo, stridoribus amnes 500
frenantem, ac siluis montes nudasse uocatis.
sed populis nomen posuit metuentior hospes,
cum fugeret Phrygias trans aequora Marsya Crenas
Mygdoniam Phoebi superatus pectine loton.
Marruuium ueteris celebratum nomine Marri 505
urbibus est illis caput, interiorque per uidos
Alba sedet campos pomisque rependit aristas.
cetera in obscuro famae et sine nomine uulgi,
sed numero castella ualent. coniungitur acer
Paelignus gelidoque rapit Sulmone cohortes. 510
haud illo leuior bellis Vestina iuuentus 515
agmina densauit uenatu dura ferarum:
quae, Fiscelle, tuas arces Pinnamque uirentem
pascuaque haud tarde redeuntia tondet Aueiae.
Marrucina simul, Frentanis aemula pubes,
Corfini populos magnumque Teate trahebat. 520
omnibus in pugnam fertur sparus, omnibus alto
adsuetae uolucrum caelo demittere fundae.
pectora pellis obit caesi uenatibus ursi.

<Nec Sidicina cohors deficit. Viriasius armat 523a
mille uiros, nulli uictus uel ponere castra 523b
uel iunxisse ratem duroque resolvere muros 523c
ariete et in turrim subitos immittere pontis.> 523d

Nec cedit studio Sidicinus sanguine miles, 511
quem genuere Cales. non paruus conditor urbi,
ut fama est, Calais, Boreae quem rapta per auras
Orithyia uago Geticis nutriuit in antris.

Iam uero, quos diues opum, quos diues auorum 524
e toto dabat ad bellum Campania tractu,
ductorum aduentu<m> uicinis sedibus Osci
seruabant: Sinuessa tepens fluctuque sonorum
Vulturnum, quasque euertere silentia Amyclae
Fundique et regnata Lamo Caieta domusque
Antiphatae, compressa freto, stagnisque palustre 530
Liternum et quondam fatorum conscia Cyme.
illic Nuceria et Gaurus naualibus acta
prole Dicarchea, multo cum milite Graia
illic Parthenope ac Poeno non peruia Nola,
Allifae et Clanio contemptae semper Acerrae. 535
Sarrastis etiam populos totasque uideres
Sarni mitis opes; illic, quos sulphure pingues
Phlegraei legere sinus, Misenus et ardens
ore Giganteo sedes Ithacesia Bai.
non Prochyte, non ardentem sortita Typhoea 540
Inarime, non antiqui saxosa Telonis
insula, nec paruis aberat Calatia muris,
Surrentum et pauper sulci Cerealis Abella,
in primis Capua, heu rebus seruare serenis
inconsulta modum et prauo peritura tumore! 545
laetos rectoris formabat Scipio bello.
ille uiris pila et ferro circumdare pectus
addiderat. leuiores domo de more parentum
gestarant tela, ambustas sine cuspidibus cornos;
aclydis usus erat factaeque ad rura bipennis. 550
ipse inter medios uenturae ingentia laudis
signa dabat: uibrare sudem, transmittere saltu
muralis fossas, undosum frangere nando
indutus thoraca uadum: spectacula tanta
ante acies uirtutis erant. saepe alite planta 555
ilia perfossum et campi per aperta uolantem
ipse pedes praeuertit eum, saepe arduus idem
castrorum spatium et saxo transmisit et hasta.
Martia frons facilesque comae nec pone retroque
caesaries breuior. flagrabant lumina miti 560
aspectu, gratusque inerat uisibilibus horror.

Adfuit et Samnis, nondum uergente fauore
ad Poenos, sed nec ueteri purgatus ab ira:

qui Batulum Nucrasque metunt, Bouiania quique
exagitant lustra aut Caudinis faucibus haerent, 565
et quos aut Rufrae, quos aut Aesernia, quosque
obscura incultis Herdonia misit ab agris.

Bruttius, haud dispar animorum, unaque iuuentus
Lucanis excita iugis Hirpinaque pubes
horrebat telis et tergo hirsuta ferarum. 570
hos uenatus alit: lustra incoluere sitimque
auertunt fluuio, somnique labore parantur.

Additur his Calaber Sallentinaeque cohortes
necnon Brundisium, quo desinit Itala tellus.
parebat legio audaci permissa Cethego, 575
cui socias uires atque indiscreta manipulis
arma recensebant: nunc sese ostendere miles
Leucosiae e <s>copulis, nunc, quem Picentia Paesto
misit et exhaustae mox Poeno Marte Cerillae,
nunc Silarus quos nutrit aquis, quo gurgite tradunt 580
duritiem lapidum mersis inolescere ramis.
ille et pugnacis laudauit tela Salerni
falcatos ensis, et, quae Buxentia pubes
aptabat dextris, inrasae robora clauae.
ipse, umero exertus gentili more parentum, 585
difficili gaudebat equo roburque iuuentae
flexi cornipedis duro exercebat in ore.

Vos etiam accisae desolataeque uirorum,
Eridani gentes, nullo attendente deorum
uotis tunc uestris casura ruistis in arma. 590
certauit Mutinae quassata Placentia bello,
Mantua mittenda certauit pube Cremonae,
Mantua, Musarum domus atque ad sidera cantu
euecta Aonio et Smyrnaeis aemula plectris.
tum Verona Athesi circumflua et undique sollers 595
arua coronantem nutrire Fauentia pinum,
Vercellae, fuscique ferax Pollentia uilli,
et quondam Teucris comes in Laurentia bella
Ocnī prisca domus, paruique Bononia Rheni,
quique graui remo limosis segniter undis 600
lenta paludosae proscindunt stagna Rauennae.
tum Troiana manus, tellure antiquitus orti
Euganea profugique sacris Antenoris oris.
necnon cum Venetis Aquileia ~superfluit armis.
tum pernix Ligus et sparsi per saxa Vagenni 605
in decus Hannibalis duos misere nepotes.
maxima tot populis rector fiducia Brutus

ibat et hortando notum accendebat in hostem.
laeta uiro grauitas ac mentis amabile pondus
et sine tristitia uirtus. non ille rigoris 610
ingratas laudes nec nubem frontis amabat
nec famam laeue quaerebat limite uitae.

Addiderat ter mille uiros, in Marte sagittae
expertos, fidus Sicala regnator ab Aetna.
non totidem Ilia uiros, sed laetos cingere ferrum 615
armarat patrio, quo nutrit bella, metallo.

Ignosset quamuis auido committere pugnam
Varroni, quicumque simul tot tela uideret.
tantis agminibus Rhoeteo litore quondam
feruere, cum magnae Troiam inuasere Mycenae, 620
mille rates uidit Leandrius Hellespontus.

Vt uentum ad Cannas, urbis uestigia priscae,
defigunt diro signa infelicia uallo.
nec tanta miseris iamiam impendente ruina
cessarunt superi uicinas prodere clades. 625
per sudum attonitis pila exarsere manipulis,
et celsae toto ceciderunt aggere pinnae,
nutantique ruens prostrauit uertice siluas
Garganus, fundoque imo mugiuit anhelans
Aufidus, et magno late distantia ponto 630
terruerunt pauidos accensa Ceraunia nautas.
quaesiuit Calaber, subducta luce repente
immensis tenebris, et terram et litora Sipus,
obseditque frequens castrorum limina bubo.
nec densae trepidis apium se inuoluere nubes 635
cessarunt aquilis. non unus crine corusco
regnum euersor rubuit letale cometes.
castra quoque et uallum rabidae sub nocte silenti
inrupere ferae raptique ante ora pauentum
adiunctos uigilis sparserunt membra per agros. 640
ludificante etiam terroris imagine somnos
Gallorum uisi bustis erumpere manes,
terque quaterque solo penitus tremuere reuulsae
Tarpeiae rupes, atque atro sanguine flumen
manauit Iouis in templis, lacrimaeque uetusta 645
effigie patris large fluxere Quirini.
maior et horrificis sese extulit Allia ripis.
non Alpes sedere loco, non nocte dieue
ingentis inter stetit Apenninus hiatus.
axe super medio, Libyes a parte, coruscae 650
in Latium uenere faces, ruptusque fragore

horrisono polus, et uultus patuere Tonantis.
Aetnaeos quoque contorquens e cautibus ignis
Vesbius intonuit, scopulisque in nubila iactis
Phlegraeus tetigit trepidantia sidera uertex. 655

Ecce inter medios belli praesagus, et ore
attonito sensuque simul, clamoribus implet
miles castra feris et anhelat clade futura:
'Parcite, crudeles superi. iam stragis aceruis
deficiunt campi. uideo per densa uolantem 660
agmina ductorem Libyae currusque citatos
arma uirum super atque artus et signa trahentem.
turbiniбус furit insanis et proelia uentus
inque oculos inque ora rotat. cadit immemor aeuī
nequiquam, Trasimenne, tuis Seruilius oris 665
subductus. quo, Varro, fugis? pro Iuppiter! ictu
procumbit saxi fessis spes ultima Paulus.
cesserit huic Trebia exitio. pons ecce cadentum
corporibus struitur, reicitque cadauera fumans
Aufidus, ac uictrix insultat belua campis. 670
gestat Agenoreus nostro de more secures
consulis, et sparsos lictor fert sanguine fascēs.
in Libyam Ausonii portatur pompa triumphī.
o dolor! hoc etiam, superi, uidisse iubetis?
congesto, laeuae quodcumque auellitur, auro 675
metitur Latias uictrix Carthago ruinas.'

LIBER IX

Turbato monstribus Latio cladisque futurae
signa per Ausoniam prodentibus inrita diuis,
haud secus ac si fausta forent et prospera pugnae
omina uenturae, consul traducere noctem
exsomnia telumque manu uibrare per umbras 5
ac modo segnitie Paulum increpitare, modo acris
exercere tubas nocturnaue classica uelle.
nec minor in Poeno properi certaminis ardor.
erumpunt uallo fortuna urgente sinistra
consertaeque manus. nam sparsi ad pabula campis 10
uicinis raptanda Macae fudere uolucrum
telorum nubem. ante omnis inuadere bella
Mancinus gaudens hostilique unguere primus
tela cruore cadit, cadit et numerosa iuuentus.
nec pecudum fibras Varro et contraria Paulo 15
auspicia incusante deum compesceret arma,
ni sors alterni iuris, quo castra reguntur,
arbitrium pugnae properanti in fata negasset.
quae tamen haud ualuit perituris milibus una
plus donasse die. rediere in castra, gemente 20
haud dubie Paulo, qui crastina iura uideret
amenti cessura uiro, frustraue suorum
seruatas a caede animas. nam turbidus ira
infensusque morae dilata ob proelia ductor
'Sicine, sic' inquit 'grates pretiumque rependis, 25
Paule, tui capitis? meruerunt talia, qui te
legibus atque urnae dira eripuerunt minanti?
tradant immo hosti reuocatos illicet enses,
tradant arma iube, aut pugnantum deripe dextris.
sed uos, quorum oculos atque ora umentia uidi, 30
uertere cum consul terga et remeare iuberet,
ne morem et pugnae signum expectate petendae.
dux sibi quisque uiam rapito, cum spargere primis
incipiet radiis Gargana cacumina Phoebus.
pandam egomet propere portas. ruite ocus atque hunc 35
ereptum reuocata diem.' sic turbidus aegra
pestifero pugnae castra incendebat amore.

At Paulus, iam non idem nec mente nec ore,
sed qualis stratis deletis milite campis
post pugnam stetit, ante oculos atque ora futuro 40
obuersante malo, ceu iam spe lucis adempta

cum stupet exanimata parens natiq̃ tepentis
nequiquam fouet extremis amplexibus artus,
'Per totiens' inquit 'concussae moenia Romae,
perque has, nox Stygia quas iam circumuolat umbra, 45
insontis animas, cladi parce obuius ire.
dum transit diuum furor et consumitur ira
Fortunae, nouus Hannibalis, sat, nomina ferre
si discit miles nec frigidus aspicit hostem.
nonne uides, cum uicinis auditur in aruis, 50
quam subitus linquat pallentia corpora sanguis,
quamque fluant arma ante tubas? cunctator et aeger,
ut rere, in pugnas Fabius quocumque sub illis
culpatis duxit signis, nunc arma capessunt.
at quos Flaminius++sed dira auertite diui. 55
sin nostris animus monitis precibusque repugnat,
aures pande deo. cecinit Cymaea per orbem
haec olim uates et te praesaga tuosque
uulgauit terris proauorum aetate furores.
iamque alter tibi, nec perplexo carmine, coram 60
fata cano uates: sistis n̄ crastina signa,
firmabis nostro Phoebeae dicta Sibyllae
sanguine. nec Graio posthac Diomede ferentur,
sed te, si perstas, insignes consule campi.'
haec Paulus, lacrimaeque oculis ardentibus ortae. 65

Necnon et noctem sceleratus polluit error.
Xanthippo captus Libycis tolerarat in oris
seruitium Satricus, mox inter praemia regi
Autololum dono datus ob uirtutis honorem.
huic domus et gemini fuerant Sulmone relictī 70
matris in uberibus nati, Mancinus et una
nomine Rhoeteo Solimus. nam Dardana origo
et Phrygio genus a proauo, qui sceptrā secutus
Aeneae claram muris fundauerat urbem
ex sese dictam Solimon. celebrata colonis 75
mox Italī paulatim attrito nomine Sulmo.
at tum barbaricis Satricus cum rege cateruis
aduectus, quo non spretum, si posceret usus,
noscere Gaetulīs Latias interprete uoces,
postquam posse datum Paeligna reuisere tecta 80
et patrium sperare Larem, ad conamina noctem
aduocat ac furtim castris euadit iniquis.
sed fuga nuda uiri. sumpto nam prodere coepta
uitabat clipeo et dextra remeabat inermi.
exuias igitur prostrataque corpora campo 85

lustrat et exutis Mancini cingitur armis.
iamque metus leuior. uerum, cui dempta ferebat
exangui spolia et cuius nudauerat artus,
natus erat, paulo ante Maca prostratus ab hoste.

Ecce sub aduentum noctis primumque soporem 90
alter natorum, Solimus, uestigia uallo
Ausonio uigil extulerat, dum sorte uicissim
alternat portae excubias, fratrisque petebat
Mancini stratum sparsa inter funera corpus,
furtiua cupiens miserum componere terra. 95
nec longum celerarat iter, cum tendere in armis
aggere Sidonio uenientem conspicit hostem,
quodque dabat fors in subitis necopina, sepulcro
Aetoli condit membra occultata Thoantis.
inde, ubi nulla sequi propius pone arma uirumque 100
incomitata uidet uestigia ferre per umbras,
prosilens tumulo contorquet nuda parentis
in terga haud frustra iaculum, Tyriamque sequentum
Satricus esse manum et Sidonia uulnera credens,
auctorem caeci trepidus circumspicit ictus. 105

Verum ubi uictorem iuuenili robore cursus
attulit et notis fulsit lux tristis ab armis
fraternusque procul luna prodente retextit
ante oculos sese et radiauit comminus umbo,
exclamat iuuenis subita flammatus ab ira: 110
‘Non sim equidem Sulmone satus tua, Satrice, proles
nec frater, Mancine, tuus fatearque nepotem
Pergameo indignum Solimo, si euadere detur
huic nostras impune manus. tu nobile gestes
germani spolium ante oculos referasque superba 115
me spirante domus Paelignae perfidus arma?
haec tibi, cara parens Acca, ad solacia luctus
dona feram, nati ut figas aeterna sepulcro.’

Talia uociferans stricto mucrone ruebat.
ast illi iam tela manu iamque arma fluebant 120
audita patria natisque et coniuge et armis,
ac membra et sensus gelidus stupefecerat horror.
tum uox semanimi miseranda effunditur ore:
‘Parce, precor, dextrae, non ut mihi uita supersit
(quippe nefas hac uelle frui), sed sanguine nostro 125
ne damnes, o nate, manus. Carthaginis ille
captiuus, patrias nunc primum aduectus in oras,
ille ego sum Satricus, Solimi genus. haud tua, nate,
fraus ulla est. iaceres in me cum feruidus hastam,

Poenus eram. uerum castris elapsus acerbis 130
ad uos et carae properabam coniugis ora:
hunc rapui exanimi clipeum. sed iam unice nobis
haec fratris tumulis arma excusata reporta.
curarum tibi prima tamen sit, nate, referre
ductori monitus Paulo, producere bellum 135
nitatur Poenoque neget certamina Martis.
augurio exultat diuum immensamque propinqua
stragem acie sperat. quaeso, cohibete furem
Varronem: namque hunc fama est impellere signa.
sat magnum hoc miserae fuerit mihi cardine uitae 140
solamen cauisse meis. nunc ultima, nate,
inuento simul atque amisso redde parenti
oscula.’ sic fatus galeam exuit atque rigentis
inuadit nati tremebundis colla lacertis:
attonito mentis uerbis sanare pudorem 145
uulneris impressi <et> telum excusare laborat:
‘Quis testis nostris, quis conscius adfuit actis?
non nox errorem nigranti condidit umbra?
cur trepidas? da, nate, magis, da iungere pectus.
absoluo pater ipse manum, atque in fine laborum 150
hac condas oculos dextra, precor.’ at miser imo
pectore suspirans iuuenis non uerba uicesque
adloquio uocemue refert, sed sanguinis atri
sistere festinat cursum laceroque ligare
ocius inlacrimans altum uelamine uulnus. 155
tandem inter gemitus miserae erupere querelae:
‘Sicine te nobis, genitor, Fortuna reducit
in patriam? sic te nato natumque parenti
impia restituit? felix o terque quaterque
frater, cui fatis genitorem agnoscere ademptum. 160
ast ego, Sidoniis imperditus, ecce, parentem
uulnere cognosco. saltem hoc, Fortuna, fuisset
solamen culpae, dubia ut mihi signa dedisses
infausti generis. uerum linquetur iniquis
non ultra superis nostros <s>celerare labores.’ 165

Haec dum amens queritur, iam deficiente cruore
in uacuas senior uitam disperserat auras.
tum iuuenis maestum attollens ad sidera uultum
‘Pollutae dextrae et facti Titania testis
infandi, quae nocturno mea lumine tela 170
derigis in patrium corpus, non amplius’ inquit
‘his oculis et damnato uiolabere uisu.’
haec memorat, simul ense fodit praecordia et atrum

sustentans uulnus mananti sanguine signat
in clipeo mandata patris: fuge proelia varro, 175
ac summi tegimen suspendit cuspidē teli
defletumque super prosternit membra parentem.

Talia uenturae mittebant omina pugnae
Ausoniis superi, sensimque abeuntibus umbris
conscia nox sceleris roseo cedebat Eo. 180
ductor in arma suos Libys et Romanus in arma
excitant de more suos, Poenisque redibat
qualis nulla dies omni surrexerit aeo.
'Non uerborum' inquit 'stimulantum' Poenus 'egetis,
Herculeis iter a metis ad Iapygis agros 185
uincendo emensi. nusquam est animosa Saguntos,
concessere Alpes, pater ipse superbus aquarum
Ausoni<d>um Eridanus captiuo defluit alueo.
strage uirum mersus Trebia est, atque ora sepulcro
Lydia Flaminio premitur, lateque refulgent 190
ossibus ac nullo sulcantur uomere campi.
clarior his titulus plusque adlatura cruoris
lux oritur. mihi magna satis, sat uero superque
bellandi merces sit gloria: cetera uobis
uincantur. quicquid diti deuexit Hiberno, 195
quicquid in Aetnaeis iactauit Roma triumphis,
quin etiam Libyco si quid de litore raptum
condidit, in uestros ueniet sine sortibus enses.
ferre domos quod dextra dabit. nil ductor honoris
ex opibus posco. raptor per saecula longa 200
Dardanus edomitum uobis spoliauerit orbem.
qui Tyria ducis Sarranum ab origine nomen,
seu Laurens tibi, Sigeo sulcata colono,
adridet tellus, seu sunt Byzacia cordi
rura magis centum Cereri fruticantia culmis, 205
electos optare dabo inter praemia campos.
addam etiam, flaua Thybris quas inrigat unda,
captiuus late gregibus depascere ripas.
qui uero externo socius mihi sanguine Byrsae
signa moues, dextram Ausonia si caede cruentam 210
attolles, hinc iam ciuis Carthaginis esto.
neu uos Garganus Daunique fefellerit ora,
ad muros statis Romae. licet auia longe
urbs agat et nostro procul a certamine distet,
hic hodie ruet, atque ultra te ad proelia miles 215
nulla uoco: ex acie tende in Capitolia cursum.'

Haec memorat. tum propulso munimine ualli

fossarum rapuere moras, aciemque locorum
consilio curuis accommodat ordine ripis.
barbaricus laeue stetit ad certamina cornu 220
bellator Nasamon unaque immanior artus
Marmarides, tum Maurus atrox Garamasque Macesque
et Massylae acies et ferro uiuere laetum
uulgius Adymachidae pariter, gens accola Nili,
corpora ab immodico seruans nigrantia Phoebus. 225
quis positum agminibus caput imperiumque Nealees.
at parte in dextra, sinuat qua flexibus undam
Aufidus et curuo circum errat gurgite ripas,
Mago regit. subiere leues, quos horrida misit
Pyrene, populi et uario cinxere tumultu 230
flumineum latus: effulget caetrata iuuentus,
Cantaber ante alios nec tectus tempora Vasco
ac torto miscens Baliaris proelia plumbo
Baetigenaeque uiri. celsus media ipse coerces
agmina, quae patrio firmauit milite quaeque 235
Celtarum Eridano perfusis saepe cateruis.
sed qua se fluuius retro labentibus undis
eripit et nullo cuneos munimine uallat,
turritas moles ac propugnacula dorso
belua nigranti gestans, ceu mobilis agger, 240
nutat et erectos attollit ad aethera muros.
cetera iam Numidis circumuolitare uagosque
ferre datur cursus et toto feruere campo.

Dum Libys incenso dispensat milite uires
hortandoque iterum atque iterum insatiabilis urget 245
factis quemque suis et se cognoscere iactat
qua dextra ueniant stridentis sibila teli,
promittitque uiris nulli se defore testem,
iam Varro exacta uallo legione mouebat
cladum principia, ac pallenti laetus in unda 250
laxabat sedem uenturis portitor umbris.
stant primi, quos sanguineae pendente uetabant
ire notae clipeo, defixique omine torpent.
iuxta terribilis facies: miseranda iacebant
corpora in amplexu, natusque in pectore patris 255
imposita uulnus dextra letale tegebat.
effusae lacrimae, Mancinique inde reuersus
fraterna sub morte dolor, tum triste mouebat
augurium et similes defuncto in corpore uultus.
ocius erroris culpam deflendaque facta 260
ductori pandunt atque arma uetantia pugnam.

ille ardens animi 'Ferte haec' ait 'omnia Paulo.
namque illum, cui femineo stant corde timores,
mouerit ista manus, quae caede imbuta nefanda,
cum Furiae expeterent poenas, fortasse paterno 265
signauit moriens sceleratum sanguine carmen.'

Tum minitans propere describit munera pugnae,
quaque feras saeuus gentes aciemque Nealces
temperat, hac sese Marso cum milite cumque
Samnitum opponit signis et Iapyge alumno. 270
at campi medio (namque hac in parte uidebat
stare ducem Libyae) Seruilius obuia adire
arma et Picentis Vmbrosque inferre iubetur.
cetera Paulus habet dextro certamina cornu.
his super insidias contra Nomadumque uolucrum 275
Scipiadae datur ire manum, quaeque arte dolisque
scindent se turmae, praedicit spargere bellum.

Iamque propinquabant acies, agilique uirorum
discursu mixtoque simul calefacta per ora
cornipedum hinnitu et multum strepitantibus armis 280
errabat caecum turbata per agmina murmur.
sic, ubi prima mouent pelago certamina uenti,
inclusam rabiem ac sparsuras astra procellas
parturit unda freti fundoque emota minacis
expirat per saxa sonos atque acta cauernis 285
torquet anhelantem spumanti uertice pontum.

Nec uero fati tam saeuo in turbine solum
terrarum fuit ille labor. discordia demens
intrauit caelo superosque ad bella coegit.
hinc Mauors, hinc Graduum comitatus Apollo 290
et domitor tumidi pugnat maris, hinc Venus amens,
hinc Vesta et captae stimulatus caede Saguntii
Amphitryoniades, pariter ueneranda Cybebe
Indigetesque dei Faunusque satorque Quirinus
alternusque animae mutato Castore Pollux. 295
contra cincta latus ferro Saturnia Iuno
et Pallas, Libycis Tritonidos edita lymphis,
ac patrius flexis per tempora cornibus Hammon,
multaque praeterea diuorum turba minorum.
quorum ubi mole simul uenientum et gressibus alma 300
intremuit tellus, pars impleuere propinquos
diuisi montes, pars sedem nube sub alta
ceperunt: uacuo descensum ad proelia caelo.

Tollitur immensus deserta ad sidera clamor,
Phlegraeis quantas effudit ad aethera uoces 305

terrigena in campis exercitus, aut sator aeui
quanta Cyclopas noua fulmina uoce poposcit
Iuppiter, exstructis uidit cum montibus ire
magnanimos raptum caelestia regna Gigantas.
nec uero prima in tantis concursibus hasta 310
ulla fuit: stridens nimbus certante furore
telorum simul effusus, cupidaeque cruoris
hinc atque hinc animae gemina cecidere procella.
ac <p>rius insanus dextra qua<m> ducitur ensis
bellantum pars magna iacet. super ipsa suorum 315
corpora consistunt auidi calcantque gementis.
nec magis aut Libyco protrudi Dardana nisu
auertiue potest pubes, aut ordine pelli
fixa suo Sarrana manus, quam uellere sede
si coeptet Calpen impacto gurgite pontus. 320
amisere ictus spatium, nec morte peracta
artatis cecidisce licet. galea horrida flictu
aduersae ardescit galeae, clipeusque fatiscit
impulsu clipei, atque ensis contunditur ense.
pes pede, uirque uiro teritur, tellusque uideri 325
sanguine operta nequit, caelumque et sidera pendens
abstulit ingestis nox densa sub aethere telis.
quis astare loco dederat Fortuna secundo,
contorum longo et procerae cuspidis ictu,
ceu primas agitent acies, certamina miscent. 330
at, quos deinde tenet retrorsum inglorius ordo,
missilibus certant pugnas aequare priorum.
ultra clamor agit bellum, milesque cupiti
Martis inops saeuus impellit uocibus hostem.
non ullum defit teli genus. <h>i sude pugnas, 335
hi pinu flagrante cient, hi pondere pili,
at saxis fundaque alius iaculoque uolucris.
interdum stridens per nubila fertur harundo,
interdumque ipsis metuenda phalarica muris.

Speramusne, deae, quarum mihi sacra coluntur, 340
mortali totum hunc aperire in saecula uoce
posse diem? tantumne datis confidere linguae,
ut Cannas uno ore sonem? si gloria uobis
nostra placet neque uos magnis auertitis ausis,
huc omnis cantus Phoebumque uocate parentem. 345
uerum utinam posthac animo, Romane, secunda,
quanto nunc aduersa, feras, si<n>tque hactenus, oro,
nec libeat temptare deis an Troia proles
par bellum tolerare queat. tuque anxia fati

pone, precor, lacrimas et adora uulnera laudes 350
perpetuas paritura tibi. nam tempore, Roma,
nullo maior eris. mox sic labere secundis
ut sola cladum tuearis nomina fama.

Iamque inter uarias Fortuna utrimque uirorum
alternata uices incerto eluserat iras 355
euentu, mediaque diu pendente per ambas
spe gentis, paribus Mauors flagrabat in armis:
mitia ceu uiridis agitant cum flamina culmos,
necdum maturas impellit uentus aristas,
huc atque huc it summa seges nutansque uicissim 360
alterno lente motu incuruata nitescit.
tandem barbaricis perfractam uiribus acri
dissipat incurrens aciem clamore Nealces.
laxati cunei, perque interualla citatus
inrupit trepidis hostis. tum turbine nigro 365
sanguinis exundat torrens, nullumque sub una
cuspidē procumbit corpus. dum uulnera tergo
bellator timet Ausonius, per pectora saeuas
exceptat mortes et leto dedecus arcet.

Stabat cum primis mediae certamine pugnae 370
aspera semper amans et par cuicumque periclo
Scaeuola, nec tanta uitam iam strage uolebat,
sed dignum proauo letum et sub nomine mortem.
is postquam frangi res atque augescere uidit
exitium, 'Breuis hoc uitae, quodcumque relictum, 375
extendamus;' ait 'nam uirtus futtile nomen,
ni decori sat sint pariendo tempora leti.'
dixit et in medios, qua dext<e>ra concita Poeni
limitem agit, uasto conixus turbine fertur.
hic exultantem Caralim atque erepta uolentem 380
induere excelso caesi gestamina trunco
ense subit, capuloque tenuis ferrum impulit ira.
uoluitur ille ruens atque arua hostilia morsu
adpetit et mortis premit in tellure dolores.
nec Gabari<s> Sicchaeque uirum tenuere furentes 385
concordi uirtute manus; sed perdidit acer,
dum stat, decisam Gabar inter proelia dextram;
at Siccha auxilium, magno turbante dolore,
dum temere accelerat, calcato improuidus ense
succidit ac nudae sero uestigia plantae 390
damnauit dextraque iacet morientis amici.
tandem conuertit fatalia tela Nealcae
fulminei gliscens iuuenis furor. exilit ardens

nomine tam claro stimulante ad praemia caedis.
tum silicem scopulo auulsum, quem montibus altis 395
detulerat torrens, raptum contorquet in ora
turbidus. incusso crepuerunt pondere malae,
ablatusque uiro uultus: concreta cruento
per nares cerebro sanies fluit, atraque manant
orbibus elisis et trunca lumina fronte. 400
sternitur unanimo Marius succurrere Capro
conatus metuensque uiro superesse cadenti.
lucis idem auspicium ac patrium et commune duobus
paupertas: sacro iuuenes Praeneste creati
miscuerant studia et iuncta tellure serebant. 405
uelle ac nolle ambobus idem sociataque toto
mens aeuo ac paruis diues concordia rebus.
occubuere simul, uotisque ex omnibus unum
id Fortuna dedit, iunctam inter proelia mortem.
arma fuere decus uictori bina Symaetho. 410

Sed longum tanto laetari munere casus
haud licitum Poenis. aderat terrore minaci
Scipio conuersae miseratus terga cohortis
et cuncti fons Varro mali flauusque comarum
Curio et a primo descendens consule Brutus. 415
atque his fulta uiris acies repararet ademptum
mole noua campum, subito ni turbine Poenus
agmina frenasset iam procurrentia ductor.
isque ut Varronem procul inter proelia uidit
et iuxta sagulo circumuolitare rubenti 420
lictorem, 'Nosco pompam atque insignia nosco.
Flaminius modo talis' ait. tum feruidus acrem
ingentis clipei tonitru praenuntiat iram.
heu miser! aequari potuisti funere Paulo,
si tibi non ira superum tunc esset ademptum 425
Hannibalis cecidisse manu. quam saepe querere,
Varro, deis, quod Sidonium defugeris ense!
nam, rapido subitam portans in morte salutem
procurso ~incepta in sese discrimina uertit
Scipio. nec Poenum, quamquam est ereptus opimae 430
caedis honor, mutasse piget maiore sub hoste
proelia et erepti Ticina ad flumina patris
exigere oblato tandem certamine poenas.
stabant educti diuersis orbis in oris,
quantos non alias uidit concurrere tellus, 435
Marte uiri dextraque pares, sed cetera ductor
anteibat Latius, melior pietate fideque.

Desiluere caua turbati ad proelia nube,
Mauors Scipiadae metuens, Tritonia Poeno,
aduentuque deum intrepidus ductoribus ambae 440
contremuere acies. ater, qua pectora flectit
Pallas, Gorgoneo late micat ignis ab ore
sibilaque horrificis torquet serpentibus aegis.
fulgent sanguinei, geminum uibrare cometem
ut credas, oculi, summaque in casside largus 445
undantis uoluit flammis ad sidera uertex.
at Mauors, moto proturbans aera telo
et clipeo campum inuoluens, Aetnaea Cyclopus
munere fundentem lorica incendia gestat
ac pulsat fulua consurgens aethera crista. 450

Ductores pugnae intenti, quantumque uicissim
audere<nt>, propius mensi, tamen arma ferentis
sensere aduenisse deos et laetus uterque
spectari superis addebant mentibus iras.
iamque ictu ualido libratam a pectore Poeni 455
Pallas in oblicum dextra detorserat hastam,
et Gradius, opem diuae portare ferocis
exemplo doctus, porgebat protinus ensem
Aetnaeum in pugnas iuueni ac maiora iubebat.
tum Virgo ignescens penitus uiolenta repente 460
suffudit flammis ora atque obliqua retorquens
lumina turbato superauit Gorgona uultu.
erexere omnes immania membra chelydri
aegide commota, primique furoris ad ictus
rettulit ipse pedem sensim a certamine Mauors. 465
hic dea conuulsam rapido conamine partem
uicini montis scopulisque horrentia saxa
in Martem furibunda iacit, longeque relatos
expauit sonitus tremefacto litore Sason.

At non haec superum fallebant proelia regem. 470
demittit propere succinctam nubibus Irim
quae nimios frenet motus, ac talia fatur:
'I, dea, et Oenotris uelox adlabere terris
germanoque truces, dic, Pallas mitiget iras
nec speret fixas Parcarum uertere leges. 475
dic etiam: "Ni desistis (nam uirus et aestus
flammiferae noui mentis) nec colligis iram,
aegide praecellant quantum horrida fulmina nosces."

Quae postquam accepit dubitans Tritonia uirgo
nec sat certa diu, patriis an cederet armis, 480
'Absistemus' ait 'campo. sed Pallade pulsa

num fata auertet? caeloque arcebit ab alto
cernere Gargani feruentia caedibus arua?’
haec effata caua Poenum in certamina nube
sublatum diuersa tulit terrasque reliquit. 485

At Gradius atrox remeantis in aethera diuae
abscessu reuocat mentes fusosque per aequor
ipse manu magna nebulam circumdatus acri
restituit pugnae. conuertunt signa nouamque
instaurant Itali uersa formidine caedem. 490
cum uentis positus custos, cui flamina carcer
imperio compressa tenet caelumque ruentes
Eurique et Boreae parent Corique Notique,
Iunonis precibus promissa haud parua ferentis
regnantem Ae<t>olis Vulturum in proelia campis 495
effrenat. placet hic irae exitiabilis ultor.
qui, se postquam Aetnae mersit candente barathro
concepitque ignes et flammea protulit ora,
euolat horrendo stridore ac Daunia regna
perflat agens caecam glomerato puluere nubem. 500
eripere oculos aurae uocemque manusque.
uertice harenoso candentis, flebile dictu,
torquet in ora globos Italum et bellare manipulis
iussa laetatur rabie. tum mole ruinae
sternuntur tellure <et> miles et arma tubaeque, 505
atque omnis retro flatu occursante refertur
lancea et in tergum Rutulis cadit inritus ictus.
atque idem flatus Poenorum tela secundant,
et uelut ammento contorta hastilia turbo
adiuuat ac Tyrias impellit stridulus hastas. 510
tum denso fauces praeclusus puluere miles
ignauam mortem compresso maeret hiatu.
ipse caput flauum caligine conditus atra
Vulturum multa comam perfusus harena
nunc uersos agit a tergo stridentibus alis, 515
nunc mediam in frontem ueniens clamante procella
obuius arma quatit patuloque insibilat ore.
interdum intentos pugnae et iam iamque ferentis
hostili iugulo ferrum conamine et ictu
auertit dextramque ipso de uulnere uellit. 520
nec satis Ausonias passim foedare cohortes:
in Martem uomit immixtas mugitibus auras
bisque dei summas uibrauit turbine cristas.

Quae dum Romuleis exercet proelia turmis
Aeolius furor et Martem succendit in iras, 525

adfaturo Virgo, socia Iunone, parentem:
'Quantos Gradiuus fluctus in Punica castra,
respice, agit quantisque furens se caedibus implet!
nunc, quaeso, terris descendere non placet Irim?
quamquam ego non Teucros (nostro cum pignore regnet 530
Roma, et Palladio sedes hac urbe locarim)
non Teucros delere aderam, sed lumen alumnae
Hannibalem Libyae pelli florentibus annis
uita atque extingui primordia tanta negabam.'

Excipit hic Iuno longique laboris ab ira 535
'Immo,' ait 'ut noscant gentes, immania quantum
regna Iouis ualeant cunctisque potentia quantum
antistet, coniunx, superis tua, disice telo
flagranti (nil oramus) Carthaginis arces
Sidoniamque aciem uasto telluris hiatu 540
Tartareis immerge uadis aut obrue ponto.'

Contra quae miti respondet Iuppiter ore:
'Certatis fatis et spes extenditis aegras.
ille, o nata, libens cui tela inimica ferebas,
contundet Tyrios iuuenis ac nomina gentis 545
induet et Libycam feret in Capitolia laurum.
at, cui tu, coniunx, cui das animosque decusque,
(fata cano) auertat populis Laurentibus arma.
nec longe cladis metae. uenit hora diesque,
qua nullas umquam transisse optauerit Alpes.' 550
sic ait atque Irim propere demittit Olympo
quae reuocet Martem iubeatque abscedere pugna.
nec uetitis luctatus abest Gradiuus in altis
cum fremitu nubes, quamquam lituique tubaeque
uulneraque et sanguis et clamor et arma iuuarent. 555

Vt patuit liber superum certamine tandem
laxatusque deo campus, ruit aequore ab imo
Poenus quo sensim caelestia fugerat arma,
magna uoce trahens equitemque uirosque feraeque
turrigeræ molem tormentorumque labores. 560
atque ubi turbantem leuioris ense cateruas
agnouit iuuenem, scintillauitque cruentis
ira genis, 'Quaenam Furiae quisue egit in hostem,
en, Minuci, deus, ut rursus te credere nobis
auderes?' inquit 'genitor tibi natus ab armis 565
ille meis ubi nunc Fabius? semel, improbe, nostras
sit satis euasisse manus.' atque inde superbis
hasta comes dictis murali turbine pectus
transforat et uoces uenturas occupat ictu.

Nec ferro saeuire sat est. appellitur atra 570
mole fera, et monstribus componitur Italia pubes.
nam praeuectus equo moderantem cuspide Lucas
Maurum in bella boues stimulis maioribus ire
ac raptare iubet Libycarum armenta ferarum.
immane stridens agitur crebroque coacta 575
uulnere bellatrix properos fert belua gressus.
liuenti dorso turris flammaque uirisque
et iaculis armata sedet. procul aspera grando
saxorum super arma ruit, passimque uolanti
celsus telorum fundit Libys aggere nimbium. 580
stat niueis longum stipata per agmina uallum
dentibus, atque ebori praefixa comminus hasta
fulget ab incuruo directa cacumine cuspis.
hic, inter trepidos rerum, per membra, per arma
exigit Vferentis sceleratum belua dentem 585
clamantemque ferens calcata per agmina portat.
nec leuius Tadio letum: qua tegmine thorax
multiplicis lini claudit latus, improba sensim
corpore non laeso penetrarunt spicula dentis
et sublime uirum clipeo resonante tulerunt. 590
haud excussa noui uirtus terrore pericli:
utitur ad laudem casu geminumque citato
uicinus fronti lumen transuerberat ense.
extimulata graui sese fera tollit ad auras
uulnere et erectis excussam cruribus alte 595
pone iacit uoluens reflexo pondere turrim.
arma uirique simul spoliataque belua uisu
sternuntur subita, miserandum, mixta ruina.

Spargi flagrantis contra bellantia monstra
Dardanius taedas ductor iubet et facis atrae, 600
quos fera circumfert, compleri sulphure muros.
nec iusso mora. collectis fumantia lucent
terga elephantorum flammis, raptusque sonoro
ignis edax uento per propugnacula fertur.
non aliter, Pindo Rhodopeue incendia pastor 605
cum iacit, et siluis spatiat feruida pestis,
frondosi ignescunt scopuli, subitoque per alta
conlucet iuga dissultans Vulcanius ardor.
it fera candenti torrente bitumine corpus
amens et laxo diducit limite turmas. 610
nec cuiquam uirtus propiora capessere bella:
longinquis audent iaculis et harundinis ictu.
uritur impatiens et magni corporis aestu

huc atque huc iactas accendit belua flammās,
donec uicini tandem se fluminis undis ⁶¹⁵
praecipitem dedit et tenui decepta liquore
stagnantis per plana uadi tulit incita longis
extantem ripis flammam. tum denique sese
gurgitis immersit molem capiente profundo.

At qua pugna datur, necdum Maurusia pestis ⁶²⁰
igne calet, circumfusi Rhoeteia pubes
nunc iaculis, nunc et saxis, nunc alite plumbo
eminus incessunt, ut qui castella per altos
oppugnat munita locos atque adsidet arces.
ausus digna uiro, fortuna digna secunda, ⁶²⁵
extulerat dextram <at>que aduersum comminus ensem
Mincius infelix ausi, sed stridula anhelum
feruorem effundens monstri manus abstulit acri
implicitum nexu diroque ligamine torsit
et superas alte miserum iaculata per auras ⁶³⁰
telluri elisis adflixit, flebile, membris.

Has inter clades uiso Varrone sub armis
increpitans Paulus ‘Quin imus comminus’ inquit
‘ductori Tyrio, quem uinctum colla catenis
staturum ante tuos currus promissimus urbi? ⁶³⁵
heu patria, heu plebes scelerata et praua fauoris!
haud umquam expedies tam dura sorte malorum,
quem tibi non nasci fuerit per uota petendum,
Varronem Hannibalemne, magis.’ dum talia Paulus,
urget praecipitis Libys atque in terga ruentum ⁶⁴⁰
ante oculos cunctas ductoris concitat hastas.
pulsatur galea et quatiuntur consulis arma.
acrius hoc Paulus medios ruit asper in hostis.

Tum uero excussus mentem, in certamina Paulo
auia diducto, conuertit Varro manuque ⁶⁴⁵
cornipedem inflectens ‘Das,’ inquit ‘patria, poenas,
quae Fabio incolumi Varronem ad bella uocasti.
quaenam autem mentis uel quae discordia fati
Parcarumque latens fraus est? abrumpere cuncta
iamdudum cum luce libet. sed comprimit ensem ⁶⁵⁰
nescio qui deus. at <q>uae me ad grauiora reseruat!
uiuamne? et fractos sparsosque cruore meorum
hos referam populo fascēs atque ora per urbes
iratas spectanda dabo et, quo saeuus ipse
Hannibal haud poscat, fugiam et te, Roma, uidebo?’ ⁶⁵⁵
plura indignantem telis propioribus hostes
egere, et sonipes rapuit laxatus habenas.

LIBER X

Paulus, ut aduersam uidet increbescere pugnam,
ceu fera, quae telis circumcingentibus ultro
adsilit in ferrum et per uulnera colligit hostem,
in medios fert arma globos seseque periculis
ingerit atque omni letum molitur ab ense. 5
increpat horrendum: 'Perstate et fortiter, oro,
pectoribus ferrum accipite ac sine uulnere terga
ad manis deferte, uiri. nisi gloria mortis,
nil superest. idem sedes adeuntibus imas
hic uobis dux Paulus erit.' uelocius inde 10
Haemonio Borea pennaque citatior ibat
quae reedit in pugnas fugientis harundine Parthi,
atque ubi certamen primi ciet immemor aeui
plenus Gradiuo mentem Cato, fertur in hostis
ac iuuenem, quem Vasco leuis, quem spicula densus 15
Cantaber urgebat, letalibus eripit armis.
abscessere retro pauidique in terga relatos
abduxere gradus: ut, laetus ualle remota
cum capream uenator agit fessamque propinquo
insequitur cursu et sperat iam tangere dextra, 20
si ferus aduerso subitum se protulit antro
et stetit ante oculos frendens leo: deserit una
et color et sanguis et tela minora periclo,
nec iam speratae cura est in pectore praedae.
nunc in restantis mucronem comminus urget, 25
nunc trepidos ac terga mala formidine uersos
adsequitur telis. furere ac decorare labores
et saeuire iuuat. cadit ingens nominis expers
uni turba uiro, atque, alter si detur in armis
Paulus Dardaniis, amittant nomina Cannae. 30

Tandem inclinato cornu sine more ruebat
prima acies, non parca fugae. Labienus et Ocre
sternuntur leto atque Opiter quos Setia colle
uitifero, celsis Labienum Cingula saxa
miserunt muris. iunxit fera tempora leti 35
Sidonius non consimili discrimine miles:
nam Labienus obit penetrante per ilia corno,
fratres, hic umero, cecidere, hic poplite, caesis.
oppetis et Tyrion super inguina fixe ueruto
Maecenas, cui Maeonia uenerabile terra 40
et sceptris olim celebratum nomen Etruscis.

per medios agitur, proiecto lucis amore
Hannibalem lustrans, Paulus. sors una uidetur
aspera, si occumbat ductore superstite Poeno.

Quam metuens molem (neque enim certamine sumpto 45
tempestas tanta et rabies impune fuisset)
in faciem pauidi Iuno conuersa Metelli
'Quid uanos,' inquit 'Latio spes unica consul,
incassumque moues fato renuente furores?
si superest Paulus, restant Aeneia regna; 50
sin secus, Ausoniam tecum trahis. ire tumentem
tu contra iuuenem et caput hoc abscidere rebus
turbatis, o Paule, paras? nunc Hannibal ipsi
(tam laetus bello est) ausit certare Tonanti.
et iam conuersis (uidi nam flectere) habenis 55
euasit Varro ac sese ad meliora reseruat.
sit spatium fatis, et, dum datur, eripe leto
hanc nostris maiorem animam: mox bella capesses.'

Ad quae suspirans ductor: 'Mortemne sub armis
cur poscam, causa ista parum est, quod talia nostrae 60
pertulerunt aures suadentem monstra Metellum?
i, demens, i, carpe fugam. non hostica tela
excipias tergo, superos precor. integer, oro,
intactusque abeas atque intres moenia Romae
cum Varrone simul. talin', pauidissime, dignum 65
me uita pulchraque indignum morte putasti?
quippe sinit Poenus, qui nunc contraria bella
ipsi ferre Ioui ualeat. pro degener altae
uirtutis patrum! quando certamen inire,
cuiue uirum mallet memet componere, quam qui 70
et uictus dabit et uictor per saecula nomen?'

Talibus increpitat mediosque aufertur in hostis
ac retro cursum tendentem ad crebra suorum
agmina et in densis furantem membra manipulis
per conferta uirum et stipata umbonibus arma 75
consequitur melior planta atque obruncat Acherram,
ut canis occultos agitat cum Belgicus apros
erroresque ferae sollers per deuia mersa
nare legit tacitoque premens uestigia rostro
lustrat inaccessos uenantum indagine saltus 80
nec sistit, nisi conceptum sectatus odorem
deprendit spissis arcana cubilia dumis.

At coniunx Iouis, ut Paulum depellere dictis
nequiquam fuit et consul non desinit irae,
in faciem Mauri rursus mutata Gelestae 85

auocat ignarum saeuo a certamine Poenum:
'Huc tela, huc' inquit 'dextram implorantibus adfer,
o decus aeternum Carthaginis. horrida iuxta
stagnantis consul molitur proelia ripas,
et laus haud alio maior datur hoste preempto.' 90
haec ait et iuuenem diuersa ad proelia raptat.

Flumineo Libycam turbabat in aggere pubem —
Cristae nomen erat. bis terni iuncta ferebant
arma senem circa nati; pauperque penatum
(sed domus haud obscura Tuder, notusque per Vmbros 95
bellator populos) factis et caede docebat
natorum armigeram pugnas tractare cohortem.
unanima inde phalanx, crudo ducente magistro,
postquam hominum satiata nec<e> est, prostrauerat ictu
innumero cum turre feram facibusque secutis 100
ardentem monstri spectabat laeta ruinam,
cum subitus galeae fulgor conoque coruscae
maiore intremuere iubae. nec tarda senectus
(agnouit nam luce uirum): rapit agmine natos
saeua parens ultro in certamina et addere passim 105
tela iubet nec manantis ex ore feroci
aut quae flagrarent galea exhorrescere flammis.
armiger haud aliter magni Iouis, anxia nido
cum dignos nutrit gestanda ad fulmina fetus,
obuersam spectans ora ad Phaet<h>ontia prolem, 110
explorat dubios Phoebea lampade natos.
iamque suis daret ut pugnae documenta uocantis

.....

112a

et medias hasta uelox praeteruolat auras.
haesit multiplici non alte cuspis in auro
ac senium inualido dependens prodidit ictu. 115
cui Poenus: 'Quinam ad cassos furor impulit ictus
exanguem senio dextram? uix prima momordit
tegmina Callaici cornus tremebunda metalli.
en, reddo tua tela tibi: memorabilis ista
a nobis melius discet bellare iuuentus.' 120
sic propria miseri transfigit pectora corno.

At contra, horrendum, bis terna spicula dextra
torta uolant, paribusque ruunt conatibus hastae:
haud secus ac Libyca fetam tellure leaenam
uenator premit obsessio cum Maurus in antro, 125
inuadunt rabidi iam dudum et inania temptant
nondum sat firmo catuli certamina dente.
consumit clipeo tela et collectus in arma

sustinet urgentis crepitantibus ictibus hastas
Sidonius ductor, nec iam per uulnera credit 130
aut per tot caedes actum satis, iraque anhelat,
ni leto det cuncta uirum iungatque parenti
corpora et excidat miseros cum stirpe penatis.

Tunc Abarim adfatur (namque una hic armiger ira
flammat Martem atque omnis comes ibat in actus): 135

‘Suppedita mihi tela. uadis liuentis Auerni
demitti globus ille cupit, qui nostra lacescit
tegmina: iam stultae fructus pietatis habebit.’
haec fatus iaculo Lucam, qui maximus aeuī,
transadigit: pressa iuuenis cum cuspidē labens 140
arma super fratrum resupino concidit ore.

mortiferum inde manu properantem uellere ferrum
pilo Volsonem (namque hoc de strage iacentum
fors dabat) adfixa sternit per tegmina nare.
tum Vesulum calido lapsantem in sanguine fratrum 145
ense metit rapido plenamque (heu barbara uirtus!)

abscisi galeam capitis, ceu missile telum,
conuersis in terga iacit. Telesinus, ad ossa
inliso saxo, qua spina interstruit artus,
occumbit, fratrisque uidet labentia membra 150

Quercentis, quem funda procul per inane uoluta
sopierat, dum supremam Telesinus in auras
exhalat lucem et dubitantia lumina condit.
at fessus maerore simul cursuque metuque
et tamen haud irae uacuum non certa per aequor 155
interdum insistens Perusinus membra ferebat.

hunc sude, quam raptam Libyci per terga iacentis
armiger obtulerat monstri, super inguina fixam,
obtruncat quercuque premit uiolentus obusta.

temptarat precibus saeuum lenire furorem, 160
sed Stygius primos impleuit feruor hiatus,
et pulmone tenuis demisit anhelitus ignem.

tandem cum toto cecidit grege, nomen in Vmbro
clarum, Crista, diu populo: ceu fulmine celsa
aesculus aut proauis ab origine cognita quercus 165
cum fumat percussa Ioui, sacrosque per aeuum
aetherio ramos populantur sulphure flammae,
donec uicta deo late procumbit et omnem
conlabens operit spatioso stipite prolem.

Atque ea dum iuxta Tyrius stagna Aufida ductor 170
molitur, Paulus, numerosa caede futuram
ultus iam mortem, ceu uictor bella gerebat.

inter mille uiros iacet ingens P<h>orcys ab antris
Herculeae Calpes, caelatus Gorgone parmam,
unde genus ~tristique deae manabat origo. 175
hunc obiectantem sese atque antiqua tumentem
nomina saxificae monstrosa e stirpe Medusae,
dum laeuum petit incumbens uiolentius inguen,
detrahit excelsi correptum uertice coni,
adflictumque premens, tergo qua balteus imo 180
sinuatur coxa<e>que sedet munimen utrique,
coniecto fodit ense super: uomit ille calentem
sanguinis effundens per hiantia uiscera riuum
et subit Aetolos Atlanticus accola campos.

Has inter strages rapido terrore coorti 185
inuadunt terga atque auerso turbine miscent
bella inopina uiri, Tyrius quos fallere doctos
hanc ipsam pugnae rector formarat ad artem,
succinctique dolis, fugerent ceu Punica castra,
dediderant dextras. tum totis mentibus actam 190
in caedes aciem pone atque in terga ruentes
praecipitant. non hasta uiro, non deficit ensis:
e strage est ferrum atque euulsa cadauere tela.
raptum Galba procul (neque enim uirtutis amorem
aduersa exemisse ualent) ut uidit ab hoste 195
auferri signum, conixus corpore toto
uictorem adsequitur letalique occupat ictu.
ac dum comprehensam caeso de corpore praedam
auellit, tardeque manus moribunda remittit,
transfixus gladio propere accurrentis Amorgi 200
occidit, immoriens magnis non prosperus ausis.

Haec inter, ueluti nondum satiasset Enyo
iras saeua truces, sublatum puluere campum
Vulturnus rotat et candentis torquet harenas.
iamque reluctantis stridens immane procella 205
per longum tulit ad campi suprema cauisque
adflictos ripis tumidum demersit in amnem.
hic tibi finis erat, metas hic Aufidus aeui
seruabat tacito, non felix Curio, leto.
namque, furens animi dum consternata moratur 210
agmina et oppositu membrorum sistere certat,
in praeceps magna propulsus mole ruentum
turbatis hauritur aquis fundoque uolutus
Hadriaca iacuit sine nomine mortis harena.

Ingens ferre mala et Fortunae subdere colla 215
nescius, aduersa fronte incurrebat in arma

uincens consul: pereundi Martius ardor
atque animos iam sola dabat fiducia mortis,
cum Viriathus agens telis, regnator Hiberæ
magnanimus terræ, iuxta atque ante ora furentis 220
obtruncat Pauli fessum certaminis hostem.
heu dolor, heu lacrimæ! Seruilius, optima belli,
post Paulum belli pars optima, corruit ictu
barbarico magnamque cadens leto addidit uno
inuidiam Cannis. tristem non pertulit iram 225
consul et, insani quamquam contraria uenti
exarmat uis atque obtendit puluere lucem,
squalentem rumpens ingestæ toruus harenæ
ingreditur nimbum ac <V>iriat<h>um moris Hiberi
carmina pulsata fundentem barbara caetra 230
inuadit laeuaeque fodit uitalia mammae.
hic fuit extremus caedum labor. addere bello
haud ultra licuit dextram, nec tanta relictum est
uti, Roma, tibi posthac ad proelia Paulo.
saxu<m> ingens, uasto libratum pondere, caeca 235
uenit in ora manu et perfractæ cassidis aera
ossibus infodiens compleuit sanguine uultus.
inde pedem referens, labentia membra propinquo
imposuit scopulo atque, undanti uulnere anhelans,
sedit terribilis clipeum super ore cruento: 240
immanis ceu, depulsis leuioribus hastis,
accepit leo cum tandem per pectora ferrum,
stat teli patiens media tremebundus harena
ac, manante iubis rictuque et naribus unda
sanguinis, interdum languentia murmura torquens, 245
effundit patulo spumantem ex ore cruorem.
tum uero incumbunt Libyes, super ipse citato
ductor equo, qua flatus agit, qua peruius ensis,
qua sonipes, qua belligero fera belua dente.
obrutus hic telis ferri per corpora Piso 250
rectorem ut uidit Libyæ, conixus in hastam
ilia cornipedis subrecta cuspide transit
conlapsoque super nequiquam incumbere coeptat,
cum Poenus, propere collecto corpore, quamquam
cernuus inflexo sonipes effuderat armo: 255
‘Vmbræne Ausoniae rediuiua bella retractant
post obitum dextra nec in ipsa morte quiescunt?’
sic ait atque aegrum coeptanti attollere corpus
arduus insurgens totum permiscuit ensem.

Ecce, Cydonea uiolatus harundine plantam, 260

Lentulus effusis campum linquebat habenis,
cum uidet in scopulo rorantem saxa cruore
toruoque obtutu labentem in Tartara Paulum.
mens abiit, puduitque fugae. tum uisa cremari
Roma uiro, tunc ad portas iam stare cruentus 265
Hannibal; Aetoli tum primum ante ora fuere
sorbentes Latium campi. 'Quid deinde relictum
crastina cur Tyrios lux non deducat ad urbem,
deseris in tantis puppim si, Paule, procellis?
testor caelicolas,' inquit 'ni damna gubernas 270
crudelis belli uiuisque in turbine tanto
inuitus, plus, Paule, (dolor uerba aspera dictat)
plus Varrone noces. cape, quaeso, hunc, unica rerum
fessarum spe<s>, cornipedem. languentia membra
ipse leuabo umeris et dorso tuta locabo.' 275

Haec inter, lacero manantem ex ore cruorem
eictans, consul: 'Macte o uirtute paterna!
nec uero spes angustae, cum talia restent
pectora Romuleo regno. calcaribus aufer,
qua uulnus permittit, ecum atque hinc ocius urbis 280
claudantur portae (ruet haec ad moenia pestis)
dic, oro: rerum Fabio tradantur habenae.
nostris pugnavit monitis furor. amplius acta
quid superest uita, nisi caecae ostendere plebi
Paulum scire mori? feror an consumptus in urbem 285
uulneribus? quantine emptum uelit Hannibal, ut nos
uertentis terga aspiciat? nec talia Paulo
pectora, nec manis tam parua intramus imago.
ille ego — sed uano quid enim te demoror aeger,
Lentule, conquestu? perge atque hinc cuspidе fessum 290
erige quadrupedem propere.' tum Lentulus urbem
magna ferens mandata petit. nec Paulus inultum
quod superest de luce sinit: ceu uulnere tigris
letifero cedens tandem proiectaque corpus
luctatur morti et languentem pandit hiatum 295
in uanos morsus, nec sufficientibus irae
ictibus extrema lambit uenabula lingua.
iamque coruscanti telum propiusque ferenti
gressum exultantem et securo caedis Iertae
non expectatum surgens defixerat ensem 300
Sidoniumque ducem circumspectabat, in illa
exoptans animam certantem ponere dextra.
sed uicere uirum coeuntibus undique telis
et Nomas et Garamas et Celtae et Maurus et Astur.

hic finis Paulo. iacet altum pectus et ingens 305
dextera, quem, soli si bella agitanda darentur,
aequales forsitan Fabio. mors additur urbi
pulchra decus misitque uiri inter sidera nomen.

Postquam spes Italum mentesque in consule lapsae,
ceu truncus capitis, saeuus exercitus armis 310
sternitur, et uictrix toto fremit Africa campo.
hic Picentum acies, hic Vmber Martius, illic
Sicana procumbit pubes, hic Hernica turma.
passim signa iacent, quae Samnis belliger, et quae
Sarrastes populi Marsaeque tulere cohortes. 315
transfixi clipei galeaeque et inutile ferrum
fractaque conflictu parmarum tegmina et ore
cornipedum derepta fero spumantia frena.
sanguineus tumidas in campos Aufidus undas
eiecit redditque furens sua corpora ripis. 320
sic Lagea ratis, uasto uelut insula ponto
inspecta, inlinit scopulis ubi nubifer Eurus,
naufragium spargens operit freta: iamque per undas
et transtra et mali laceroque aplustria uelo
ac miseri fluitant reuoluentes aequora nautae. 325

At Poenus, per longa diem certamina saeuus
caedibus emensus, postquam eripere furori
insignem tenebrae lucem, tum denique Martem
dimisit tandemque suis in caede pepercit.
sed mens inuigilat curis noctisque quietem 330
ferre nequit. stimulat dona inter tanta deorum
optatas nondum portas intrasse Quirini.
proxima lux placet. hinc strictos ferre ociosius enses,
dum feruet cruor et perfusae caede cohortes,
destinat ac iam claustra manu, iam moenia flamma 335
occupat et iungit Tarpeia incendia Cannis.

Quo turbata uiri coniunx Saturnia coepto
irarumque Iouis Latiique haud inscia fati,
incautum ardorem atque audas ad futile uotum
spes iuuenis frenare parat. ciet inde quietis 340
regnantem tenebris Somnum, quo saepe ministro
edomita inuiti componit lumina fratris,
atque huic adridens 'Non te maioribus' inquit
'ausis, diue, uoco nec posco ut mollibus alis
des uictum mihi, Somne, Iouem. non mille premendi 345
sunt oculi tibi, nec spernens tua numina custos
Inachiae multa superandus nocte iuuencae.
ductori, precor, immittas noua somnia Poeno,

ne Romam et uetitos cupiat nunc uisere muros,
quos intrare dabit numquam regnator Olympi.’ 350

Imperium celer exequitur curuoque uolucris
per tenebras portat medicata papauera cornu.
ast ubi per tacitum adlapsus tentoria prima
Barcae petiit iuuenis, quatit inde soporas
deuexo capiti pennas oculisque quietem 355
inrorat, tangens Lethaea tempora uirga.
exercent rabidam truculenta insomnia mentem.
iamque uidebatur multo sibi milite Thybrim
cingere et insultans astare ad moenia Romae.
ipse refulgebat Tarpeiae culmine rupis 360
elata torquens flagrantia fulmina dextra
Iuppiter, et lati fumabant sulphure campi,
ac gelidis Anien trepidabat caerulus undis,
et densi ante oculos iterumque iterumque tremendum
uibrabant ignes. tunc uox effusa per auras: 365
‘Sat magna, o iuuenis, presa est tibi gloria Cannis.
siste gradum: nec enim sacris inrumpere muris,
Poene, magis dabitur, nostrum quam scindere caelum.’
attonitum uisis maioraque bella pauentem
post confecta Sopor Iunonia iussa relinquit, 370
nec lux terribili purgauit imagine mentem.

Quos inter motus somni uanosque tumultus
dedita per noctem reliquo cum milite castra
nuntiat et praedam pleno trahit agmine Mago.
huic ductor laetas Tarpeio uertice mensas 375
spondenti, cum quinta diem nox orbe tulisset,
celatis superum monitis clausoque pauore,
uulnera et exhaustas saeuo certamine uires
ac nimium laetis excusat fidere rebus.
tum spe deiectus iuuenis, ceu uertere ab ipsis 380
terga iuberetur muris ac signa referre,
‘Tanta mole’ inquit ‘non Roma, ut credidit ipsa,
sed Varro est uictus. quaenam tam prospera Martis
munera destituis fato patriamque moraris!
mecum exultet eques: iuro hoc caput, accipe muros 385
Iliacos portasque tibi sine Marte patentis.’

Dumque ea Mago fremit cauto non credita fratri,
iam Latius sese Canusina in moenia miles
colligere et profugos uicino cingere uallo
coeperat. heu rebus facies inhonora sinistris! 390
non aquilae, non signa uiris, non consulis altum
imperium, non subnixae lictore secures.

trunca atque aegra metu, ceu magna elisa ruina,
corpora debilibus nituntur sistere membris.
clamor saepe repens et saepe silentia fixis 395
in tellurem oculis: nudae plerisque sinistrae
detrito clipeo, desunt pugnacibus enses,
saucius omnis eques: galeis carpsere superbum
cristarum decus et damnarunt Martis honores.
at multa thorax perfossus cuspidē, et haerens 400
loricae interdum Maurusia pendet harundo.
interdum maesto socios clamore requirunt.
hic Galba, hic Piso et leto non dignus inertī
Curio deflentur, grauis illic Scaeuola bello.
hos passim, at Pauli pariter ceu dira parentis 405
fata gemunt: ut uer****a mali prae*n*untia numquam
cessarit canere et Varronis sistere mentem,
utque diem hunc totiens nequiquam auerterit urbi,
atque idem quantus dextra. sed cura futuri
quos premit, aut fossas instant praeducere muris 410
aut portarum aditus, ut rerum est copia, firmant,
quaque patet campus planis ingressibus hostis,
ceruorum ambustis imitantur cornua ramis,
et stilus occulitur, caecum in uestigia telum.

Ecce, super clades et non medicabile uulnus, 415
reliquias belli atque imperdita corpora Poenis
impia formido ac maior iactabat Erinys.
trans aequor Tyrios enses atque arma parabant
Punica et Hannibalem mutato euadere caelo.
dux erat exilio non laetus Marte Metellus, 420
sed stirpe haud parui cognominis. is mala bello
pectora degeneremque manum ad deformia agebat
consulta atque alio positas spectabat in or****e,
quis sese occulerent, terras, quo nomina nulla
Poenorum aut patriae penetraret fama relictāe. 425

Quae postquam accepit flammata Scipio mente,
quantus Sidonium contra fera proelia miscens
ductorem stetit in campis, rapit ocus ensem
atque, ubi turpe malum Latioque extrema coquebant
coepta uiri, ruptis foribus sese arduus infert. 430
tum quatiens strictum cum uoce ante ora pauentum
mucronem: 'Tarpeia, pater, qui templa secundam
incolis a caelo sedem, et Saturnia, nondum
Iliacis mutata malis, tuque aspera pectus
aegide Gorgoneos uirgo succincta furores, 435
Indigetesque dei, sponte en per numina uestra

perque caput, nullo leuius mihi numine, patris
magnanimi iuro: numquam Lauinia regna
linquam nec linqui patiar, dum uita manebit.
ocius en testare deos, si moenia taedis 440
flagrabunt Libycis, nullas te ferre, Metelle,
ausurum in terras gressus. ni talia sancis,
quem tremis et cuius somnos formidine rumpis,
Hannibal hic armatus adest. moriere, nec ullo
Poenorum melior parietur gloria caeso.’ 445
his excussa incepta minis. iamque ordine iusso
obstringunt animas patriae dictataque iurant
sacramenta deis et purgant pectora culpa.

Atque ea dum Rutulis turbata mente geruntur,
lustrabat campos et saeuae tristia dextrae 450
facta recensebat pertractans uulnera uisu
Hannibal et magna circumstipante caterua
dulcia praebebat trucibus spectacula Poenis.
quas strages inter, confossus pectora telis
seminecem extremo uitam exhalabat in auras 455
mure deficiens iam Cloelius oraque nisu
languida uix aegro et dubia ceruice leuabat.
agnouit sonipes, arrectisque auribus acrem
hinnitum effundens sternit tellure Bagesum,
quem tum captiuo portabat in agmina dorso. 460
hinc, rapidum glomerans cursum, per lubrica pingui
stante cruore soli et tumulata cadauera caede
euolat ac domini consistit ad ora iacentis.
inde inclinatus colla et submissus in armos
de more inflexis praebebat scandere terga 465
cruribus ac proprio quodam trepidabat amore.
milite non illo quisquam felicius acri
insultarat equo, uel si resupina citato
proiectus dorso ferretur membra, uel idem
si nudo staret tergo, dum rapta uolucris 470
transigeret cursu sonipes certamina campi.

At Libys humanos aequantem pectore sensus
haud parce miratus ecum, quinam ille sinistrae
depugnet morti iuuenis, nomenque decusque
erogitat letique simul compendia donat. 475
hic Cinna (ad Tyrios namque is sua uerterat arma
credulus aduersis, et tum comes ibat ouanti)
‘Auribus huic,’ inquit ‘ductor fortissime, origo est
non indigna tuis. quondam sub regibus illa,
quae Libycos renuit frenos, sub regibus olim 480

Roma fuit. sed enim, solium indignata Superbi
ut sceptrā exegit, confestim ingentia bella
Clusina uenere domo. si Porsena fando
auditus tibi, si Cocles, si Lydia castra,
ille ope Maeonia et populo succinctus Etrusco 485
certabat pulsos per bella reponere reges.
multa adeo nequiquam ausi, pressitque tyrannus
Ianiculum incumbens u<r>bi. mox pace probata
compressere odia, et positum cum foedere bellum,
obsidibusque obstricta fides. mansuescere corda 490
nescia, pro superi! et nil non immite parata
gens Italum pro laude pati: is Cloelia senos
nondum complerat primaevi corporis annos,
una puellarum Laurentum et pignora pacis
inter uirgineas regi tramissa cateruas. 495
facta uirum sileo. rege haec et foedere et annis
et fluuio spretis mirantem interrita Thybrim
tranauit, frangens undam puerilibus ulnis.
cui si mutasset sexum natura, reuerti
forsan Tyrrhenas tibi non licuisset in oras, 500
Porsena. sed iuueni, ne sim tibi longior, hinc est
et genus et clara memorandum uirgine nomen.’

Talia dum pandit, uicinus parte sinistra
per subitum erumpit clamor. permixta ruina
inter et arma uirum et lacerata cadauera Pauli 505
eruerant corpus media de strage iacentum.
heu quis erat! quam non similis modo Punica telis
agmina turbanti, uel cum Taulantia regna
uertit, et Illyrico sunt addita uincla tyranno!
pulvere canities atro arentique cruore 510
squaebat barba, et perfracti turbine dentes
muralis saxi, tum toto corpore uulnus.

Quae postquam aspexit, geminatus gaudia ductor
Sidonius ‘Fuge, Varro,’ inquit ‘fuge, Varro, superstes,
dum iaceat Paulus. patribus Fabioque sedenti 515
et populo consul totas edissere Cannas.
concedam hanc iterum, si lucis tanta cupido est,
concedam tibi, Varro, fugam. at, cui fortia et hoste
me digna haud paruo caluerunt corda uigore,
funere supremo et tumuli decoretur honore. 520
quantus, Paule, iaces! qui tot mihi milibus unus
maior laetitiae causa es. cum fata uocabunt,
tale precor nobis salua Carthagine letum.’

Haec ait et socium mandari corpora terrae,

postera cum thalamis Aurora ruebit apertis, 525
imperat armorumque iubet consurgere acervos,
arsuros, Gradiue, tibi. tum munera iussa,
defessi quamquam, accelerant sparsoque propinquos
agmine prosternunt lucos: sonat icta bipenni
frondosis silua atra iugis. hinc ornus et albae 530
populus alta comae, ualidis accisa lacertis,
scinditur, hinc ilex proauorum condita saeclo.
deuoluunt quercus et amantem litora pinum
ac, ferele decus, maestas ad busta cupressos.
funereas tum deinde pyras certamine texunt, 535
officium infelix et munus inane peremptis,
donec anhelantis stagna in Tartessia Phoebus
mersit equos, fugiensque polo Titania caecam
orbita nigranti traxit caligine noctem.
post, ubi fulserunt primis Phaethontia frena 540
ignibus atque sui terris rediere colores,
supponunt flammam et manantia corpora tabo
hostili tellure cremant. subit horrida mentem
formido incerti casus, tacitusque pererrat
intima corda pauor, si fors ita Martis iniqui 545
mox ferat, hac ipsis inimica sede iacendum.
at tibi, Bellipotens, sacrum, constructus aceruo
ingenti mons armorum surgebat ad astra.
ipse, manu celsam pinum flammaque comantem
attollens, ductor Graduum in uota ciebat: 550
'Primitias pugnae et laeti libamina belli
Hannibal Ausonio cremat haec de nomine uictor,
et tibi, Mars genitor, uotorum haud surde meorum,
arma electa dicat spirantum turba uirorum.'
tum face coniecta populatur feruidus ignis 555
flagrantem molem, et rupta caligine in auras
actus apex claro perfundit lumine campos.
hinc citus ad tumulum donataque funera Paulo
ibat et hostilis leti iactabat honorem.
sublimem eduxere pyram mollisque uirenti 560
stramine composuere toros. superaddita dona,
funereum decus: expertis inuisus et ensis
et clipeus, terrorque modo atque insigne superbum
tum laceri fascēs, captaeque in Marte secures.
non coniunx nativae aderant, non iuncta propinquo 565
sanguine turba uirum, aut celsis de more feretris
praecedens prisca exequias decorabat imago
omnibus exuuiis nudo, iamque Hannibal unus

sat decoris laudator erat: fulgentia pingui
murice suspirans inicit uelamina et auro 570
intextam chlamydem ac supremo adfatur honore:
'I, decus Ausoniae, quo fas est ire superbas
uirtute et factis animas. tibi gloria leto
iam parta insigni. nostros Fortuna labores
uersat adhuc casusque iubet nescire futuros.' 575
haec Libys, atque repens crepitantibus undique flammis
aetherias anima exultans euasit in auras.

Fama dehinc gliscente sono iam sidera adibat,
iam maria ac terras, primamque intrauerat urbem.
diffidunt muris: solam pauitantibus arcem 580
sperauisse sat est. nec enim superesse iuuentam,
ac stare Ausoniae uacuum sine corpore nomen,
quodque adeo nondum portis inruperit hostis,
contemptu cessare putant. iam tecta cremari,
ac delubra rapi caedesque ante ora nefandae 585
natorum septemque arces fumare uidentur.
lux una euersas bis centum in strage curulis,
ac iuuenum bis tricenis orbata gemebat
milibus exhaustae nutantia moenia Romae,
atque ea post Trebiam, post Tusci stagna profundi, 590
nec socium numero pariter leuiore perempto.
sed uero sed enim reliqui pia turba senatus
munera sortito inuadunt. celer omnia lustrans
clamitat attonitis Fabius: 'Non ulla relictæ est,
credite, cunctandi ratio. adproperemus, ut hostis 595
nequiquam armatos ausit succedere muros.
dura inter pauidos alitur fortuna sedendo,
et gliscunt aduersa metu. ite ocius, arma
deripite, o pubes, templis. uos atria raptim
nudate et clipeos in bella refigite captos. 600
sat patriæ sumus, e numero si ad proelia nostro
nil minuit pauor. in patulis illa horrida campis
sit metuenda lues, muros haud fregerit umquam
exultare leuis nudato corpore Maurus.'

Dum Fabius lapsas acuit formidine mentes, 605
Varronem aduentare uagus per moenia rumor
spargit et occulto perfundit pectora motu:
haud secus ac, fractæ rector si forte carinae
litoribus solus uacuis ex aequore sospes
adnatet, incerti trepidant, tendantne negentne 610
iactato dexteras, ipsamque odere salutem
unius amissa superantis puppe magistri.

quam restare uiro labem, qui accedere portis
audeat ac dirum ueniat pauitantibus omen!

Hos mulcens questus Fabius deforme docebat 615
cladibus irasci uulgumque arcebat ab ira.
aduersis etenim ferri non esse uirorum
qui Martem inscribant genti, non posse dolores
condere et ex poena solacia poscere luctus.
si uero exprobrare sinant, sibi tristius illum 620
inluxisse diem, quo castris uiderit ire
Varronem, quam quo uideat remeare sine armis.
his dictis sedere minae, et conuersa repente
pectora: nunc fati miseret, nunc gaudia Poeno
consulibus reputant caesis erepta duobus. 625
ergo omne effundit longo iam se agmine uulgus
gratantum, magnaue actum se credere mente
testantur, quod fisus auis sceptrisque superbis
Laomedontiadum non desperauerit urbi.

Nec minus infelix culpa grandique pudore 630
turbatus, consul titubantem ad moenia gressum
portabat lacrimans: deiectum attollere uultum
ac patriam aspicere et luctus renouare pigebat.
quod uero reduci tum se populusque patresque
offerrent, non gratari, sed poscere natos 635
quisque suos fratresque simul miseraeque parentes
ire uidebantur laceranda ad consulis ora.
sic igitur muto lictore inuectus in urbem
damnatum superis aspernabatur honorem.

At patres Fabiusque, procul maerore remoto, 640
praecipitant curas. raptim delecta iuuenta
seruitia armantur, nec claudit castra saluti
postpositus pudor. infixum est Aeneia regna
Parcarum in leges quacumque reducere dextra
proque arce et sceptris et libertatis honore 645
uel famulas armare manus. primaeva suorum
corpora praetexto spoliant uelamine et armis
insolitis cingunt. puerilis casside uultus
clauditur atque hostis pubescere caede iubetur.
idem obsecrantis, captiuum uulgus ut auro 650
pensarent paruo (nec pauca fuere precantum
milia), miranti durarunt prodere Poeno.
cuncta adeo scelera et noxam superauerat omnem
armatum potuisse capi. tunc terga dedisse
damnatis Siculas longe meritare per oras 655
impositum, donec Latio decederet hostis.

haec tum Roma fuit: post te cui uertere mores
si stabat fatis, potius, Carthago, maneres.

LIBER XI

Nunc age, quos clades insignis Iapyge campo
uerterit ad Libyam populos Sarranaque castra,
expediam. stat nulla diu mortalibus usquam,
Fortuna titubante, fides. adiungere dextras
certauere palam rumpenti foedera Poeno 5
(heu nimium faciles laesis diffidere rebus!)
saeuior ante alios iras seruasse repostas
atque odium renouare ferox in tempore Samnis,
mox leuis et sero pressurus facta pudore
Bruttius, ambiguus fallax mox Apulus armis, 10
tum gens Hirpini uana indocilisque quieti
et rupisse indigna fidem: ceu dira per omnis
manarent populos foedi contagia morbi.
iamque Atella suas iamque et Calatia adegit,
fas superante metu, Poenorum in castra cohortes. 15
inde Phalanteo leuitas animosa Tarento
Ausonium laxare iugum. patefecit amicas
alta Croton portas Afrisque ad barbara iussa
Thespiadum docuit summittere colla nepotes.
idem etiam Locros habuit furor. ora uadosi 20
litoris, Argiuos Maior qua Graecia muros
seruat et Ionio luitur curuata profundo,
laetas res Libyae et fortunam in Marte secuta,
iurauit pauitans Tyrio sua proelia Marti.
iam uero, Eridani tumidissimus accola, Celtae 25
incubere malis Italum ueteresque doloris
tota se socios properarunt iungere mole.

Sed fas id Celtis, fas impia bella referre
Boiorum fuerit populis: Capuaene furorem,
quem Senonum genti, placuisse, et Dardana ab ortu 30
moenia barbarico Nomadum sociata tyranno
quisnam mutato tantum nunc tempore credat?
luxus et insanis nutrita ignauia lustris
consumptusque pudor peccando unisque relictus
diuitiis probrosus honor lacerabat hiantem 35
desidia populum ac resolutam legibus urbem.
insuper exitio truculenta superbia agebat.
nec uitii deerant uires. non largior ulli
Ausoniae populo (sic tum Fortuna fouebat)
aurique argentique modus; madefacta ueneno 40
Assyrio maribus uestis medioque dierum

regales epulae atque ortu conuiuia solis
depressa et nulla macula non inlita uita.
tum populo saeui patres, plebesque senatus
inuidia laeta, et conlidens dissona corda 45
seditio. sed enim interea temeraria pubis
delicta augebat pollutior ipsa senectus.
nec, quos uile genus despectaque lucis origo
foedabat, sperare sibi et deposcere primi
deerant imperia ac patriae pereuntis habenas. 50
quin etiam exhilar<ar>e uiris conuiuia caede
mos olim et miscere epulis spectacula dira
certantum ferro, saepe et super ipsa cadentum
pocula, respersis non parco sanguine mensis.

Has astu adgressus quo uerteret acrius aegras 55
ad Tyrios mentes, quae nulla sorte daturam
certus erat Romam (neque enim impetrata uolebat) —
Pacuiuo fuit haud obscurum crimine nomen —
hortatur summi partem deposcere iuris
atque alternatos sociato consule fasces 60
et, si partita renuant sedisse curuli
aequatumque decus geminasque uidere secures,
ultorem ante oculos atque ora astare repulsae.
ergo electa manus gressu fert dicta citato.
antistat cunctis praecellens Virrius ore, 65
sed genus obscurum nullique furore secundus.
qui postquam coetu patrum ingentique senatu
impia dementis uulgi ac uix tota profudit
consulta <et> tumidis incendit uocibus aures,
concordi fremitu renuentum effunditur asper 70
toto e concilio clamor, tum quisque fatigat
increpitans, uocumque tremit certamine templum.

Hic Torquatus, auum fronte aequauisse seuera
nobilis, ‘Heu Capua portantes talia dicta
Romuleis durastis’ ait ‘succedere muris, 75
ad quos non ausi Carthago atque Hannibal arma
post Cannas adferre suas? numquamne per auris
it uestras, in Tarpeia cum sede Latini
orarent paria, haud uerbis, haud uoce, sed acri
propulsum dextra, qui tum mandata superbo 80
ore adportabat, tanto per limina templi
turbine praecipitem reuoluti corporis actum,
ut saeuo afflictus saxo spectante piaret
tristia dicta Ioue et lueret uerba impia leto?
en ego progenies eius, qui sede Tonantis 85

expulit orantem et nuda Capitolia consul
defendit dextra.' rabidum hinc palmasque uirorum
intentantem oculis proauitaque facta parantem
ut uidit maiore adeo crudescere motu,
excipit his frendens Fabius: 'Pro cuncta pudendi! 90
sedes, ecce, uacat, belli uiduata procella:
quem, quaeso, e uobis huic imposuisse paratis
inque locum Pauli quemnam datis? an tua, Virri,
prima atque ante alios sors, concedente senatu,
te citat ac nostris aequat iam purpura Brutis? 95
i, demens, i, quo tendis; tibi perfida fasces
det Carthago suos.' medio feruore loquentis
impatiens ultra gemitu cohibere furorem
fulminea toruum exclamat Marcellus ab ira:
'Quae tandem et quam lenta tenet patientia mentem, 100
o confuse nimis Gradiui turbine Varro,
ut perferre queas furibunda insomnia consul?
nonne exturbatos iam dudum limine templi
praecipites agis ad portas, et discere cogis
semiuiros, quod sit nostro de more creati 105
consulis imperium? non umquam sobria pubes
et peritura breui, moneo, ocius urbe facesse.
muros ante tuos, ut par est, debita ductor
armatus responsa dabit.' consurgere cuncti
hinc pariter magnoque uiros clamore premebant. 110
necnon et foribus propere Campana iuuentus
extulit ipsa gradum, tantaque dolore repulsae
concitus Hannibalem uoluebat Virrius ore.
Fuluius (huic nam spondebant praesagia mentis
uenturum decus, et Capuae pereuntis imago 115
iam tum erat ante oculos) 'Non si Carthaginis' inquit
'ductorem uestris deuinctum colla catenis
Romam uictor agis, posthac intrare Quirini
sacratas dabitur sedes. tende ocius, oro,
quo mens aegra uocat.' referunt haec inde citati 120
mixta minis et torua trucis responsa senatus.

Tantane, omnipotens, caligine mersa latere
fata placet? ueniet quondam felicior aetas,
cum pia Campano gaudebit consule Roma
et per bella diu fasces perque arma negatos 125
ultro ad magnanimos referet secura nepotes.
poena superborum tamen haec durabit auorum,
quod non ante suos Capua ad suffragia mittet,
quam Carthago suos.

Postquam nunc dicta senatus,
nunc facta exposuit, tum ueris falsa per artem 130
Virrius admiscens cecinit fatale cruenti
turbati<s> signum belli. furiata iuuentus
arma, arma Hannibalemque uolunt. ruit undique uulgus
et Poenos in tecta uocant. ingentia facta
Sidonii iuuenis celebrant: ut ruperit Alpes 135
Herculei socius decoris diuisque propinquas
transierit cursu rupes, ut caede referta
clauserit Eridani uictor uada, uictor ut idem
Lydia Romano turbarit stagna cruore,
ut Trebiae ripas aeterno nomine famae 140
tradiderit Paulumque idem inter proelia et idem
Flaminium, procures rerum, demiserit umbris.
his super excisam primori Marte Saguntum
et iuga Pyrenes et Hiberum et sacra parentis
iuratumque uiro bellum puerilibus annis 145
accumulant. unum, ducibus tot caede peremptis,
tot fuis acie, stare inter proelia nullis
attactum telis. superum cum munere detur
huic sociare uiro dextras et foedere iungi,
fastus exanguis populi uanumque tumorem 150
nimirum Capua et dominatum perferat urbis,
ceu famulis fascis aequataque iura negantis?
prorsus enim tanto potioem nomine habendum
Varronem, ut fugiat consul fulgentior ostro.

Talia iactantes iam lectam sorte parabant 155
mittere quae Tyrios adiungat foedere pubem.
sed non inuictum ponebat pectore robur
tum solum Decius Capuae decus. isque receptus
in medios coetus (neque enim differre dabatur)
'Itis,' ait 'ciues, uiolanda ad iura parentum 160
damnatumque caput temerati foederis aris
iungitis hospitio? quae tanta obliuio recti?
magnu<m> atque in magnis positum populisque uirisque
<h>a<u>d uersam ostentare fidem! nunc tempus inire
proelia pro Rutulis, nunc signa aciemque mouere, 165
dum trepidae res, et medicinam uulnera poscunt:
is locus officio, cum cessant prospera, cumque
dura ad opem Fortuna uocat. nam laeta fouere
haud quaquam magni est animi decus. huc, age, adeste.
noui dis animas similes et pectora magnis 170
numquam angusta malis. capiunt, mihi credite, Cannas
et Trasimenna uada et Pauli memorabile letum.

hi sunt qui uestris infixum moenibus hostem
deiecere manu et Capuam eripuerunt superbis
Samnitum iussis. hi sunt qui iura dedere 175
terrore expulso Sidicinaeque bella remorunt.
quos fugitis socios? quosue additis? ille ego sanguis
Dardanius, cui sacra pater, cui nomina liquit
ab Ioue ducta Capys magno cognatus Iulo,
ille ego semihomines inter Nasamonas et inter 180
saeuum atque aequantem ritus Garamanta ferarum
Marmarico ponam tentoria mixtus alumno,
ductoremque feram, cui nunc pro foedere proque
iustitia est ensis solaeque e sanguine laudes?
non ita, non Decio permixtum fasque nefasque, 185
haec ut uelle queat. nullo nos inuida tanto
armauit Natura bono, quam ianua mortis
quod patet et uita non aequa exire potestas.'

Haec uana auersas Decius iactauit ad auris.
ast delecta manus iungebat foedera Poeno. 190
iamque aderat praemissa duci turbante tumultu
Autololes numerosa cohors. ipse agmine magno
festinata citus per campos signa mouebat.
et Decius: 'Nunc hora, uiri, nunc tempus. adeste,
dum Capua dignum, dum me duce dextera uindex 195
molitur facinus: procumbat barbara pubes.
pro se quisque alacres rapite hoc decus. hostis adire
si parat, obstructas praebete cadauere portas
et ferro purgate nefas. hic denique solus
eluerit sanguis maculatas crimine mentes.' 200

Dumque ea nequiquam non ulli laeta profatur,
audita asperitate uiri coeptoque feroci,
multa feta gerens ira praecordia, Poenus
astabat muris propereque accersere lectos
immitem castris Decium iubet. horrida uirtus 205
armatumque fide pectus rectique cupido
et maior Capua mens imperterrita mole
inuicta stabat toruoque minacia uultu
iussa ducis uerbisque etiam incessebat amaris.
quem Libyae rector tot signa, tot arma ferentis 210
spernentem increpitans magno clamore profatur:
'Post Paulum, post Flaminium componimur, eheu,
uocardi Decio, mecum certasse uolenti
in decus et famam leti. rapite (ite citati)
signa, duces. pateatne mihi Campana uetante 215
urbs Decio, explorare libet, noua bella mouenti

cui patuere Alpes, saxa impellentia caelum
atque uni calcata deo.' suffuderat ora
sanguis et a toruo surgebant lumine flammae.
tum rictus spumans et anhelis faucibus acta 220
uersabant penitus dirum suspiria murmur.
sic urbem inuectus, toto comitante senatu
et uulgo ad spectanda ducis simul ora ruente,
effundit cunctam rabiem irarumque procellas.

Necnon et Decio propiora pericula mentem 225
flammarant, tempusque adeo cernebat adesse,
quo laudes ducis inuicti superaret inermis.
non illum fuga, non clausi occuluere penates,
sed liber, ueluti nullus penetrasset in urbem
Hannibal, intrepido seruauerat otia uultu, 230
cum iuuenem saeuis, horrendum, concitus armis
inuadit globus et pedibus sublime sedentis
ductoris sistit. tonat inde ferocibus alte
incessens uictor dictis: 'Solutus ruentem
fulcire ac reuocare paras a funere Romam, 235
o demens? en, qui diuum mihi munera tanta
eripiat. Decio prorsus seruabar inert
uincendus, Decio imbelli, cui femina nulla
orta in Agenoreis nostrae Carthaginis oris
cesserit. huic agendum (nam cur indigna feramus 240
magnanimi?), miles, meritas innecte catenas.'
dixerat haec, necdum finem conuicia norant:
inlatus uelut armentis super ardua colla
cum sese imposuit uictorque immane sub ira
infremuit leo et immersis grauis unguibus haesit, 245
mandit anhelantem pendens ceruice iuencum.
at Decius, dum uincla ligant, 'Necte ocius' inquit
'(nam sic Hannibalem decet intrauisse) catenas,
foederis infausti pretium. sic uictima prorsus
digna cadit Decius. nec enim te sanguine laetum 250
humano sit fas caesis placasse iuencis.
en dextra! en foedus! nondum tibi curia necdum
templorum intrati postes: iam panditur acri
imperio carcer. perge ac primordia tanta
accumula paribus factis. mihi fama sub umbras 255
te feret oppressum Capuae cecidisse ruinis.'
nec plura effari concessum. obnubitur atra
ueste caput, trahiturque ferox ante ora suorum.

Exin uictor ouans sedato pectore tandem
spectandis urbis tectis templisque serenos 260

laetus circumfert oculos et singula discit:
quis muris sator, et pubes sit quanta sub armis,
quot bello pateant argenti aerisque talenta,
nunc qualis frenata acies, nunc deinde pedestris
copia quanta uiris. monstrant Capitolia celsa 265
Stellatisque docent campos Cereremque benignam.
iamque diem ad metas defessis Phoebus Olympo
impellebat equis, fuscabat et Hesperos umbra
paulatim infusa properantem ad litora currum:
instituunt de more epulas festamque per urbem 270
regifice exstructis celebrant conuiuia mensis.
ipse, deum cultu et sacro dignatus honore,
praecipuis multoque procul splendentibus ostro
accipitur sublime toris. non una ministri
turba gregis: posuisse dapes his addita cura, 275
his adolere focos, his ordine pocula ferre;
necnon et certis struitur penus. aspera mensa
pondera caelati fulgent antiquitus auri.
eripiunt flammae noctem, strepituque mouentum
murmurat alta domus. stupet inconsuetus opimae 280
Sidonius mensae miles faciemque superbi
ignotam luxus oculis mirantibus haurit.
uescitur ipse silens et tantos damnat honores
esse epulis facilesque coli tanto agmine mensas,
donec pulsa fames et Bacchi munera duram 285
laxarunt mentem. tum frontis reddita demum
laetitia, et positae grauiiores pectore curae.

Personat Euboica Teuthras testudine, Cymes
incola, et obtusas immiti murmure saeuae
inter bella tubae permulcet cantibus auris. 290
<namque chaos, caecam quondam sine sidere molem 453
non surgente die, ac mundum sine luce canebat.
tum deus ut liquidi disclusset stagna profundi
tellurisque globum media compage locasset;
ut celsum superis habitare dedisset Olympum,
castaque Saturni monstrabat saecula patris.>
iamque Iouem et laetos per furta canebat amores 291
Electraeque toros Atlantidos, unde creatus
proles digna deum tum Dardanus, isque Tonanti
ut det Eric<h>thonium magna de stirpe nepotem;
hinc Tros, hinc Ilus, generis tunc ordine longo 295
Assaracus, nulloque minor famaue manuue
tum Capys ut primis dederit sua nomina muris.
concelebrant plausu pariter Sidonia pubes

Campanaeque manus. ante omnis ductor honori
nominis augusto libat carchesia ritu; 300
cetera quem sequitur Bacchique e more liquorem
inrorat mensis turba ardescitque Lyaeo.

Interea, Tyrio resoluta in gaudia coetu
conuerso (neque enim, iuuenis non digne sileri,
tramittam tua coepta libens famamque negabo 305
quamquam imperfectis, magnae tamen indolis, ausis),
mens una, inuiolata mero nullisque uenenis
potandi exarmata decus, pugnaeque necisque
Sidoniae tacito uoluebat pectore molem.
quoque esset miranda magis tam sacra libido, 310
Pacuiuio genitus patrias damnauerat artis.
is uariis oneratum epulis atque atria tardo
linquentem gressu comitatus pone parentem,
postquam posse datum meditata aperire nouosque
pandere conatus, et liber parte relictas 315
tectorum a tergo patuit locus, 'Accipe digna
et Capua et nobis' inquit 'consulta:' (togaque
armatum amota nudat latus) 'hoc ego bellum
conficere ense paro atque auulsum ferre Tonanti
reitoris Libyci uictor caput. hic erit ille, 320
qui polluta dolis iam foedera sanciet, ensis.
si perferre nequit spectacula tanta senectus
et tremit inceptis lasso maioribus aeuo,
at tu securis concede penatibus et me
linque meae menti. summum quod credis et aequas 325
Hannibalem superis, o quantum nomine maior
iam Poeno tibi natus erit!' uibrabat ab ore
ignis atrox, animusque uiri iam bella gerebat,
cum senior, tanti pondus conaminis aegra
iam dudum uix aure ferens, tremebundus ibidem 330
sternitur et pedibus crebro pauida oscula figens:
'Per si quid superest uitae, per iura parentis
perque tuam nostra potiolem, nate, salutem,
absiste inceptis, oro, ne sanguine cernam
polluta hospitia ac tabo repleta cruento 335
pocula et euersas pugnae certamine mensas.
tune illum, quem non acies, non moenia et urbes
ferre ualent, cum frons propior lumenque corusco
igne micat, tune illa uiri quae uertice fundit
fulmina pertuleris, si uiso intorserit ense 340
diram, qua uertit per campos agmina, uocem?
fallit te, mensas inter quod credis inermem.

tot bellis quaesita uiro, tot caedibus armat
maiestas aeterna ducem. si admoueris ora,
Cannas et Trebiam ante oculos Trasimennaeque busta 345
et Pauli stare ingentem miraberis umbram.
quid? tanto in casu comitum iuxtaque iacentum
torpebunt dextrae? parce, oro, et desine uelle,
cui nequeas uictor superesse. an tristia uincla
et Decius non erudiunt componere mentem?' 350

Talia commemorans, famae maioris amore
flagrantem ut uidit iuuenem surdumque timori,
'Nil ultra posco, refer in conuiuia gressum;
approperemus:' ait 'non iam tibi pectora pubis
Sidoniae fodienda manu tutantia regem: 355
hoc iugulo dextram explora. namque haec tibi ferrum,
si Poenum inuasisse paras, per uiscera ferrum
nostra est ducendum. tardam ne sperne senectam.
opponam membra atque ense extorquere negatum
morte mea eripiam.' lacrimae tunc ore profusae, 360
et magna superum cura seruatus in arma
Scipiadae Poenus, nec tantum fata dederunt
externa peragi dextra. pulcherrimus irae
et dignus fieri compos memorabilis ausi,
amisit quantam posito conamine laudem, 365
cui tantum est uoluisse decus. tum red<d>ere sese
festinant epulis et tristia fronte serenant,
donec laeta uirum soluit conuiuia somnus.

Postera lux Phaet<h>ontis equos proferre parabat,
iam rapido summis curru splendente sub undis, 370
et iuuenis magno generatus Hamilcare duras
iam dudum exercet curas. Carthaginis arces
ire ferox Mago et patribus portare iubetur
nuntius acta ducis. praeda et captiua leguntur
corpora dereptaeque uiris sub Marte cruento 375
exuiuae, fausti superis libamina belli.
altera curarum Libycis dimittitur oris
heu Decius, reduci lentas seruatus ad iras,
ni poenae iuuenem indignae miseratus ab alto
Iuppiter antiquam Batti uertisset ad urbem. 380
hic Pellaea uirum Ptolomaei scepra uehementum
eripuerunt minis, resolutaque uincula collo.
atque eadem uitae custos mox deinde quieto
accepit tellus ossa inuiolata sepulchro.

Nec Venerem interea fugit exoptabile tempus 385
Poenorum mentes caeco per laeta premendi

exitio et luxu corda importuna domandi.
spargere tela manu passim fallentia natis
imperat et tacitas in pectora mittere flammās.
tum pueris dulce adridens: 'Eat improba Iuno 390
et nos (nec mirum, quid enim sumus?) acta secundis
despiciat. ualet illa manu, ualet illa lacertis:
paruula nos arcu puerili spicula sensim
fundimus, et nullus nostro de uulnere sanguis.
uerum, agite, o mea turba, precor (nunc tempus), adeste 395
et Tyriam pubem tacitis exurite telis.
amplexu multoque mero somnoque uiuorum
profliganda acies, quam non perfregerit ensis,
non ignes, non immissis Gradivus habenis.
combibat inlapsos ductor per uiscera luxus, 400
nec pudeat picto fultum iacuisse cubili,
nec crinem Assyrio perfundere pugnet amomo.
ille sub hiberno somnos educere caelo
iactator tectis malit consumere noctes,
ac ponat ritus uescendi saepe citato 405
dum residet sub casside equo, discatque Lyaeo
imbellem donare diem. tum deinde madenti
post epulas sit grata chelys, segnisque soporas
aut nostro uigiles ducat sub numine noctes.'

Haec postquam Venus, adplaudit lascivius et alto 410
mittit se caelo niueis exercitus alis.
sentit flammiferas pubes Maurusia pennas,
et pariter fuis tepuerunt pectora telis.
Bacchi dona uolunt epulasque et carmina rursus
Pieria liquefacta lyra. non acer aperto 415
desudat campo sonipes, non ulla per auras
lancea nudatos exercet torta lacertos.
mollitae flammis lymphae languentia somno
membra fouent, miserisque bonis perit horrida uirtus.
ipse etiam, adflatus fallente Cupidine, ductor 420
instaurat mensas dapibus repetitque uolentum
hospitia et patrias paulatim decolor artis
exuit, occulta mentem uitante sagitta.
altera iam patria atque aequo sub honore uocatur
altera Carthago Capua, intactumque secundae 425
fortuna ingenium uitia adlectantia quassant.
nec luxus ullus mersaeque libidine uitae
Campanis modus: accumulāt uariasque per artis
scaenarum certant epulas distinguere ludo,
ut strepit assidue Phrygiam ad Niloticā loton 430

~Memphis Amyclaeo passim lascia Canopo.
inprimis dulcem, Poeno laetante, per auris
nunc uoce infundit Teuthras, nunc pectine cantum.
isque ubi mirantem resonantia pollice fila
ductorem uidit Libyae, canere inde superbas 435
Aoniae laudes sensim testudinis orsus,
concordem citharae mouit per carmina linguam
uincere linquentis uitam quae possit olores,
atque haec e multis carpsit mollissima mensae:

‘Argolicis quondam populis, mirabile dictu, 440
exaudita chelys lapidem testudine felix
ducere et in muris posuisse uolentia saxa.
haec Amphionio uallauit pectine Thebas
ac silice aggeribus per se scandente uocatis
iussit in immensum cantatas surgere turris. 445
altera turbatum plectro moderata profundum
et tenuit phocas et in omni Protea forma
traxit et aequoreo portauit Ariona dorso.
iam quae Peliaca formabat rupe canendo
heroum mentes et magni pectora Achillis, 450
Centauro dilecta chelys, compesceret iras
percussa fide uel pelagi uel tristis Auerni.
[namque chaos, caecam quondam sine sidere molem
non surgente die, ac mundum sine luce canebat.
tum deus ut liquidi ~discisset stagna profundi 455
tellurisque globum media compage locasset;
ut celsum superis habitare dedisset Olympum,
castaque Saturni monstrabat saecula patris.]
sed quos pulsabat Riphaeum ad Strymona, nerui,
auditus superis, auditus manibus Orpheus, 460
emerito fulgent clara inter sidera caelo.
hunc etiam mater, tota comitante sororum
Aonidum turba, mater mirata canentem.
non illo Pangaea iuga aut Mauortius Haemus,
non illo modulante sonos stetit ultima Thrace: 465
cum siluis uenere ferae, cum montibus amnes,
immemor et dulcis nidi positoque uolatu
non mota uolucris captiua pependit in aethra.
quin etiam, Pagasaea ratis, cum caerula nondum
cognita terrere<nt> pontoque intrare negarent, 470

.....

470a

ad puppim sacrae, cithara elicente, carinae
adductum cantu uenit mare. pallida regna
Bistonius uates flammisque Acheronta sonantem

placauit plectro et fixit reuolubile saxum.
o dirae Ciconum matres Geticique furores 475
et damnata deis Rhodope! tulit ora reuulsa
in pontum, ripis utraque sequentibus, Hebrus.
tum quoque, cum rapidi caput a ceruice recisum
portarent fluctus, subito emicuere per undas
ad murmur cete toto exultantia ponto.’ 480

Sic tunc Pierius bellis durata uirorum
pectora Castalio frangebat carmine Teuthras.
interea placida attulerant iam flamina terris
Magonem Libycis. lauro redimita subibat
optatos puppis portus, pelagoque micabant 485
captiua arma procul celsa fulgentia prora.
at patulo surgens iam dudum ex aequore late
nauticus implebat resonantia litora clamor,
et simul adductis percussa ad pectora tonsis
centeno fractus spumabat uerbere pontus. 490
nec lentum in medios rapienda ad gaudia uulgus
procurrit fluctus, elataque turba fauore
certatim ingenti celebrat noua gaudia plausu.
aequatur rector diuis: illum undique matres,
illum turba minor moniti gaudere nepotes, 495
et senior manus et iuxta populusque patresque
mactatis superum digna<n>tur honore iuuenis.
sic patriam Mago et portas ingressus ouantis
fraternae laudis fama. ruit inde senatus,
et multo patrum stipatur curia coetu. 500
tum diuos ueneratus auum de more uetusto
‘Martem’ ait ‘egregium et fractas, quis Italia tellus
nitebatur, opes, pars ipse haud parua laborum,
nuntio. pugnatum superis in uota secundis.
est locus, Aetoli signat quem gloria regis, 505
possessus quondam prisca inter saecula Dauno.
umentis rapido circumdat gurgite campos
Aufidus et stagnis intercipit arua refusis,
mox fluctus ferit Hadriacos magnoque fragore
cedentem impellit retrorsus in aequora pontum. 510
hic Varro et magnum Latia inter nomina Paulus
nomen, quis rerum ducibus permissa potestas,
uixdum depulsa nigrae caligine noctis
inuadunt campum et late fulgentibus armis
accendunt ultro lucem surgentis Eoi. 515
nos contra (nam germanum furor acer agebat
optatae pugnae) castris cita signa mouemus.

intremittit et tellus et pulsus mugit Olympus.
hic fluuium et campos abscondit caede uirorum
ductor, quo numquam maiorem ad bella tulerunt 520
rectorem terrae. uidi cum turbine saeuo
Ausonia et sonitu bellantis fusa per agros
uni terga daret. uidi cum Varro citato
auferretur equo, proiectis degener armis.
quin et magnanimum perfosso corpore telis 525
strage super socium uidi te, Paule, cadentem.
Aegatis ille et seruilia foedera larga
ultus caede dies: non plus optasse liberet
quam tum concessit dexter deus. altera iam lux
si talis redeat, populis sis omnibus una 530
tum, Carthago, caput terrasque colare per omnis.
testes hi stragis, quos signum inlustre superbis
mos laeua gestare uiris.’ tum funditur ante
ora admirantum praefulgens anulus auro
datque fidem uerbis haud paruo insignis aceruo. 535
hinc iterum repetens, ‘Restat nunc sedibus imis
uertenda atque aequanda solo iam subruta Roma.
adnitamur:’ ait ‘uires refouete tot haustas
casibus, et pateant non parca aeraria dextris
quas emimus bello. deficit iam belua, tristis 540
Ausoniis terror, necnon alimenta fatigant.’

Atque ea dum memorat, toruo conuersus in ora
Hannonis uultu, quem gliscens gloria prauum
ductori<s> studio iam dudum agitabat acerbo:
‘Iamne tibi dextras inceptaque nostra probamus? 545
iam fas Dardanio me non seruire colono?
anne iterum Hannibalem dedi placet? atra ueneno
inuidiae nigroque undantia pectora felle,
tandem tot titulis totque exorata tropaeis,
infelix muta. dextra en, en dextera, quam tu 550
Aeneadis lacerare dabas, et litora et amnes
et stagna et latos impleuit sanguine campos.’
haec Mago, atque animos fauor haud obscurus alebat.

Cui, simul inuidia atque ira stimulantibus, Hanno<n>:
‘Talia uesani iuuenis conuicia miror 555
haud equidem: tumet ingenio, fraternaue corda
non tarde agnoscas et uirus futile linguae.
qui ne mutatum uanis absistere credat,
nunc pacem orandum, nunc improba foedere rupto
arma reponendu<m> et bellum exitiale cauendum 560
auctor ego. atque adeo uosmet perpendite, quaeso,

quid ferat: haud aliud nobis censere relictum est.
tela, uiros, aurum, classis, alimenta precatur
belligeramque feram. uictus non plura dedissem.
sanguine Dardanio Rutulos saturauimus agros, 565
et iacet in campis Latium. deponere curas
tandem ergo, bone, da uictor, liceatque sedere
in patria, liceat non exhaurire rapacis
impensis belli uacuatos saepe penates.
nunc en, nunc, inquam (falsa ut praesagia nostra 570
sint, oro, mensque augurio ludatur inani),
haud procul est funesta dies. atrocia noui
corda ac prospicio natas e cladibus iras.
uos ego, uos metuo, Cannae. summittite signa
atque adeo temptate, agedum, ac deposcite pacem: 575
non dabitur. parat ille dolor, mihi credite, maius
exitium accepto, citiusque haec foedera uictor
quam uictus dabit. atque adeo, qui tanta superbo
facta sonas ore et spumanti turbine perflas
ignorantium aures, dic, en, germanus in armis 580
ille tuus par Gradiuo, per saecula tellus
cui similem numquam ductorem in bella creauit,
moenia Romuleae cur nondum uiderit urbis?
scilicet e gremio matrum rapiamus in hostem
nondum portandis habiles grauioribus armis, 585
aeratas iussi texamus mille carinas,
atque omnis Libyae quaeratur belua terris,
ut longa imperia atque armatos proroget annos
Hannibal et regnum trahat usque in tempora fati?
uos uero (neque enim occulto circumdamur astu) 590
ne dulcis spoliare domos, castrisque potentum
atque opibus sancite modum. pax optima rerum
quas homini nouisse datum est, pax una triumphis
innumeris potior, pax custodire salutem
et ciuis aequare potens reuocetur in arcis 595
tandem Sidonias, et fama fugetur ab urbe
perfidiae, Phoenissa, tua. si tanta libido
armorum tenet atque enses non reddere perstat
poscenti patriae, nil suppeditare furori
hortor et haec fratri Magonem dicta referre.’ 600

Plura adnectentem (neque enim satiauerat iras
dicendo) clamor turbat diuersa uolentum:
‘Si Libyae decus, haud ulli superabilis armis,
Hannibal est irae tibi, destituemus ad ipsas
uictorem metas nec opum adiumenta feremus, 605

inuidia unius sceptrā ut iam parta retardet?
inde alacres tribuunt quae belli posceret usus
absentique suum iactant sub teste fauorem.
mox eadem terris placitum traducere Hiberis,
dum malus obtrectat facta immortalia liuor 610
nec sinit adiutas ductoris crescere laudes.

LIBER XII

Iam terra glaciale caput fecundaque nimbis
tempora et austrifero nebulosam uertice frontem
immitis condebat Hiems, blandisque salubre
uer Zephyris tepido mulcebat rura sereno.
prorumpit Capua Poenus uicinaque late 5
praemisso terrore quatit, ceu condita bruma,
dum Rhiphaea rigent Aquilonis flamina, tandem
euoluit serpens arcano membra cubili
et spondente die nouus emicat atque coruscum
fert caput et saniem sublatis faucibus efflat. 10
at Libyci ducis ut fulserunt signa per agros,
desolata metu cuncta, et suadente pauore
uallo se clausere simul trepidique salutis
expectant ipsis metuentes moenibus hostem.

Sed non ille uigor qui ruptis Alpibus arma 15
intulerat dederatque uias Trebiaque potitus
Maeonios Italo scelerauit sanguine fluctus
tunc inerat. molli luxu madefacta meroque
~inlecebris somni torpentia membra fluebant.
quis gelidas suetum noctes thorace grauatis 20
sub Ioue non aequo trahere et tentoria saepe
spernere, ubi hiberna ruerent cum grandine nimbi,
ac ne nocte quidem clipeiue ensesue reposti,
non pharetrae aut iacula, et pro membris arma fuere,
tum graue cassis onus maioraque pondera uisa 25
parmarum ac nullis fusae stridoribus hastae.

Prima instaurantem sensit certamina mitis
Parthenope, non diues opum, non spreta uigoris,
sed portus traxere ducem secura uolentem
aequora, quae peteret ueniens Carthagine puppis. 30
Sirenum dedit una suum (memorabile) nomen 33
Parthenope muris Acheloias, aequore cuius
regnauere diu cantus, cum dulce per undas
exitium miseris caneret non prospera nautis.
nunc molles urbi ritus atque hospita Musis 31
otia et exemptum curis grauioribus aeuum.
haec pone adgressus (nam frontem clauserat aequor) 37
moenia non ullas ualuit perfringere Poenus
tota mole uias frustra inglorius ausi
pulsauit quatiens obstructas ariete portas. 40
stabat Cannarum Graia ad munimina uictor

nequiquam et cautae mentis consulta probabat
euentu, qui post Dauni stagnantia regna
sanguine Tarpeias ire abstinuisset ad arces.
'En, qui nos segnes et nescire addere cursum 45
factis iactastis, quod uobis scandere nuper
non acie ex ipsa concessum moenia Romae,
intrate atque epulas promissas sede Tonantis
his, quae Graia manus defendit, reddite tectis.'
taliam iactabat famaeque pudore futurae, 50
inritus incepti prima si absisteret urbe,
audebat cuncta atque acuebat fraudibus enses.
sed subitae muris flammae totoque fluebant
aggeris anfractu tela improuisa per auras.
haud secus, occuluit saxi quo uertice fetus 55
ales fulua Iouis, tacito si ad culmina nisu
euasit serpens terretque propincus hiatu,
illa hostem rostro atque adsuetis fulmina ferre
unguibus incessens nidi circumuolat orbem.

Tandem ad uicinos Cumarum uertere portus 60
defessus subiit uarioque lacessere motu
fortunam et famae turbando obstare sinistrae.
sed custos urbi Gracchus tutela uel ipsis
certior arcebat muris iterumque sedere
portis atque aditus iterum sperare uetabat. 65
lustrat inops animi rimaturque omnia circum
alite uectus equo rursusque hortatibus infit
laudum agitare suos: 'Pro di, quis terminus' inquit
'ante urbes standi Graias, oblite tuorum
factorum miles? quis erit modus? Alpibus astat 70
nimirum maior moles, et scandere caelum
pulsantis iubeo scopulos. quamquam altera detur
si similis tellus, aliaeque repente sub astra
exsurgant rupes, non ibis et arduus arma
me ducente feres? tene heu Cumanus hiantem 75
agger adhuc murusque tenet Gracchusue, moueri
non ausus portis? paruo in discrimine cerno

.....

77a

an uobis gentes quaecumque labore parastis
casu gesta putent? per uos Tyrrhena fauentum
stagna deum, per ego et Trebiam cineresque Sagunti 80
obtestor, dignos iam uosmet reddite uestra
quam trahitis fama et reuocate in pectora Cannas.'

Sic ductor fessas luxu attritasque secundis
erigere et uerbis temptabat sistere mentes.

atque hic perlustrans aditus fulgentia cernit 85
arcis templa iugo, quorum tum Virrius, altae
immitis ductor Capuae, primordia pandit.
'Non est hoc' inquit 'nostri, quod suspicis, aevi:
maiores fecere manus. cum regna timeret
Dictaei regis (sic fama est) linquere terras 90
Daedalus inuenit nec toto signa sequenti
orbe dare, aetherias aliena tollere in auras
ausus se penna atque homini monstrare uolatus.
suspensum hic librans media inter nubila corpus
enauit superosque nouus conterruit ales. 95
natum etiam docuit falsae sub imagine plumae
attemptare uias uolucrum, lapsumque solutis
pennarum remis et non felicibus alis
turbida plaudentem uidit freta. dumque dolori
indulget subito motis ad pectora palmis, 100
nescius heu planctu duxit moderante uolatus.
hic pro nubiuago gratus pia templa meatu
instituit Phoebi atque audacis exuit alas.'

Virrius haec: sed enim ductor numerabat inertis
atque actos sine Marte dies ac stare pudebat. 105
ingemit aduersis respectansque inrita tecta
urbe Dicarchea parat exsatiare dolorem.
hic quoque nunc pelagus, nunc muri saxea moles
officit audenti defensantumque labores.
dumque tenet socios dura atque obsaepta uiarum 110
rumpere nitentis lentus labor, ipse propinqua
stagnorum terraeque simul miracula lustrat.

Primores adsunt Capuae: docet ille, tepentes
unde ferant nomen Baiae, comitemque dedisse
Dulichiae puppis stagno sua nomina monstrat. 115
ast hic Lucrino mansisse uocabula quondam
Cocyti memorat medioque in gurgite ponti
Herculeum commendat iter, qua discidit aequor
Amphitryoniades armenti uictor Hiberi.
ille, olim populis dictum Styga, nomine uerso 120
stagna inter celebrem nunc mitia monstrat Auernum:
tum tristi nemore atque umbris nigrantibus horrens
et formidatus uolucris letale uomebat
suffuso uirus caelo Stygiaque per urbes
religione sacer saeuum retinebat honorem. 125
huic uicina palus (fama est Acherontis ad undas
pandere iter) caecas stagnante uoragine fauces
laxat et horrendos aperit telluris hiatus

interdumque nouo perturbat lumine manis.
at iuxta caligantis longumque per aeuum 130
infernis pressas nebulis pallente sub umbra
Cimmerias iacuisse domos noctemque profundam
Tartareae narrant urbis. tum sulphure et igni
semper anhelantis coctoque bitumine campos
ostentant. tellus, atro exundante uapore 135
suspirans ustisque diu calefacta medullis,
aestuat et Stygios exhalat in aera flatus;
~parturit et tremulis metuendum exsibilat antris,
interdumque, cauas luctatus rumpere sedis
aut exire fretis, sonitu lugubre minaci 140
Mulciber immugit lacerataque uiscera terrae
mandit et exesos labefactat murmure montis.
tradunt Herculea prostratos mole Gigantas
tellurem iniectam quatere, et spiramine anhelos
torreri late campos, quotiensque minantur 145
rumpere compagem impositam, expallescere caelum.
apparet Prochyte saeuum sortita Mimanta,
apparet procul Inar*<i>*me, quae turbine nigro
fumantem premit Iapetum flammisque rebelli
ore eiectantem et, si quando euadere detur, 150
bella Ioui rursus superisque iterare uolentem.
monstrantur Vesuuina iuga atque in uertice summo
depasti flammis scopuli stratusque ruina
mons circum atque Aetnae fatis certantia saxa.
necnon Misenum seruantem Idaea sepulcro 155
nomina et Herculeos uidet ipso in litore Baulos:
miratur pelagique minas terraeque labores.

Quae postquam perspecta uiro, regressus ad altos
inde Pheretiadum muros, frondentia laeto
palmitum deuastat Nysaea cacumina Gauri. 160
hinc ad Chalcidicam transfert citus agmina Nola.
campo Nola sedet crebris circumdata in orbem
turribus et celso facilem tutatur adiri
planitiem uallo, sed, qui non turribus arma
defendenda daret, uerum ultro moenia dextra 165
protegeret, Marcellus opem auxiliumque ferebat.
isque ubi Agenoream procul aduentare per aequor
et ferri ad muros nubem uidet, 'Arma, cruentus
hostis adest, capite arma, uiri' clamatque capitque.
circumstant rapidi iuuenes aptantque frementi 170
sanguineas de more iubas. sonat inde, citato
agmina disponens passu: 'Tu limina dextrae

seruabis portae, Nero; tu conuerte cohortes
ad laeuam patrias et Larinatia signa,
clarum Volscorum, Tulli, decus. ast ubi iusso, 175
per tacitum ruptis subita ui fundite portis
telorum in campos nimbium. ferar ipse reuulsa
in medios equitumque traham certamina porta.’

Dumque ea Marcellus, iam claustra reuellere Poeni
et scalis spretis temptabant rumpere muros. 180
insonuere tubae passim clamorque uirorum
hinnitusque, simul litui rauoque tumultu
cornua et in membris concussa furentibus arma.
fertur acerba lues disiectis incita portis
effusaeque ruunt inopino flumine turmae, 185
improbis ut fractis exundat molibus amnis,
propulsum ut Borea scopulis impingitur aequor,
ut rupto terras inuadunt carcere uenti.
nec torrente Libys uiso armorumque uirumque
deiectus spe s<t>are ualet. dux Dardanus instat 190
attonito, praegressus equo, tergisque ruentum
incumbens hasta socios nunc uoce fatigat:
‘Perge, age, fer gressus. dexter deus, horaque nostra est.
hac iter ad muros Capuae,’ nunc rursus in hostem
conuersus: ‘Sta. quo raperis? non terga tuorum, 195
te, ductor Libyae, increpito: sta. campus et arma
et Mars in manibus. dimitto e caede cohortes:
spectemur soli. Marcellus proelia posco.’
sic rector Latius, iuuenique inuadere pugnam
Barcae suadebat honor pretiumque pericli. 200

Sed non haec placido cernebat pectore Iuno
coeptoque auertit suprema in fata ruentem.
sistere perculsos ille et reuocare laborat:
‘Talesne e gremio Capuae tectisque sinistris
egredimur? state, o miseri, quis gloria summa 205
dedecori est. nil uos hodie, mihi credite, terga
uertentis fidum expectat. meruistis ut omnis
ingruat Ausonia, et saeuo Mauorte parastis
ne qua spes fusos pacis uitaeque maneret.’
uincebat clamore tubas uocisque uigore 210
quamuis obstructas saeuus penetrabat in auris.

Polydamanteis iuuenis Pedianus in armis
bella agitabat atrox Troianaque semina et ortus
atque Antenorea sese de stirpe ferebat,
haud leuior generis fama sacroque Timauro 215
gloria et Euganeis dilectum nomen in oris.

huic pater Eridanus Venetaeque ex ordine gentes
atque Apono gaudens populus, seu bella cieret
seu Musas placidus doctaeque silentia uitae
mallet et Aonio plectro mulcere labores, 220
non ullum dixere parem, nec notior alter
Gradiuo iuuenis nec Phoebo notior alter.
qui postquam, effusis urgens uestigia frenis
Poenorum, iuxta galeam atque insigne perempti
agnouit spoliū Pauli (puer illa gerebat 225
non paruo laetus ductoris munere Cinyps,
dilectus Poeno Cinyps, quo gratior ora
non fuit ac nulla nituit plus fronte decoris:
quale micat semperque nouum est quod Tiburis aura
pascit ebur, uel qui miro candoris honore 230
lucet in aure lapis rubris aduectus ab undis.) —
quem postquam egregium cristis et casside nota
fulgentem extremo Pedianus in agmine uidit,
ceu subita ante oculos Pauli emersisset imago
sedibus infernis amissaque posceret arma, 235
inuadit frendens: ‘Tūce, ignauissime, sacri
portabis capitis, quae non sine crimine uester
inuidiaque deum gestaret tegmina ductor?
en Paulus.’ uocat inde uiri ad spectacula manis
et fugientis agit costis penetrabile telum. 240
tum delapsus equo galeam atque insignia magni
consulis abruptis dextra spoliatur nitentem.
soluitur omne decus leto, niueosque per artus
it Stygius color et formae populatur honores.
ambrosiae cecidere comae, uiolataque ceruix 245
marmoreum in iugulum collo labente recumbit.
haud secus Oceano rediens Cythereius ignis,
cum sese Veneri iactat splendore refecto,
si subita inuadat nubes, hebetatur et atris
decrescens tenebris languentia lumina condit. 250
ipse etiam rapta Pedianus casside nudos
attonitus stupet ad uultus irasque coercet.
tum galeam magno socium clamore reportans
immitem quatibat eum, spumantia saeuo
frena cruentantem morsu. cui turbidus armis 255
obuia Marcellus rapido tulit ora tumultu
adgnoscentem decus ‘Macte <o> uirtutis auitae,
macte Antenoride! nunc’ inquit ‘rapta petamus,
quod superest, Libyci ductoris tegmina,’ et ardens
terrificis saeuam fundit stridoribus hastam. 260

nec fors an uoti uanus foret, obuia ni uis
Gestaris opposito tenuisset corpore telum.
qui dum uicinis ductorem protegit armis,
transiit non hunc sitiens grauis hasta cruorem
ingentisque minas mutata morte peregit. 265
auehitur raptim ductor discrimine leti
turbatus cursumque furens ad castra capessit.

Iamque fugae immodicus tendit certamine gressum
praecipitem uersis Poenorum exercitus armis.
adsequitur telis hostis, longasque uiritim 270
exsantiant iras cladum caeloque cruentos
certatim ostentant et dis ultoribus enses.
ille dies primus docuit, quod credere nemo
auderet superis, Martis certamine sisti
posse ducem Libyae. raptant currusque uirosque 275
Massylamque feram, et uiuis auulsa reportant
tegmina bellantum atque abeunt, sub cuspidē terga
contenti uidisse ducis. tum Martis adaequant
Marcellum decori: graditur comitante triumpho
maior quam ferret cum uictor opima Tonanti. 280

Inde furens, postquam uallo uix depulit hostem,
ductor Agenoreus 'Quando hanc quantoque cruore
hostili labem eluerim? mea terga uidere
contigit Ausoniae? mene,' inquit 'summe deorum,
post Trebiam statuis tam turpi funere dignum? 285
uosque, inuicta diu, nunc heu sine Marte iuuentus,
debellata bonis Capuae, non degener ipse
gestorum Ausoniis uerti uictricia signa:
uobis terga dedi. uidi, cum ad bella uocarem,
non secus atque Italo fugere a ductore pauentis. 290
quid relicum prisca Martis tibi, qui dare terga
me reuocante potes?' fundebat talia Poenus.
at Latiae sese Nolana ad moenia turmae
portantes spolia insigni clamore ferebant.

At consueta grauis per longum audire suorum 295
euentus Roma et numquam recreata secundis,
adlato tandem faustae certamine pugnae
erigitur primoque deum se munere tollit.
ante omnis pigra in Martem fugiensque laborum,
dum bellum tonat, et sese furata iuuentus 300
dat poenas latebrae. tum, qui dulcedine uitae
inuenere dolos iurataque foedera Poeno
corrumpere, notant et purgant crimine gentem.
punitur patriam meditati linquere terram

consilium infelix scelerataque culpa Metelli. 305
talia corda uirum. sed enim nec femina cessat
mente aequare uiros et laudis poscere partem.
omnis, prae sese portans capitisque manusque
antiquum decus ac derepta monilia collo,
certatim matrona ruit belloque ministrant. 310
haud tanta cessisse uiros in tempore tali
laudis sorte piget, factoque in saecula ituro
laetantur tribuisse locum. tum celsa senatus
subsequitur turba. in medium certamine magno
priuatae cumulantur opes. nudare penatis 315
ac nihil arcanos uitae melioris ad usus
seposuisse iuuat. coit et sine nomine uulgi.
corpore sic toto ac membris Roma omnibus usa,
exanguis rursus tollebat ad aethera uultus.

Addunt spem miseris dulcem Parnasia Cirrha 320
portantes responsa uiri. nam laeta ferebant
exaudisse adytis, sacra cum uoce tonaret
antrum et mugiret Phoebus iam intrata sacerdos:
'Soluite, gens Veneris, grauioris corde timores:
aduersa et quicquid duri sub Marte manebat 325
exhaustum est uobis. restant leuiora laborum
et sine perniciem terror. dis uota precesque
ferre modo et tepidos aris libate cruores,
neu date terga malis. aderit Gradivus, et ipse
Delius auertat propiora pericula uates 330
Troianos notus semper minuisse labores.
sed uero, sed enim ante omnis altaria fument
centum festa Ioui: centum cadat hostia cultris.
ille trucem belli nubem saeuasque procellas
in Libyam uiolentus aget: spectabitis ipsi 335
aegida turbato quatientem in proelia mundo.'
atque ea Parnasi postquam clamata sub antris
adlatum, uulgiusque deus peruenit ad auris,
in Capitolinas certatim scanditur arces,
sternunturque Ioui et delubrum sanguine honorant; 340
tum paeana canunt responsaque fida precantur.

Interea adsuetis senior Torquatus in armis
Sardoas patrio quatibat milite terras.
namque ortum Iliaca iactans ab origine nomen
in bella Hampsagoras Tyrios renouata uocarat. 345
proles pulchra uiro nec tali digna parente
Hostus erat, cuius fretus fulgente iuuenta
ipse asper paci crudos sine uiribus annos

barbarici studio ritus refouebat in armis.
isque ubi Torquatum raptim properata ferentem 350
signa uidet pugnaeque auidas accedere dextras,
fraude loci nota latebrosa per auia saltus
euolat et prouisa fugae compendia captans
uirgulta tegitur ualle ac frondentibus umbris.

Insula fluctisono circumuallata profundo 355
fastigatur aquis compressaque gurgite terras
enormis cohibet nudae sub imagine plantae:
inde Ichnusa prius Graia memorata colonis.
mox Libyci Sardus generoso sanguine fidens
Herculis ex sese mutauit nomina terrae. 360
adfluxere etiam et sedes posuere coactas
dispersi pelago post eruta Pergama Teucris.
nec paruum decus, aduecto cum classe paterna
agmine Thespiadum, terris, Iol<a>e, dedisti.
fama est, cum laceris Actaeon flebile membris 365
supplicium lueret spectatae <in> fonte Dianae,
attonitum nouitate mali fugisse parentem
per freta Aristaeum et Sardoos isse recessus.
Cyrenen monstrasse ferunt noua litora matrem.
serpentum tellus pura ac uiduata uenenis, 370
sed tristis caelo et multa uitata palude.
qua uidet Italiam, saxoso torrida dorso
exercet scopulis late freta pallidaque intus
arua coquit nimium, Cancro fumantibus Austris.
cetera propensae Cereris nutrita fauore. 375

Hoc habitu terrae nemorosa per inuia crebro
Torquatum eludens Hostus Sidonia pugnae
tela expectabat sociosque laboris Hiberos.
qui postquam appulsis animos auxere carinis,
haud mora: prorumpit latebris, aduersaque late 380
agmina inhorrescunt, longumque coire uidetur
et conferre gradum. media interualla patentis
corripiunt campi properatis eminus hastis,
donec ad expertos enses, fidissima tela,
peruentum. dira inde lues: caeduntque caduntque 385
alternique animas saeuo in mucrone relinquant.

Non equidem innumeras caedes totque horrida facta
sperarim tanto digne pro nomine rerum
pandere nec dictis bellantum aequare calorem.
sed uos, Calliope, nostro donate labori 390
nota parum magni longo tradantur ut aeuo
facta uiri, et meritum uati sacremus honorem.

Ennius, antiqua Messapi ab origine regis,
miscebat primas acies, Latiaeque superbum
uitis adornabat dextra<m> decus. hispida tellus 395
miserunt Calabri: Rudiae genuere uetustae,
nunc Rudiae solo memorabile nomen alumno.
is prima in pugna (uates ut Thracius olim,
infestam bello quateret cum Cyzicus Argo,
spicula deposito Rhodopeia pectine torsit) 400
spectandum sese non parua strage uirorum
fecerat, et dextrae gliscebat caedibus ardor.
aduolat aeternum sperans fore pelleret Hostus
si tantam labem, ac perlibrat uiribus hastam.
risit nube sedens uani conamina coepti 405
et telum procul in uentos dimisit Apollo,
ac super his: 'Nimium iuuenis nimiumque superbi
sperata hausisti. sacer hic ac magna sororum
Aonidum cura est et dignus Apolline uates.
hic canet inlustri primus bella Itala uersu 410
attolletque duces caelo, resonare docebit
hic Lat<i>is <H>elicon a modis nec cedit honore
Ascraeo famaue seni.' sic Phoebus, et Hosto
ultrix per geminum transcurrit tempus harundo.
uertuntur iuuenis casu percussa per agros 415
agmina, et effusae pariter dant terga cateruae.
tum pater audita nati nece turbidus irae
barbaricum atque immane gemens transfigit anhelum
pectus et ad manis urget uestigia nati.

At Libyae ductor, Marcello fractus et acri 420
contusus pugna, campos damnarat et arma:
uerterat ad miseras non aequi Martis Acerras.
inde, ubi permisit flammis atque ensibus urbem,
Nuceriae nihilo leuior nec parciore ira
incussit sese atque aequauit moenia terrae. 425
post Casilina sibi multum obluctatus iniquis
defendentum armis aegre reserauerat astu
limina et obsessis uitam pensauerat auro.
iamque in Dauniacos transfundens agmina campos
flectebat rabiem quo praeda uel ira uocasset. 430
fumabat uersis incensa Petilia tectis,
infelix fidei miseraeque secunda Sagunto,
at quondam Herculeam seruare superba pharetram.

Verterat et mentem Tyria ad conata Tarentus,
portisque intrarant Poeni. sed enim arce corusca, 435
fisa loco, manus Ausoniae stipata sedebat.

hic, miranda mouens, classem quae condita portu
astabat (namque angustis e faucibus aequor
erumpit scopulos inter patuloque recessu
infundit campis secretum gurgite pontum) — 440
inclusas igitur, quibus haud enare dabatur
arce superposita, claustris maris extulit astu
perque auersa tulit portatas arua carinas.
lubrica roboreis aderant substramina plaustris,
atque recens caesi tergo prolapsa iuueni 445
aequoream rota ducebat per gramina puppim.
et iam per collis dumosque ad litus adacta
innabat pelago ueniens sine remige classis.

Nuntius interea uectis non more carinis
terrentem freta curarum feruoribus implet, 450
dum procul Oebalios amet expugnare nepotes
et primus rostris sulcet naualibus arua,
adessos Capuae muros: claustra ipsa reuelli
portarum, ac totum miseris incurrere bellum.
linquit coepta ferox, pennasque addente pudore 455
atque ira simul immani per proxima motu
euolat et minitans auida ad certamina fertur.
haud secus, amisso tigris si concita fetu
emictet, attonitae paucis lustratur in horis
Caucasus et saltu tramittitur alite Ganges, 460
donec fulmineo partus uestigia cursu
colligat et rabiem preno consumat in hoste.

Obuius huic sparso Centenius agmine raptim
funditur audendi prauus facilisque periclis,
sed paruum decus Hannibali. nam uitis honore 465
perfunctus Latiae subito stimularat agrestis
semermemque manum sternendam obiecerat hosti.
bis septem demissa neci (nec substitit agmen)
milia, bis septem, quae non sollertior ense,
sed genus insignis, iustis ducebat in armis 470
Fuluius: ast aequae per corpora fusa iacentum
raptum iter est, uictorque moram non passus eundi.
exequiae tantum famam nomenque uolentem
mitifica mentis tenuerunt funere laeto.
namque per insidias, infandum, et ab hospite caesus, 475
conloquium et promissa petit dum perfida gentis
Lucanae, Gracchus caeco circumdatus astu
occiderat, laudemque Libys rapiebat humandi.

Sed nun<c>, ut scitum celerare ad moenia Poenum,
<h>a<u>d stabat res ulla loco: iam consul uterque 480

praecipites aderant, Nola uis omnis, et Arpis
aeui floridior Fabius rapida arma ferebat.
hinc Nero et hinc uolucris Silanus nocte dieque
impellebat agens properata ad bella cohortis.
undique conueniunt, pariterque opponere cunctos 485
uni ductores iuueni placet. arduus ipse
Tifata insidit, propior qua moenibus instat
collis, et e tumulis subiectam despicit urbem.
uerum ubi tot sese circumfundentibus armis
uallatas socium portas unaque negari 490
intrauisse sibi Capuaeque erumpere cernit,
anxius euentus, nunc ferro frangere coetum
obstantum meditatur, init nunc auia coepto
consilia atque astu quaerit tot milia portis
abstrahere artatis cinctosque resolvere muros. 495
sic igitur secum curasque ita corde fatigat:
'Quo, mens aegra, uocas? rursusne pericula sumam
non aecus regione loci, Capuaque uidente
terga dabo? an residens uicini uertice montis
excindi ante oculos patiar socialia tecta? 500
non ita me experti Fabius Fabiique magister
turbatum, Hesperio cum clausos milite collis
euasi uictor sparsosque per arua iuuenicos
iactare accensis stimulaui cornibus ignes.
haud dum omnes abiire doli. defendere nobis 505
si Capuam ereptum est, dabitur circumdare Romam.'

Haec postquam placita, et tenuit sententia mentem,
non expectato, Titan dum gurgite lucem
spirantis proferret equos, impellit in agmen
uoce manuque uiros et coepta immania pandit: 510
'Perge, age, uince omnem, miles, uirtute laborem
et quantum humani possunt se tendere passus,
arduis accelera. Romam petis. hoc iter Alpes,
hoc Cannae strauere tibi. eia, incute muris
umbonem Iliacis Capuaeque repende ruinas: 515
quam tanti fuerit cadere, ut Palatia cernas
et demigrantem Tarpeia sede Tonantem.'

Instincti glomerant gressus. Roma auribus haeret,
Roma oculis, creduntque ducis sollertibus actis
aptius id coeptum, quam si duxisset ab ipso 520
fatali Aeneadis campo. Vulturna citata
tramittunt alno uada postremique relincunt
tardandis Italis corruptas igne carinas.
tum Sidicina legunt pernicious arua manipulis

Threiciamque Calen, uestras a nomine nati, 525
Orith<y>ia, domos. hinc Allifanus Iaccho
haud inamatus ager nymphisque habitata Casinis
rura euasantur. mox et uicinus Aquinas
et quae fumantem texere Giganta Fregellae
agmine carpuntur uolucris. fert concitus inde 530
per iuga celsa gradum, duris qua rupibus haeret
bellator Frusino, et surgit suspensa tumentis
dorso frugiferis Cerealis Anagnina glabris.
iamque adeo est campos ingressus et arua Labici,
linquens Telegoni pulsatos ariete muros, 535
haud dignam inter tanta moram. nec amoena retentant
Algida nec iuxta Iunonis tecta Gabinae.
praeceps ad ripas immani turbine fertur,
sulphureis gelidus qua serpit leniter undis
ad genitorem Anio labens sine murmure Thybrim. 540

Hic ut signa ferox dimensaque castra locauit
et ripas tremefecit eques, perterrita pulsus
Ilia prima uadis sacro se coniugis antro
condidit, et cunctae fugerunt gurgite nymphae.
at matres Latiae, ceu moenia nulla supersint, 545
attonitae passim furibundis gressibus errant.
ante oculos astant lacerae trepidantibus umbrae,
quaeque grauem ad Trebiam quaeque ad Ticina fluentia
oppetiere necem: Paulus Gracchusque cruenti
Flaminiusque simul, miseris ante ora uagantur. 550
clausit turba uias. stat celsus et asper ab ira
ingentemque metum toruo domat ore senatus.
interdum tamen erumpunt sub casside fusae
per tacitum lacrimae: quidnam Fortuna minetur,
quidue parent superi? pubes dispersa per altas 555
stat turris atque huc uentum sub corde uolutat
ut iam Roma satis credat defendere muros.

Poenus ut ad somnos uix totam cursibus actae
indulsit pubi noctem, uigil ipse nec ullam
ad requiem facilis credensque abscedere uitae 560
quod sopor eripiat tempus, radiantibus armis
induitur Nomadumque iubet prorumpere turmas.
inde leuis frenis circum pauitancia fertur
quadrupedante sono percussae moenia Romae.
nunc aditus lustrat, clausas nunc cuspidem pulsat 565
infesta portas fruiturque timore pauentum.
nunc lentus celsis astans in collibus intrat
urbem oculis discitque locos causasque locorum.

ac legeret uisu cuncta et penetraret in omnis
spectando partis, ni magno turbine adesset 570
Fulvius haud tota Capuae obsidione relicta.
tum demum castris turmas inflexit ouantis
spectata ductor satiatus pectora Roma.
atque ubi nox depulsa polo primaque rubescit
lampade Neptunus reuocatque Aurora labores, 575
effundit rupto persultans agmina uallo
et, quantum clamare ualet: 'Per plurima uestra,
o socii, decora et sacras in sanguine dextras,
uobis ite pares et tantum audete sub armis
quantum Roma timet. reliquam hanc excindite molem: 580
nil quod uincatis toto restabit in orbe.
neu populi uos Martigenae tardarit origo:
intratam Senonum capietis milibus urbem
adsuetamque capi. fortasse curulibus altis
iam uos exemplo proauorum ad nobile letum 585
expectant de more senes mortique parantur.'

Talibus hic Poenus, sed contra Oenotria pubes
non ullas uoces ducis aut praecepta requirit.
sat matres stimulant natique et cara supinas
tendentum palmas lacrimantiaque ora parentum. 590
ostentant paruos uagituque incita pulsant
corda uirum, armatis infigunt oscula dextris.
ire uolunt et pro muris opponere densi
pectora respectantque suos fletumque resorbent.
ut uero impulso patefactae cardine portae 595
et simul erupit motis exercitus armis,
funditur immixtus gemitu precibusque per altos
ad caelum muros clangor, sparsaeque solutis
crinibus exululant matres atque ubera nudant.
Fulvius anteuolans agmen 'Quis nesciat' inquit 600
'non sponte ad nostros Poenum uenisse penatis?
a portis fugit Capuae.' subnectere plura
conantem tristis caeli cum murmure uasto
turbauit fragor et subita de nube procellae.

Iuppiter Aethiopum remeans tellure minantem 605
Romuleo Poenum ut uidit succedere uallo,
caelicolis raptim excitis defendere tecta
Dardana et in septem discurrere iusserat arces.
ipse e Tarpeio sublimis uertice cuncta,
et uentos simul et nubes et grandinis iras 610
fulminaque et tonitrus et nimbos conciet atros.
concussi tremuere poli, caelumque tenebris

clauditur, et terras caeco nox condit amictu.
instat tempestas oculis, hostique propinquo
Roma latet. iactae in turmas per nubila flammae 615
stridorem seruant, membrisque insibilat ignis.
hinc Notus, hinc Boreas, hinc fuscis Africus alis
bella mouent, quantis animos et pectora possint
irati satiare Iouis. fluit agmen aquarum
turbine confusum piceo et nigrante procella 620
atque omnis circa campos spumantibus undis
inuoluit. celsus summo de culmine montis
regnator superum sublata fulmina dextra
librauit clipeoque ducis non cedere certi
incussit. summa liquefacta est cuspis in hasta, 625
et fluxit ceu correptus fornacibus ensis.

Ambustis sed enim ductor Sidonius armis
sistebat socios et caecum e nubibus ignem
murmuraque a uentis misceri uana docebat.
tandem, post clades socium caelique ruinam, 630
non hoste in nimbis uiso, non ense, referri
signa iubet castris maestasque resuscitat iras:
'Ventis debebis nimirum hiemisque procellis
unum, Roma, diem. sed non te crastina nobis
lux umquam eripiet, descendat Iuppiter ipse 635
in terras licet.' infrendens dum talia fatur,
ecce serenato clarum iubar emicat axe,
purgatusque nitet discussis nubibus aether.
Aeneadae sensere deum telisque repostis
summissas tendunt alta ad Capitolia dextras 640
et festa cingunt montis penetralia lauro.
tum uultus, modo non paruo sudore madentis,
nunc laetos Iouis aspectant: 'Da, summe deorum,
da, pater, ut sacro Libys inter proelia telo
concidat. haud alia potis est occumbere dextra.' 645

Sic adeo orantes pressere silentia, postquam
abstulerat terras nigrantibus Hesperus umbris.
quem simul attollens rutilantem lampada Titan
obruit et uitae rediit mortalibus usus,
Poenus adest, nec se castris Oenotria pubes 650
continet. haud dum enses stricti, mediumque iacebat
tantum ad bella loci, quantum tramittere iactae
sufficerent hastae, cum fulgor hebescere caeli
per subitum coepit, densaeque subire tenebrae,
atque dies fugere, atque armari ad proelia rursus 655
Iuppiter. incumbunt uenti, crassusque rotante

Austro nimborum feruet globus. intonat ipse,
quod tremat et Rhodope Taurusque et Pindus et Atlas.
audiuere lacus Erebi, mersusque profundis
agnouit tenebris caelestia bella Typhoeus. 660
inuadit Notus ac, piceam cum grandine multa
intorquens nubem, cunctantem et uana minantem
circumagit castrisque ducem succedere cogit.

Verum ubi depositis saepsit sese aggere telis,
laeta serenati facies aperitur Olympi, 665
nullaque tam mitem credas habuisse Tonantem
fulmina, nec placido commota tonitrua caelo.
durat et adfirmans non ultra spondet in ipsos
~uenturam~ crebra diem, modo patria uirtus
in dextras redeat, nec Romam excindere Poeni 670
credant esse nefas. ubi nam tunc fulmina tandem
inuiti latuisse Iouis, cum sterneret ensis
Aetolos campos? ubi, cum Tyrrhena natarent
stagna cruore uirum? 'Pugnat pro moenibus' inquit
'si rector superum tot iactis fulmine telis, 675
inter tot motus cur me contra arma ferentem
adflixisse piget? uentis hiemique fugaces
terga damus. remeet, quaeso, mens illa uigorque,
qua uobis, cum pacta patrum, cum foedera adessent,
integrare acies placitum.' sic pectora flammat, 680
donec ecum Titan spumantia frena resoluat.
nec nox composuit curas, somnusue frementem
ausus adire uirum, et redeunt cum luce furores.
rursus in arma uocat trepidos clipeoque tremendum
increpat atque armis imitatur murmura caeli. 685

Vt uero accepit tantum confidere diuis
Ausonios patres, summissaque Baetis ad oras
auxilia, et noctu progressum moenibus agmen,
sic agitare fremens obsessos otia, iamque
securam Hannibalis Romam, uiolentior instat. 690
iamque propinquabat muro, cum Iuppiter aegram
Iunonem adloquitur curis mulcetque monendo:
'Nullane Sidonio iuueni, coniunxque sororque
cara mihi, non ulla umquam sine fine feroci
addes frena uiro? fuerit delere Saguntum, 695
exaequare Alpes, imponere uincula sacro
Eridano, foedare lacus: etiamne parabit
nostras ille domos, nostras perrumpere in arces?
siste uirum. namque, ut cernis, iam flagitat ignes
et parat accensis imitari fulmina flammis.' 700

His dictis grates agit ac turbata per auras
deuolat et prensa iuuenis Saturnia dextra
‘Quo ruis, o uecors, maioraque bella capessis
mortali quam ferre datum?’ Iuno inquit (et atram
dimouit nubem ueroque apparuit ore) ⁷⁰⁵
‘non tibi cum Phrygio res Laurentiue colono:
en, age (namque, oculis amota nube parumper,
cernere cuncta dabo), surgit qua celsus ad auras,
aspice, montis apex, uocitata Palatia regi
Parrhasio plena tenet et resonante pharetra ⁷¹⁰
intenditque arcum et pugnas meditatur Apollo.
at, qua uicinis tollit se collibus altae
molis Auentinus, uiden’, ut Latonia uirgo
accensas quatiat Phlegethontis gurgite taedas
exertos auide pugnae nudata lacertos? ⁷¹⁵
parte alia, cerne, ut saeuus Graduius in armis
implerit dictum proprio de nomine campum.
hinc Ianus mouet arma manu, mouet inde Quirinus,
quisque suo de colle deus. sed enim aspice, quantus
aegida commoueat nimbos flammisque uomentem ⁷²⁰
Iuppiter et quantis pascat ferus ignibus iras.
huc uultus flecte atque aude spectare Tonantem:
quas hiemes, quantos concusso uertice cernis
sub nutu tonitrus! oculis qui fulgurat ignis!
cede deis tandem et Titania desine bella.’ ⁷²⁵
sic adfata uirum indocilem pacisque modique,
mirantem superum uultus et flammea membra
abstrahit ac pacem terris caeloque reponit.

Respectans abit et castris auulsa moueri
signa iubet ductor remeaturumque minatur. ⁷³⁰
redditur extemplo flagrantior aethere lampas,
et tremula infuso resplendent caerulea Phoebō.
at procul e muris uidere ut signa reuelli
Aeneadae uersumque ducem, tacita ora uicissim
ostentant nutuque docent quod credere magno ⁷³⁵
non audent haerente metu, nec abire uolentis
sed fraudem insidiasque putant et Punica corda,
ac tacitae natis infigunt oscula matres:
donec procedens oculis sese abstulit agmen
suspectosque dolos dempto terrore resoluit. ⁷⁴⁰
tum uero passim sacra in Capitolia pergunt
inque uicem amplexi permixta uoce triumphum
Tarpeii clamant Iouis ac delubra coronant.
iamque omnis pandunt portas: ruit undique laetum

non sperata petens dudum sibi gaudia uulgus. 745
hi spectant, quo fixa loco tentoria regis
astiterint, hi, qua celsus de sede uocatas
adfatus fuerit turmas, ubi belliger Astur
atque ubi atrox Garamas saeuusque tetenderit Hammon.
corpora nunc uiua sparguntur gurgitis unda, 750
nunc Anienicolis statuunt altaria nymphis.
tum festam repetunt lustratis moenibus urbem.

LIBER XIII

Segne iter emenso uix dum Tarpeia uideri
culmina desierant, toruos cum uersus ad urbem
ductor Agenoreus uultus remeare parabat.
castra locat, nulla laedens ubi gramina ripa
Tutia deducit tenuem sine nomine riuum 5
et tacite Tuscis inglorius adfluit undis.
hic modo primores socium, modo iussa deorum,
nunc sese increpitat: 'Dic o, cui Lydia caede
creuerunt stagna et concussa est Daunia tellus
armorum tonitru, quas exanimatus in oras 10
signa refers? qui mucro tuum, quae lancea tandem
intrauit pectus? si nunc existeret alma
Carthago ante oculos turrita celsa figura,
quas abitus, miles, causas, inlaese, dedisses?
'Imbres, o patria, et mixtos cum grandine nimbos 15
et tonitrus fugio.' procul hanc expellite genti
femineam Tyriae labem, nisi luce serena
nescire ac liquida Mauortem agitare sub aethra.'

Terror adhuc inerat superum ac redolentia in armis
fulmina et ante oculos irati pugna Tonantis. 20
parendi tamen et cuicumque incumbere iusso
durabat uigor, ac sensim diffusus ad oras
signa reportandi crescebat in agmine feruor.
sic, ubi perrupit stagnantem calculus undam,
exiguos format per prima uolumina gyros, 25
mox tremulum uibrans motu gliscente liquorem
multiplicat crebros sinuati gurgitis orbes,
donec postremo laxatis circulus oris
contingat geminas patulo curuamine ripas.

At contra Argyripae prauum decus (inclita namque 30
semina ab Oenea ductoris stirpe trahebat
Aetoli — Dasio fuit haud ignobile nomen:
laetus opum, sed clauda fides, seseque calenti
addiderat Poeno Latiae diffisus habenae) —
is uoluens ueterum memorata antiqua parentum 35
'Longo miles' ait 'quateret cum Teucria bello
Pergama et ad muros staret sine sanguine Mauors,
sollicitis Calchas (nam sic fortissimus heros
poscenti socero saepe inter pocula Dauno
narrabat memori Diomedes condita mente) — 40
sed Calchas Danaïs, nisi clausum ex sedibus arcis

armisonae curent simulacrum auellere diuae,
non umquam adfirmat Therapnaeis Ilion armis
cessurum aut Ladae rediturum nomen Amyclas.
quippe deis uisum, ne cui perrumpere detur 45
effigies ea quas umquam possederit urbes.
tum meus adiuncto monstratam euadit in arcem
Tydides Ithaco et dextra <a>molitus in ipso
custodes aditu templi caeleste reportat
Palladium ac nostris aperit mala Pergama fatis. 50
nam postquam Oenotris fundauit finibus urbem,
aeger delicti Phrygium placare colendo
numen et Iliacos parat exorare Penatis.
ingens iam templum celsa surgebat in arce,
Laomedontaeae sedes ingrata Mineruae, 55
cum medios inter somnos altamque quietem
nec celata deam et minitans Tritonia uirgo:
“Non haec, Tydide, tantae pro laudis honore
digna paras: non Garganus nec Daunia tellus
debentur nobis. quaere in Laurentibus aruis 60
qui nunc prima locant melioris moenia Troiae.
huc uittas castumque refer penetrale parentum.”
quis trepidus monitis Saturnia regna capessit.
iam Phryx condebat Lauinia Pergama uictor
armaque Laurenti figebat Troia luco. 65
uerum ubi Tyrrheni peruentum ad fluminis undas
castraque Tydides posuit fulgentia ripa,
Priamidae intremuere metu. tum pignora pacis
praetendens dextra ramum canentis oliuae
sic orsus Dauni gener inter murmura Teucrum: 70
“Pone, Anchisiade, memores irasque metusque.
quicquid ad Idaeos Xanthum Simoentaque nobis
sanguine sudatum Scaetaeque ad limina portae,
haud nostrum est: egere dei duraeque sorores.
nunc age, quod superest cur non melioribus aevi 75
ducimus auspiciis? dextras iungamus inermis:
foederis en haec testis erit.” ueniamque precatus
Troianam ostentat trepidis de puppe Mineruam.
haec ausos Celtas inrumpere moenia Romae
corripuit leto neque tot de milibus unum 80
ingentis populi patrias dimisit ad aras.’

His fractus ductor conuelli signa manipulis
optato laetis abitu iubet. itur in agros
diues ubi ante omnis colitur Feronia luco
et sacer umectat Flauinia rura Capenas. 85

fama est intactas longaeui ab origine fani
creuisse, in medium congestis undique donis,
immensum per tempus opes, lustrisque relictum
innumeris aurum solo seruante pauore.

hac auidas mentes ac barbara corda rapina 90
polluit atque armat contemptu pectora diuum.
aui tunc longinqua placent, quae sulcat aratro
ad freta porrectis Trinacria Bruttius aruis.

Dum Libys haud laetus Regina ad litora tendit,
uictor summoto patriis a finibus hoste 95
Fuluius infaustam Campana ad moenia clausis
portabat famam miserisque extrema mouebat.
tum prensans passim, cuicumque est nomen in armis:
'Dedecus hoc defende manu: cur perfida et urbi
altera Carthago nostrae post foedera rupta 100
et missum ad portas Poenum, post iura petita
consulis alterni stat adhuc et turribus altis
Hannibalem ac Libycas expectat lenta cohortis?'
miscebat dictis facta et nunc robore celsas
educi turris, quis uinceret ardua muri, 105
cogebat, nunc coniunctas astringere nodis
instabat ferroque trabes, quo frangeret altos
portarum postes quateretque morantia claustra.
hic latera intextus stellatis axibus agger,
hic grauida armato surgebat uinea dorso. 110
at postquam properata satis quae commonet usus,
dat signum atque alacer scalis transcendere muros
imperat ac saeuis urbem terroribus implet.

Tum subito dextrum offulsit conatibus omen.
cerua fuit, raro terris spectata colore, 115
quae candore niuem, candore anteiret olores.
hanc agreste Capys donum, cum moenia sulco
signaret, grato paruae mollitus amore
nutrierat sensusque hominis donarat alendo.
inde exuta feram docilisque accedere mensis 120
atque ultro blanda attactu gaudebat erili.
aurato matres adsuetae pectine mitem
comere et umentis fluuio reuocare colorem.
numen erat iam cerua loci, famulamque Dianae
credebant, ac tura deum de more dabantur. 125
haec aeui uitaeque tenax felixque senectam
mille indefessos uiridem duxisse per annos
saeclorum numero Troianis condita tecta
aequabat. sed iam longo nox uenerat aeuo.

nam, subito incursu saeuorum agitata luporum 130
qui noctis tenebris urbem (miserabile bello
prodigium) intrarant, primos ad luminis ortus
extulerat sese portis pauidaque petebat
consternata fuga positos ad moenia campos.
exceptam laeto iuuenum certamine ductor 135
mactat, diua, tibi (tibi enim haec gratissima sacra)
Fulvius atque 'Adsis,' orat 'Latonia, coeptis.'
inde alacer fidensque dea circumdata clausis
arma mouet, quaque obliquo curuantur in or**e****m**
moenia flexa sinu, spissa uallata corona 140
alligat et telis in morem indiginis ambit.

Dum pautant, spumantis equi fera corda fatigans
euehitur porta sublimis Taurea cristis
bellator, cui Sidonius superare lacerto
ductor et Autololas dabat et Maurusia tela. 145
is trepido ac lituum tinnitu stare neganti
imperitans uiolenter equo, postquam auribus hostis
uicinum sese uidet et clamare propincu**m**,
'Claudius huic' inquit (praestabat Claudius arte
bellandi et merita mille inter proelia fama) 150
'huic' inquit 'solum, si qua est fiducia dextrae,
det sese campo atque ineat certamina mecum.'

Vna mora Aeneadae, postquam uox attigit auris,
dum daret auspicium **i**usque in certamina ductor:
praeueticum namque et capital committere Martem 155
sponte uiris. erumpit ouans, ut Fulvius arma
imperio soluit, patulumque inuectus in aequor
erigit undantem glomerato puluere nubem.
indignatus opem ammenti socioque iuuare
expulsum nodo iaculum atque accersere uires 160
Taurea uibrabat nudis conatibus hastam:
inde ruens ira telum contorquet in auras.
at non idem animus Rutulo: spec**u**latur et omni
corpore perlustrat qua sit certissima ferro
in uulnus uia, nunc uibrat, nunc comprimit hastam 165
mentiturque minas. mediam tunc transiit ictu
parmam, sed grato f**r**audata est sanguine cuspis.
tum strictum propere uagina detegit ensem.
et iam ferrata rapiebat calce uolantem
Taurea cornipedem fugiens minitancia fata. 170
nec Rutulus leuior cedentis perdere terga:
nam profugo rapidus fuis instabat habenis,
utque metus uictum, sic ira et gloria portis

uictorem immisit meritique cupido cruoris.
ac dum uix oculis, uix credunt mentibus hostem 175
confisum nullo comitante inrumpere tectis,
per mediam propere trepidantum interritus urbem
egit ecum auersaque euasit ad agmina porta.

Hinc ardore pari nisuque incurrere muris
ignescunt animi penetrataque tecta subire. 180
tela simul flammaeque micant. tunc saxeus imber
ingruit, et summis ascendunt turribus hastae.
nec pronum audendi uirtute excellere cuiquam:
aequarunt irae dextras. Dictaea per auras
tranat et in medium perlabitur urbis harundo. 185
laetatur non hortandi, non plura monendi
Fuluius esse locum. rapiunt sibi quisque laborem.
quos ubi tam erectos animi uidet, et super esse
factorum sibi quemque ducem, ruit impete uasto
ad portam magnaеque optat discrimina famaе. 190

Tres claustra aequaeuo seruabant corpore fratres,
quis delecta manus centeni cuique ferebant
excubias unaque locum statione tenebant.
forma ex his Numitor, cursu plantaque uolucris
praestabat Laurens, membrorum mole Taburnus. 195
sed non una uiris tela: hic mirabilis arcu,
ille hastam quater ac medicatae cuspidis ictu
proelia moliri et nudo non credere ferro,
tertius aptabat flammis ac sulphure taedas:
qualis Atlantiaco memoratur litore quondam 200
monstrum Geryones immane tricorporis irae,
cui tres in pugna dextrae uaria arma gerebant:
una ignes saeuos, ast altera pone sagittas
fundeat, ualidam torquebat tertia cornum,
atque uno diuersa dabat tria uulnera nisu. 205
hos ubi non aequis uariantes proelia consul
conspexit telis et portae limina circum
stragem ac perfusos subeuntum sanguine postis,
concitatur intortam furiatis uiribus hastam.
letum triste ferens auras secat Itala taxus 210
et, qua nudarat, dum fundit spicula ab alto,
arcum protendens Numitor latus, ilia transit.
at non obsaepto contentus limine Martem
exercere, leuis bello, sed turbidus ausi,
Virrius incauto feruore eruperat amens 215
reclusa in campum porta miseramque furori
uincunt obtulerat pubem. ruit obuia in arma

Scipio et oblatum metit insatiabilis agmen.
Tifata umbrifero generatum monte Calenum
nutrierant audere trucem, nec corpore magno 220
mens erat inferior. subsidere saepe leonem,
nudus inire caput pugnās, certare iuuenco
atque obliqua truci deducere cornua tauri
adsuerat crudoque ~aliqua se attollere facto.
is, dum praecipites expellit Virrius urbe, 225
seu spreto, seu ne fieret mora, nudus in aequor
thorace exierat leuiorque premebat anhelos
pondere loricae et palantis uictor agebat.
iamque Veliternum media transegerat aluo,
iam solitum aequali ludo committere equestris 230
Scipiadae pugnās Marium tellure reuulso
perculerat saxo. miser implorabat amicum
cum gemitu expirans, scopulusque premebat hiantem.
sed ualidas saeuo uires duplicante dolore
effudit lacrimas pariter cornumque sonantem 235
Scipio, solamen properans optabile in armis
hostem prostrato morientem ostendere amico.
tranauit, uolucris liquidas ceu scinderet auras,
hasta uiri pectus rupitque immania membra:
quanta est uis agili per caerula summa Liburnae, 240
quae, pariter quotiens reuocatae ad pectora tonsae
percussere fretum, uentis fugit ocior et se,
quam longa est, uno remorum praeterit ictu.
Ascanium Volesus, proiectis ocuis armis
quo leuior peteret muros, per aperta uolantem 245
adsequitur planta. deiectum protinus ense
ante pedes domini iacuit caput, ipse secutus
corruiit ulterior procursus impete truncus.
nec spes obsessis ultra reserata tueri
moenia: conuertunt gressus recipique precantis 250
(infandum) excludunt socios dum cardine uerso
obnixa torquent obices, munimina sera.
acrius hoc instant Itali clausosque fatigant.
et, ni caeca sinu terras nox conderet atro,
perfractae rapido patuissent milite portae. 255

Sed non in requiem pariter cessere tenebrae:
hinc sopor impavidus, qualem uictoria mouit;
at Capua aut maestis ululantum flebile matrum
questibus aut gemitu trepidantum exterrita patrum
tormentis finem metamque laboribus orat. 260
mussat perfidiae ductor coetuque senatus

Virrius a Poeno nullam docet esse salutem,
uociferans pulsus uiuendi e pectore curis:
‘Sperauī sceptrā Ausoniae pepigique, sub armis
si dexter Poenis deus et Fortuna fuisset, 265
ut Capuam Iliaci migrarent regna Quirini.
qui quaterent muros Tarpeiaque moenia, misi;
nec mihi poscendi uigor afuit, alter ut aequos
portaret fasces nostro de nomine consul.
hactenus est uixisse satis. dum copia noctis, 270
cui cordi comes aeterna est Acherontis ad undam
libertas, petat ille meas mensasque dapesque
et uictus mentem fuso per membra Lyaeo
sopitoque necis morsu medicamina cladis
hauriat ac placidis exarmet fata uenenis.’ 275
haec ait et turba repetit comitante penatis.

Aedibus in mediis consurgens ilice multa
extruitur rogus, hospitium commune peremptis.
nec uulgum cessat furiare dolorque pauorque.
nunc menti Decius serae redit et bona uirtus 280
exilio punita truci. despectat ab alto
sacra Fides agitatque uirum fallacia corda.
uox occulta subit passim diffusa per auras:
‘Foedera, mortales, ne saeuo rumpite ferro,
sed castam seruare Fidem. fulgentibus ostro 285
haec potior regnis. dubio qui frangere rerum
gaudebit pacta ac tenuis spes linquet amici,
non illi domus, aut coniunx, aut uita manebit
umquam expers luctus lacrimaeque. aget aequore semper
ac tellure premens, aget aegrum nocte dieque 290
despecta ac uiolata Fides.’ adit omnia iamque
concilia ac mensas contingit et abdita nube
accumbitque toris epulaturque improba Erinys.
ipsa etiam Stygio spumantia pocula tabo
porrigit et large poenas letumque ministrat. 295
Virrius interea, dum dat penetrare medullas
exitio, ascenditque pyram atque amplexibus haeret
iungentum fata et subici iubet ocus ignis.

Stringebant tenebrae metas, uictorque ruebat.
iamque superstantem muro sociosque Milonem 300
uoce attollentem pubes Campana uidebat.
pandunt attoniti portas trepidoque capessunt
castra inimica gradu, quis leto auertere poenas
defuerant animi. patet urbs confessa furorem
et reserat Tyrio maculatas hospite sedes. 305

matronae puerique ruunt maestumque senatus
concilium nullique hominum lacrimabile uulgus.
stabant innixi pilis exercitus omnis
spectabantque uiros et laeta et tristia ferre
indocilis nunc propexis in pectora barbis 310
uerrere humum, nunc foedantis in puluere crinem
canentem et turpi lacrima precibusque pudendis
femineum tenues ululatum fundere in auras.

Atque ea dum miles miratur inertia facta
expectatque ferox sternendi moenia signum, 315
ecce repens tacito percurrit pectora sensu
religio et saeuas componit numine mentis,
ne flammam taedasque uelint, ne templa sub uno
in cinerem traxisse rogo. subit intima corda
perlabens sensim mitis deus. ille superbae 320
fundamenta Capyn posuisse antiquitus urbi
non cuiquam uisus passim monet, ille refusus
in spatium immensum campis habitanda relinqui
utile tecta docet. paulatim atrocibus irae
languescunt animis, et uis mollita senescit. 325
Pan Ioue missus erat seruari tecta uolente
Troia, pendenti similis Pan semper et imo
uix ulla inscribens terrae uestigia cornu.
dextera lasciuit caesa Tegeatide capra
uerbera laeta mouens festa per compita cauda. 330
cingit acuta comas et opacat tempora pinus,
ac parua erumpunt rubicunda cornua fronte.
stant aures, imoque cadit barba hispida mento.
pastorale deo baculum, pellisque sinistrum
uelat grata latus tenerae de corpore dammae. 335
nulla in praeruptum tam prona et inhospita cautes,
in qua non librans corpus similisque uolanti
cornipedem tulerit praecisa per auia plantam.
interdum inflexus medio nascentia tergo
respicit adridens hirtae ludibria caudae, 340
obtendensque manum solem inferuescere fronti
arcet et umbrato perlustrat pascua uisu.
hic, postquam mandata dei perfecta malamque
sedauit rabiem et permulsit corda furentum,
Arcadiae uolucris saltus et amata reuisit 345
Maenala, ubi argutis longe de uertice sacro
dulce sonans calamis ducit stabula omnia cantu.

At legio Ausonidum, flammas ductore iubente
arceri portis stantisque relinquere muros

(mite decus mentis), condunt ensesque facesque. 350
multa deum templis domibusque nitentibus auro
egeritur praeda et uictus alimenta superbi,
quisque bonis periere, uirum de corpore uestes
femineae mensaeque alia tellure petitae
poculaque Eoa luxum irritantia gemma. 355
nec modus argento, caelataque pondera facti
tantum epulis auri, tum passim corpora longo
ordine captiua, et domibus deprompta talenta,
pascere longincum non deficientia bellum,
immensique greges famulae ad conuiuia turbae. 360

Fuluius, ut finem spoliandis aedibus aere
belligero reuocante dedit, sublimis ab alto
suggestu, magnis fautor non futilis ausis,
'Lanuuiο generate,' inquit 'quem Sospita Iuno
dat nobis, Milo, Gradiui cape uictor honorem, 365
tempora murali cinctus turrita corona.'
tum sontes procerum meritosque piacula prima
acciet et iusta punit commissa securi.
~hic atrox uirtus (nec enim oculuisse probarim
spectatum uel in hoste decus) clamore feroci 370
Taurea 'Tune' inquit 'ferro spoliabis inultus
te maiorem anima, et iusso lictore recisa
ignauos cadet ante pedes fortissima ceruix?
haud umquam hoc uobis dederit deus.' inde minaci
obutu toruum contra et furiale renidens 375
bellatorem alacer per pectora transigit ense.
cui ductor: 'Patriam moriens comitare cadentem.
qui nobis animus, quae dextera cuique uiritim,
decernet Mauors. tibi, si rebare pudendum
iussa pati, licuit pugnanti occumbere letum.' 380

Dum Capua infaustam luit haud sine sanguine culpam,
interea geminos terra crudelis Hibera
Fortuna abstulerat permiscens tristia laetis
Scipiadas, magnumque decus magnumque dolorem.
forte Dicarchea iuuenis dum sedit in urbe 385
Scipio post belli repetens extrema penatis,
huc tristis lacrimas et funera acerba suorum
fama tulit. duris quamquam non cedere suetus
pulsato lacerat uiolenter pectore amictus.
non comites tenuisse ualent, non ullus honorum 390
militiaeue pudor. pietas irata sinistris
caelicolis furit atque odit solacia luctus.
iamque dies iterumque dies absumpta querelis:

uersatur species ante ora oculosque parentum.
ergo excire parat manis animasque suorum 395
adloquioque uirum tantos mulcere dolores.
hortatur uicina palus, ubi signat Auerni
squalentem introitum stagnans Acherusius umor.
noscere uenturos agitat mens protinus annos.

Sic ad Cymaeam, quae tum sub nomine Phoebi 400
Autonoe tripodas sacros antrumque tenebat,
fert gressus iuuenis consultaque pectoris aegri
pandit et aspectus orat contingere patrum.
nec cuncta<ta> diu uates 'Mactare repostis
mos umbris' inquit 'consueta piacula nigras 405
sub lucem pecudes reclusaeque abdere terrae
manantem iugulis spirantum caede cruorem.
tunc populos tibi regna suos pallentia mittent.
cetera quae poscis maiori uate canentur.
namque tibi Elysio repetita oracula campo 410
eliciam ueterisque dabo inter sacra Sibyllae
cernere fatidicam Phoebai pectoris umbram.
uade, age et, a medio cum se nox umida cursu
flexerit, ad fauces uicini castus Auerni
duc praedicta sacris duro placamina Diti: 415
mella simul tecum et puri fer dona Lyaei.'

Hoc alacer monitu et promissae nomine uatis,
adparat occulto monstrata piacula coepto.
inde ubi nox iussam procedens contigit horam,
et spatia aequarunt tenebras transacta futuras, 420
consurgit stratis pergitque ad turbida portae
ostia Tartarae, penitus quis abdita uates
promissa implerat Stygioque sedebat in antro.
tum, qua se primum rupta tellure recludit
inuisus caelo specus atque eructat acerbam 425
Cocyti laxo suspirans ore paludem,
inducit iuuenem ferroque cauare refossam
ocius urget humum atque arcanum murmur anhelans
ordine mactari pecudes iubet. ater operto
ante omnis taurus regi, tum proxima diuae 430
caeditur Hennaee casta ceruice iuuenca.
inde tibi, Alecto, tibi, numquam laeta Megaera,
corpora lanigerum procumbunt lecta bidentum.
fundunt mella super Bacchique et lactis honorem.
'Sta, iuuenis, faciemque, Erebo quae surgit ab omni,' 435
exclamat uates 'patere. accedentia cerno
Tartara et ante oculos adsistere tertia regna.

ecce ruunt uariae species et quicquid ab imo
natum hominum extinctumque chao est' (iam cuncta uidebat,
Cyclopas Scyllamque et pastos membra uirorum 440
Odrysiae telluris equos): 'contende tueri
eductumque tene uagina interritus ensem.
quaecumque ante animae tendent potare cruorem
dissice, dum castae procedat imago Sibyllae.
interea cerne, ut gressus inhumata citatos 445
fert umbra et properat tecum coniungere dicta,
cui datur ante atros absumpti corporis ignes
sanguine non tacto solitas effundere uoces.'
aspicit et subito turbatus Scipio uisu
'Quinam te, qui casus,' ait 'dux maxime, fessae 450
eripuit patriae, cum talis horrida poscant
bella uiros? nec enim dextra concesserit ulli
Appius aut astu. decimum lux rettulit ortum,
ut te, cum Capua remearem, uulnera uidi
mulcentem, hoc uno maestum, quod adire nequires 455
saucius ad muros et Martis honore careres.'

Contra quae ductor: 'Fesso mihi proxima tandem
lux gratos Phaethontis equos auertit et atris
aeternum demisit aquis. sed lenta meorum
dum uanos ritus cura et sollemnia uulgi 460
exequitur, cessat flammis imponere corpus,
ut portet tumulis per longum membra paternis.
quod te per nostri Martis precor aemula facta,
arce quae putris artus medicamina seruant
daque uago portas quamprimum Acherontis adire.' 465

Tunc iuuenis: 'Gens o ueteris pulcherrima Clausi,
haud ulla ante tuam, quamquam non parua fatigent,
curarum prior extiterit. namque ista per omnis
discrimen seruat populos uariatque iacentum
exequias tumuli et cinerum sententia discors. 470
tellure, ut perhibent, (is mos anticus) Hibera
exanima obscenus consumit corpora uultur.
regia cum lucem posuerunt membra, probatum est
Hyrcanis adhibere canes. Aegyptia tellus
claudit odorato post funus stantia saxo 475
corpora et a mensis exanguem haud separat umbram.
exhausto instituit Pontus uacuare cerebro
ora uirum et longum medicata reponit in aeuum.
quid qui reclusa nudos Garamantes harena
infodiunt? quid qui saeuo sepelire profundo 480
exanimos mandant Libycis Nasamones in oris?

at Celtae uacui capitis circumdare gaudent
ossa, nefas, auro ac mensis ea pocula seruant.
Cecropidae ob patriam Mauortis sorte peremptos
decreuere simul communibus urere flammis. 485
at gente in Scythica suffixa cadauera truncis
lenta dies sepelit putri liquentia tabo.'

Talia dum memorant, umbra ueniente Sibyllae
Autonoe 'Finem hic' inquit 'sermonibus adde
alternis. haec, haec ueri fecunda sacerdos, 490
cui tantum patuit rerum, quanto ipse negarit
plus nouisse deus. me iam comitante tuorum
tempus abire globo et pecudes imponere flammis.'

At grauida arcanis Cymes anus attigit ore
postquam sacrificum delibauitque cruorem, 495
in decus egregiae uultus intenta iuuentae
'Aetherea fruerer cum luce, haud segniter' inquit
'Cymaeo populis uox nostra sonabat in antro.
tum te permixtum saeculis rebusque futuris
Aeneadam cecini. sed non sat digna mearum 500
cura tuis uocum. nec enim conquirere dicta
aut seruare fuit proauis sollertia uestris.
uerum age, disce, puer, quando cognoscere cordi est,
iam tua deque tuis pendentia Dardana fatis.
namque tibi cerno properatum oracula uitae 505
hinc petere et patrios uisu contingere manis.
armifero uictor patrem ulcisceris Hiberno
creditus ante annos Martem, ferroque resoues
gaudia Poenorum et missum laetabere bello
omen, Hiberiacis uicta Carthagine terris. 510
maius ad imperium posthac capiere, nec ante
Iuppiter absistet cura, quam cuncta fugarit
in Libyam bella et uincendum duxerit ipse
Sidonium tibi rectorem. pudet urbis iniquae
quod post haec decus hoc patriaque domoque carebit.' 515
sic uates gressumque lacus uertebat ad atros.

Tum iuuenis 'Quaecumque datur sors durior aevi,
obnitemur,' ait 'culpa modo pectora cessent.
sed, te oro, quando uitae tibi causa labores
humanos iuuisse fuit, siste, inclita uirgo, 520
paulisper gressum et nobis manisque silentum
enumera Stygiaeque aperi formidinis aulam.'

Adnuit illa quidem, sed 'Non optanda recludis
regna:' ait 'hic tenebras habitant uolitantque per umbras
innumeri quondam populi. domus omnibus una. 525

in medio uastum late se tendit inane:
huc, quicquid terrae, quicquid freta et igneus aer
nutriuit primo mundi genitalis ab aeuo
Mors communis agit: descendunt cuncta, capitque
campus iners quantum interiit restatque futurum. 530
cingunt regna decem portae: quarum una receptat
belligeros dura Gradiui sorte creatos;
altera, qui legis posuere atque inclita iura
gentibus et primas fundarunt moenibus urbes;
tertia ruricolae, Cereris iustissima turba 535
quae uenit ad manis et fraudum inlaesa ueneno.
exin, qui laetas artis uitaeque colendae
inuenere uiam nec dedignanda parenti
carmina fuderunt Phoebus, sua limina seruant.
proxima, quos uenti saeuaeque hausere procellae, 540
naufraga porta rapit: sic illam nomine dicunt.
finitima huic noxa grauido et peccasse fatenti
uasta patet populo: poenas Rhadamanthus in ipso
expetit introitu mortumque exercet inanem.
septima femineis reseratur porta cateruis, 545
umentis ubi casta fouet Proserpina lucos.
infantum hinc gregibus uersasque ad funera taedas
passis uirginibus turbaeque in limine lucis
est iter extinctae et uagitu ianua nota.
tum seducta loco et laxata lucida nocte 550
claustra nitent, quae secreti per limitis umbram
Elysios ducunt campos: hic turba piorum,
nec Stygio in regno, caeli nec posta sub axe,
uerum ultra Oceanum sacro contermina fonti
Lethaeos potat latices, obliuia mentis. 555
extrema hinc auro fulgens iam lucis honorem
sentit et admoto splendet ceu sidere lunae.
hac animae caelum repetunt ac mille peractis
oblitae Ditem redeunt in corpora lustris.
has passim nigrum pandens Mors lurida rictum 560
itque reditque uias et portis omnibus errat.

Tum iacet in spatium sine corpore pigra uorago
limosique lacus: large exundantibus urit
ripas saeuus aquis Phlegethon et turbine anhelus
flammarum resonans saxosa incendia torquet. 565
parte alia torrens Cocytos sanguinis atri
uerticibus furit et spumanti gurgite fertur.
at, magnis semper diuis regique deorum
iurari dignata palus, picis horrida riuo,

fumiferum uoluit Styx inter sulphura limum. 570
tristior his Acheron sanie crassoque ueneno
aestuat et gelidam eructans cum murmure harenam
descendit nigra lentus per stagna palude.
hanc potat saniem non uno Cerberus ore,
haec et Tisiphones sunt pocula, et atra Megaera 575
hanc sitit ac nullo rabies restinguitur haustu.
ultimus erumpit lacrimarum fontibus amnis
ante aulam atque aditus et inexorabile limen.

Quanta cohors omni stabulante per atria monstro
excubat et manis permixto murmure terret! 580
luctus edax Maciesque, malis comes addita morbis,
et Maeror pastus fletu et sine sanguine Pallor
Curaeque Insidiaequae atque hinc queribunda Senectus,
hinc angens utraque manu sua guttura Liuor
et, deforme malum ac sceleri procliuius, Egestas 585
Errorque infido gressu et Discordia gaudens
permiscere fretum caelo. sedet ostia Ditis
centenis suetus Briareus recludere palmis
et Sphinx uirgineos rictus infecta cruore
Scyllaque Centaurique truces umbraequae Gigantum. 590
Cerberus hic ruptis peragrat cum Tartara uinclis,
non ipsa Alecto, non feta furore Megaera
audet adire ferum, dum fractis mille catenis
uiperea latrans circumligat ilia cauda.

Dextra uasta comas nemorosaque brachia fundit 595
taxus Cocyti rigua frondosior unda.
hic dirae uolucres pastusque cadauere uultur
et multus bubo ac sparsis strix sanguine pennis
Harpyiaequae fouent nidos atque omnibus haerent
condensae foliis: saeuit stridoribus arbor. 600
has inter formas coniunx Iunonis Auernae
suggestu residens cognoscit crimina regum.
stant uincti, seroque piget sub iudice culpa:
circum errant Furiae Poenarumque omnis imago.
quam uellent numquam sceptris fulsisse superbis! 605
insultant duro imperio non digna nec aequa
ad superos passi manes, quaeque ante profari
non licitum uiuis, tandem permissa queruntur.
tunc alius saeuis religatur rupe catenis,
ast alius subigit saxum contra ardua montis, 610
uipereo domat hunc aeterna Megaera flagello.
taliam letiferis restant patienda tyrannis.
sed te maternos tempus cognoscere uultus,

cuius prima uenit non tardis passibus umbra.'

Astabat fecunda Iouis Pomponia furto. 615
namque ubi cognouit Latio surgentia bella
Poenorum Venus, insidias anteire laborans
Iunonis fusa sensim per pectora patrem
implicuit flamma. quae ni prouisa fuissent,
Sidonia Iliacas nunc uirgo accenderet aras. 620
ergo ubi gustatus cruor admonuitque Sibylla
et dedit alternos ambobus noscere uultus,
sic iuuenis prior: 'O magni mihi numinis instar,
cara parens, quam, te ut nobis uidisse liceret,
optassem Stygias uel leto intrare tenebras! 625
quae sors nostra fuit, cui te, cum prima subiret,
eripuit sine honore dies et funere carpsit?'
excipit his mater: 'Nullos, o nate, labores
mors habuit nostra: aetherio dum pondere partum
exsoluor, miti dextra Cyllenia proles 630
imperio Iouis Elysias deduxit in oras
attribuitque paris sedes, ubi magna moratur
Alcidae genetrix, ubi sacro munere Leda.
uerum age, nate, tuos ortus, ne bella pauescas
ulla nec in caelum dubites te attollere factis, 635
quando aperire datur nobis, nunc denique disce.
sola die caperem medio cum forte petitos
ad requiem somnos, subitus mihi membra ligauit
amplexus, non ille meo ueniente marito
adsuetus facilisque mihi. tum luce corusca, 640
implebat quamquam languentia lumina somnu<s>,
uidi, crede, Iouem. nec me mutata fefellit
forma dei, quod squalentem conuersus in anguem
ingenti traxit curuata uolumina gyro.
sed mihi post partum non ultra ducere uitam 645
concessum. heu, quantum gemui, quod spiritus ante
haec tibi quam noscenda darem discessit in auras!'
his alacer colla amplexu materna petebat,
umbraque ter frustra per inane petita fefellit.

Succedunt simulacra uirum concordia, patris 650
unanimique simul patrui. ruit ipse per umbram
oscula uana petens iuuenis fumoque uolucris
et nebulis similes animas adprendere certat.
'Quis te, care pater, quo stabant Italia regna
exosus Latium deus abstulit? hei mihi! nam cur 655
ulla fuere adeo quibus a te saeuus abessem
momenta? opposito mutassem pectore mortem.

quantos funeribus uestris gens Itala passim
dat gemitus! tumulus uobis censente senatu
Mauortis geminus surgit per gramina campo.’ 660
nec passi plura, in medio sermone loquentis
sic adeo incipiunt. prior haec genitoris imago:
‘Ipsa quidem uirtus sibimet pulcherrima merces;
dulce tamen uenit ad manis, cum gratia uitae
durat apud superos nec edunt obliuia laudem. 665
uerum age, fare, decus nostrum, te quanta fatiget
militia. heu, quotiens intrat mea pectora terror,
cum repeto, quam saeuus eas, ubi magna pericla
contingunt tibi. per nostri, fortissime, leti
obtestor causas, Martis moderare furori. 670
sat tibi sint documenta domus. octaua terebat
arentem culmis messem crepitantibus aestas,
ex quo cuncta mihi calcata meoque subibat
germano deuicta iugum Tartessia tellus.
nos miserae muros et tecta renata Sagunto, 675
nos dedimus Baetem nullo potare sub hoste,
nobis indomitus conuertit terque quaterque
germanus terga Hannibalis. pro barbara numquam
impolluta fides! peterem cum uictor adesum
cladibus Hasdrubalem, subito uenale, cohortes 680
Hispanae, uulgus, Libyci quas fecerat auri
Hasdrubal, abrupto liquerunt agmine signa.
tunc hostis socio desertos milite multum
ditior ipse uiris spisso circumdedit orbe.
non segnis nobis nec inultis, nate, peracta est 685
illa suprema dies, et laude inclusimus aeuum.’

Excipit inde suos frater coniungere casus:
‘Excelsae turris post ultima rebus in artis
subsidium optaram supremaque bella ciebam.
fumantis taedas ac lata incendia passim 690
et mille iniecere faces. nil nomine leti
de superis queror: haud paruo data membra sepulcro
nostra cremauerunt in morte haerentibus armis.
sed me luctus habet, geminae ne clade ruinae
cesserit adfusus oppressa Hispania Poenis.’ 695

Contra quae iuuenis turbato fletibus ore:
‘Di, quaeso, ut merita est, dignas pro talibus ausis
Carthago expendat poenas. sed continet acris
Pyrenes populos qui uestro Marte probatus
excepit fessos et notis Marcius armis 700
successit bello. fusos quoque fama ferebat

uictores acie atque exacta piacula caedis.’

His laeti rediere duces loca amoena piorum,
prosequiturque oculis puer adueneratus euntis.
iamque aderat multa uix adgnosendus in umbra 705
Paulus et epoto fundebat sanguine uerba:
‘Lux Italum, cuius spectauit Martia facta
multum uno maiora uiro, descendere nocti
atque habitanda semel subigit quis uisere regna?’
cui contra talis effundit Scipio uoces: 710
‘Armipotens ductor, quam sunt tua fata per urbem
lamentata diu! quam paene ruentia tecum
traxisti ad Stygias Oenotria tecta tenebras.
tum tibi defuncto tumulum Sidonius hostis
constituit laudemque tuo quaesiuit honore.’ 715
dumque audit lacrimans hostilia funera Paulus,
ante oculos iam Flaminius, iam Gracchus et aegro
absumptus Cannis stabat Seruilius ore.

Appellare uiros erat ardor et addere uerba,
sed raptabat amor priscos cognoscere manis. 720
nunc meritum saeua Brutum immortale securi
nomen, nunc superos aequantem laude Camillum,
nunc auro Curium non umquam cernit amicum.
ora Sibylla docet uenientum et nomina pandit.
hic fraudes pacis Pyrrhumque a limine portae 725
reiecit uisus orbus, tulit ille ruentem
Thybridis in ripas regem solusque reuulso
pone ferox ponte exclusit redeuntia regna.
‘Si tibi dulce uirum, primo qui foedera bello
Phoenicum pepigit, uidisse: hic inclitus ille 730
aequoreis uictor cum classe Lutatius armis.
si studium et saeuam cognoscere Hamilcaris umbram,
ille est (cerne procul) cui frons nec morte remissa
irarum seruat rabiem. si iungere cordi est
conloquium, sine gustato det sanguine uocem.’ 735
atque ubi permissum et sitiens se impleuit imago,
sic prior increpitat non mitis Scipio uultu:
‘Taliane, o fraudum genitor, sunt foedera uobis,
aut haec Sicania pepigisti captus in ora?
bella tuus toto natus contra omnia pacta 740
exercet Latio et perruptis molibus Alpibus
eluctatus adest: feruet gens Itala Marte
barbarico, et refluunt obstructi stragibus amnes.’
post quae Poenus ait: ‘Decimum modo coeperat annum
excessisse puer, nostro cum bella Latinis 745

concepit iussu, licitum nec fallere diuos
iuratos patri. quod si Laurentia uastat
nunc igni regna et Phrygias res uertere temptat,
o pietas, o sancta fides, o uera propago!
atque utinam amissum reparet decus!’ inde citato 750
celsus abit gressu, maiorque recessit imago.

Exin designat uates, qui iura sub armis
poscenti dederint populo primique petitas
miscuerint Italis Piraeo litore leges.
laetatur spectatque uirum insatiabilis ora 755
Scipio et appellet cunctos, ni magna sacerdos
admoneat turbae innumera<e>: ‘Quot milia toto
credis in orbe, puer, lustras dum singula uisu,
descendisse Erebo? nullo non tempore abundans
umbrarum huc agitur torrens, uectatque capaci 760
agmina mole Charon, et sufficit improba puppis.’
post haec ostendens iuuenem sic uirgo profatur:
‘Hic ille est, tellure uagus qui uictor in omni
cursu signa tulit, cui peruia Bactra Dahaeque,
qui Gangen bibit et Pellaeo ponte Niphaten 765
astrinxit, cui stant sacro sua moenia Nilo.’
incipit Aeneades: ‘Libyci certissima proles
Hammonis, quando exuperat tua gloria cunctos
indubitata duces similique cupidine rerum
pectora nostra calent, quae te uia, fare, superbum 770
ad decus et summas laudum perduxerit arces.’
ille sub haec: ‘Turpis lenti sollertia Martis.
audendo bella expedias. pigra extulit artis
haud umquam sese uirtus. tu magna gerendi
praecipita tempus: mors atra impendet agenti.’ 775
haec effatus abit. Croesi mox aduolat umbra,
diues apud superos, sed mors aequarat egenis.

Atque hic Elysio tendentem limite cernens
effigiem iuuenis, caste cui uitta ligabat
purpurea effusos per colla nitentia crines, 780
‘Dic,’ ait ‘hic quinam, uirgo? nam luce refulget
praecipua frons sacra uiro, multaeque secuntur
mirantes animae et laeto clamore frequentant.
qui uultus! quam, si Stygia non esset in umbra,
dixissem facile esse deum!’ ‘Non falleris:’ inquit 785
docta comes Triuiiae ‘meruit deus esse uideri,
et fuit in tanto non paruum pectore numen.
carmine complexus terram, mare, sidera, manis
et cantu Musas et Phoebum aequauit honore.

atque haec cuncta prius quam cerneret ordine terris 790
prodidit ac uestram tulit usque ad sidera Troiam.’
Scipio perlustrans oculis laetantibus umbram,
‘Si nunc fata darent, ut Romula facta per orbem
hic caneret uates, quanto maiora futuros
facta eadem intrarent hoc’ inquit ‘teste nepotes! 795
felix Aeacide, cui tali contigit ore
gentibus ostendi, creuit tua carmine uirtus.’

Sed, quae tanta adeo gras<s>antum turba, requires,
heroum effigies maiorisque accipit umbras.
inuicto stupet Aeacide, stupet Hectore magno 800
Aiacisque gradum uenerandaque Nestoris ora
miratur, geminos aspectat laetus Atridas
iamque Ithacum corde aequantem Peleia facta.
uicturam hinc cernit Ledaei Castoris umbram:
alternam lucem peragebat in aethere Pollux. 805

Sed subito uultus monstrata Lauinia traxit.
nam uirgo admonuit tempus cognoscere manis
femineos, ne cunctantem lux alma uocaret.
‘Felix haec’ inquit ‘Veneris nurus ordine longo
Troiu genas iunxit sociata prole Latinis. 810
uis et Martigenae thalamos spectare Quirini?
Hersiliam cerne: hirsutos cum sperneret olim
gens uicina procos, pastori rapta marito
intrauitque casae culmique e stramine fultum
pressit laeta torum et soceros reuocauit ab armis. 815
aspice Carmentis gressus. Euandria mater
haec fuit et uestros tetigit praesaga labores.
uis et, quos Tanaquil uultus gerat? haec quoque castae
augurio ualuit mentis uenturaque dixit
regna uiro et dextros agnouit in alite diuos. 820
ecce pudicitiae Latium decus, inclita leti
fert frontem atque oculos terrae Lucretia fixos.
non datur, heu tibi, Roma (nec est, quod malle deceret),
hanc laudem retinere diu. Verginia iuxta,
cerne, cruentato uulnus sub pectore seruat, 825
tristia defensi ferro monumenta pudoris,
et patriam laudat miserando in uulnere dextram.
illa est, quae Thybrim, quae fregit Lydia bella,
nondum passa marem, qualis optabit habere
quondam Roma uiros, contemptrix Cloelia sexus.’ 830
cum subito aspectu turbatus Scipio poscit,
quae poenae causa, et qui sint in crimine manes,
tum uirgo: ‘Patrios fregit quae curribus artus

et stetit adductis super ora trementia frenis,
Tullia non ullos satis exhaustura labores ⁸³⁵
ardenti Phlegethonte natat. fornacibus atris
fons rapidus furit atque uistas sub gurgite cautes
egerit et scopulis pulsat flagrantibus ora.
illa autem, quae tondetur praecordia rostro
alitis (en quantum resonat plangentibus alis ⁸⁴⁰
armiger ad pastus rediens Iouis!), hostibus arcem
uirgo, immane nefas, adamato prodidit auro
Tarpeia et pactis reserauit claustra Sabinis.
iuxta (nonne uides? neque enim leuiores domantur
delicta) inlatrat ieiunis faucibus Orthrus, ⁸⁴⁵
armenti quondam custos immanis Hiberi,
et morsu petit et polluto euiscerat ungue.
nec par poena tamen sceleri: sacraria Vestae
polluit exuta sibi uirginitate sacerdos.
sed satis haec uidisse, satis.’ ⁸⁵⁰

Mox deinde: ‘Videnti
nunc animas tibi, quae potant obliuia, paucas
in fine enumerasse paro et remeare tenebris.
hic Marius: nec multa dies iam restat ituro
aetheriam in lucem. ueniet tibi origine parua
in longum imperium consul. nec Sulla morari ⁸⁵⁵
iussa potest aut amne diu potare soporo:
lux uocat et nulli diuum mutabile fatum.
imperium hic primus rapiet, sed gloria culpae,
quod reddet solus, nec tanto in nomine quisquam
existet, Sullae qui se uelit esse secundum. ⁸⁶⁰
ille, hirta cui subrigitur coma fronte, decorum
et gratum terris Magnus caput: ille deum gens,
stelligerum attollens apicem, Troianus Iulo
Caesar auo. quantas moles, cum sede reclusa
hinc tandem erumpent, terraque marique mouebunt! ⁸⁶⁵
heu miseri, quotiens toto pugnabitis orbe,
nec leuiores lues quam uictus crimina, uictor.’

Tum iuuenis lacrimans: ‘Restare haec ordine duro
lamentor rebus Latiis. sed luce remota
si nulla est uenia et merito mors ipsa laborat, ⁸⁷⁰
perfidiae Poenus quibus aut Phlegethontis in undis
exuret ductor scelus, aut quae digna renatos
ales in aeternum laniabit morsibus artus?’
‘Ne metue.’ exclamat uates ‘non uita sequetur
iniuiolata uirum: patria non ossa quiescent. ⁸⁷⁵
namque ubi fractus opum magnae certamine pugnae

pertulerit uinci turpemque orare salutem,
rursus bella uolet Macetum instaurare sub armis.
damnatusque doli desertis coniuge fida
et dulci nato linquet Carthaginis arces 880
atque una profugus lustrabit caerula puppe.
hinc Cilicis Tauri saxosa cacumina uiset.
pro! quanto leuius mortalibus aegra subire
seruitia atque hiemes aestusque fugamque fretumque
atque famem, quam posse mori! post Itala bella 885
Assyrio famulus regi falsusque cupiti
Ausoniae motus dubio petet aequora uelo,
donec Prusiacas delatus segniter oras
altera seruitia imbelli patietur in aeuo
et latebram munus regni. perstantibus inde 890
Aeneadis reddique sibi poscentibus hostem,
pocula furtiuo rapiet properata ueneno
ac tandem terras longa formidine soluet.'

Haec uates, Erebique cauis se reddidit umbris.
tum laetus socios iuuenis portumque reuisit.

LIBER XIV

Flectite nunc uestros, Heliconis numina, cantus
Ortygiae pelagus Siculique ad litoris urbes.
muneris hic uestri labor est, modo Daunia regna
Aeneadum, modo Sicanios accedere portus,
aut Macetum lustrare domos et Achaica rura 5
aut uaga Sardoo uestigia tinguere fluctu
uel Tyriae quondam regnata mapalia genti
extremumue diem et terrarum inuisere metas.
sic poscit sparsis Mauors agitatus in oris.
ergo age, qua litui, qua ducunt bella, sequamur. 10

Ausoniae pars magna iacet Trinacria tellus,
ut semel expugnante Noto et uastantibus undis
accepit freta caeruleo propulsa tridente.
namque per occultum caeca ui turbinis olim
impactum pelagus laceratae uiscera terrae 15
discidit et medio perrumpens arua profundo
cum populis pariter conuulsis transtulit urbes.
ex illo seruans rapidus diuortia Nereus
saeuo diuiduos coniungi pernegat aestu.
sed spatium, quod dissociat consortia terrae, 20
latratus fama est (sic arta interuenit unda)
et matutinos uolucrum tramittere cantus.
multa solo uirtus: iam reddere faenus aratris,
iam montis umbrare olea, dare nomina Baccho
cornipedemque citum lituis generasse ferendis, 25
nectare Cecropias Hyblaeo accedere ceras.
hic et Paeonios arcano sulphure fontis,
hic Phoebo digna et Musis uenerabere uatum
ora excellentum, sacras qui carmine siluas
quique Syracosia resonant Helicon camena. 30
promptae gens linguae, ast eadem, cum bella cieret,
portus aequoreis sueta insignire tropaeis.

Post dirum Antiphae sceptrum et Cyclopia regna
uomere uerterunt primum noua rura Sicano —
Pyrene misit populos, qui nomen ab amne 35
ascitum patrio terrae imposuere uacanti.
mox Ligurum pubes Siculo ductore nouauit
possessis bello mutata uocabula regnis.
nec Cres dedecori fuit accola: duxerat actos
moenibus e centum non fausta ad proelia Minos, 40
Daedaleam repetens poenam. qui fraude nefanda

postquam perpetuas iudex concessit ad umbras
Cocalidum insidiis, fesso Minoia turba
bellandi studio Siculis subsedit in oris.
miscuerunt Phrygiam prolem Troianus Acestes 45
Troianusque Helymus, structis qui pube secuta
in longum ex sese donarunt nomina muris.
nec Zancloa gerunt obscuram moenia famam,
dextera quam tribuit posito Saturnia telo.
sed decus Hennaeis haud ullum pulchrius oris, 50
quam quae Sisyphio fundauit nomen ab Isthmo
et multum ante alias Ephyraeis fulget alumnis.
hic Arethusa suum piscoso fonte receptat
Alpheon sacrae portantem signa coronae.

At non aecus amat Trinacria Mulciber antra. 55
nam Lipare uastis subter depasta caminis
sulphureum uomit exeso de uertice fumum.
ast Aetna eructat tremefactis cautibus ignis
inclusi gemitus, pelagique imitata furorem
murmure per caecos tonat inrequieta fragoris 60
nocte dieque simul. fonte e Phlegethontis ut atro
flammarum exundat torrens piceaque procella
semiambusta rotat liquefactis saxa cauernis.
sed quamquam largo flammarum exaestu et intus
turbine et adsidue subnascens profluat ignis, 65
summo cana iugo cohibet, mirabile dictu,
uicinam flammis glaciem, aeternoque rigore
ardentes horrent scopuli: stat uertice celsi
collis hiemps calidaque niuem tegit atra fauilla.

Quid referam Aeolio regnatas nomine terras 70
uentorumque domos atque addita claustra procellis?
hic uersi penitus Pelopea ad regna Pachyni
pulsata Ionio respondent saxa profundo.
hic contra Libyamque situm Caurosque furentis
cernit deuexas Lilybaeon nobile chelas. 75
at, qua diuersi lateris frons tertia terrae
uergit in Italiam prolato ad litora dorso,
celsus harenosa tollit se mole Pelorus.

His longo mitis placide dominator in aeuo
praefuerat terris Hieron, tractare sereno 80
imperio uulgum pollens et pectora nullo
parentum exagitare metu, pactamque per aras
haud facilis temerare fidem socialia iura
Ausoniis multos seruauerat casta per annos.
uerum, ubi fata uirum fragili soluere senecta, 85

prima uero cessit sceptrum exitiale nepoti,
et placida indomitos accepit regia mores.
namque bis octonis nondum rex praeditus annis
caligare alto in solio nec pondera regni
posse pati et nimium fluxis confidere rebus. 90
iamque breui nullum, delicta tuentibus armis,
fas notum ignotumque nefas. uilissima regi
cura pudor. tam praecipiti materna furori
Pyrrhus origo dabat stimulos proauique superbum
Aeacidae genus atque aeternus carmine Achilles. 95
ergo ardor subitus Poenorum incepta fouendi,
nec sceleri mora: <iam> iungit noua foedera, pacto
cederet ut Siculis uictor Sidonius oris.
sed stabant Poenae, tumulumque negabat Erinys,
qua modo pactus erat socium non cernere, terra. 100
saeuos namque pati fastus iuuenemque cruento
flagrantem luxu et miscentem turpia diris
haud ultra faciles, quos ira metusque coquebat,
iurati obtruncant. nec iam modus ensibus: addunt
femineam caedem atque insontum rapta sororum 105
corpora prosternunt ferro. noua saeuit in armis
libertas iactatque iugum: pars Punica castra,
pars Italos et nota uolunt, nec turba furentum
defit quae neutro sociari foedere malit.

Tali Trinacriae motu rebusque Sicanis 110
exitio regis trepidis, sublimis honore
(tertia nam Latios renouarat purpura fasces)
Marcellus classem Zanclos appulit oris.
atque ubi cuncta uiro caedesque exposita tyranni
ambiguaeque hominum mentes, Carthaginis arma 115
quos teneant et quanta locos, quod uulgus amicum
duret Troiugenis, quantos Arethusa tumores
concipiat perstetque suas non pandere portas,
incumbit bello ac totam per proxima raptim
armorum effundit flammato pectore pestem. 120
non aliter Boreas, Rhodopes a uertice praeceps
cum sese immisit decimoque uolumine pontum
expulit in terras, sequitur cum murmure molem
eiectionis maris et stridentibus adfremis alis.
prima Leontinos uastarunt proelia campos, 125
regnatam diro quondam Laestrygone terram.
instabat ductor, cui tarde uincere Graias
par erat ac uinci turmas. ruit aequore toto
(femineum credas maribus concurrere uulgum)

et Cereri placitos fecundat sanguine campos. 130
sternuntur passim, pedibusque euadere letum
eripuit rapidus Mauors. nam ut cuique salutem
promisit fuga, praeueniens dux occupat ense.
'Ite, gregem metite imbellem ac succidite ferro.'
clamat cunctantis urgens umbone cateruas 135
'pigro luctandi studio certamen in umbra
molle pati docta et gaudens splendescere oliuo
stat, mediocre decus uincentum, ignaua iuuentus.
haec laus sola datur, si uiso uincitis hoste.'
ingruit audito ductore exercitus omnis, 140
solaque, quod superest, secum certamina norunt,
quis dextra antistet spoliisque excellat opimis.
Euboici non per scopulos inlisa Caphereo
Euripi magis unda furit, pontumue sonantem
eicit angusto uiolentius ore Propontis, 145
nec feruet maiore fretum rapiturque tumultu
quod ferit Herculeas extremo sole columnas.

Mite tamen dextrae decus inter proelia tanta
enituit fama. miles Tyrrhenus (Asilo
nomen erat) captus quondam ad Trasimenna fluenta, 150
seruitium facile et dominantis mollia iussa
expertus Beryae, patrias remearat ad oras
sponte fauentis eri, repetitisque impiger armis
tum ueteres Siculo casus Mauorte piabat.
atque is, dum medios inter fera proelia miscet, 155
inlatus Beryae, cui, pacta ad regia misso
Poenorum a populis sociataque bella gerenti,
aerato cassis munimine clauserat ora,
inuadit ferro iuuenem trepideque ferentem
instabilis retro gressus prosternit harena. 160
at miser audita uictoris uoce trementem
cunctantemque animam Stygia ceu sede reducens,
cassidis a mento male fidae uincula rumpit
iungebatque preces atque addere uerba parabat.
sed subito aspectu et noto contreritus ore 165
Tyrrhenus ferrumque manu reuocauit et ultro
taliam cum gemitu lacrimis effudit obortis:
'Ne, quaeso, supplex lucem dubiusque precare:
fas hostem seruare mihi. multo optimus ille
militiae, cui postremum est primumque, tueri 170
inter bella fidem: tu letum euadere nobis
das prior et seruas nondum seruatus ab hoste.
haud equidem dignum memet, quae tristia uidi,

abnuerim dignumque iterum in peiora reuolui,
si tibi per medios ignis mediosque per ensis 175
non dederit mea dextra uiam.' sic fatur et ultro
attollit uitaque exaequat munera uitae.

At, compos Sicula primum certaminis ora
coepti, Marcellus uictricia signa quieto
agmine progrediens Ephyraea ad moenia uertit. 180
inde Syracosias castris circumdedit arces.
sed ferri languebat amor. sedare monendo
pectora caeca uirum atque iras euellere hauebat.
nec (renuant si forte sibi et si mitia malle
credant esse metum) laxis seruatur omissa 185
obsidio claustris: quin contra intentior ipse
inuigilat cautis, fronte imperterritus, armis
et struit arcana necopina pericula cura.
haud secus Eridani stagnis ripae Caystri
innatat albus olor pronoque immobile corpus 190
dat fluuio et pedibus tacitas eremigat undas.

Interea, dum incerta labat sententia clausis,
exciti populi atque urbes socia arma ferebant:
incumbens Messena freto minimumque reuulsa
discreta Italia atque Osco memorabilis ortu: 195
tum Catane, nimium ardenti uicina Typhoeo
et generasse pios quondam celeberrima fratres,
et cui non licitum fatis, Camarina, moueri:
tum, quae nectareis uocat ad certamen Hymetton,
audax Hybla, fauis, palmaque arbusta Selinus 200
et, iusti quondam portus, nunc litore solo
subsidium infidum fugientibus aequora, Myl<a>e:
necnon altus Eryx, necnon e uertice celso
Centuripae largoque uirens Entella Lyaeo,
Entella, Hectoreo dilectum nomen Acestae. 205
non T<h>apsos, non e tumulis glacialibus Acræ
defuerunt. Agyrina manus geminoque Lacone
Tyndaris attollens sese adfluit. altus equorum
mille rapit turmam atque hinnitibus aera flammam
pulueream uoluens Acragas ad inania nubem. 210
ductor Grosphus erat, cuius caelata gerebat
taurum parma trucem, poenae monimenta uetustae.
ille, ubi torreret subiectis corpora flammis,
mutabat gemitus mugitibus, actaque ueras
credere erat stabulis armenta effundere uoces, 215
haud impune quidem: nam dirae conditor artis
ipse suo moriens immugit flebile tauro.

uenit ab amne trahens nomen Gela, uenit Halaesa
et qui praesenti domitant periura Palici
pectora supplicio, Troianaque uenit Acesta, 220
quique per Aetnaeos Acis petit aequora fines
et dulci gratam Nereida perluit unda.
aemulus ille tuo quondam, Polypheme, calori,
dum fugit agrestem uiolenti pectoris iram,
in tenuis liquefactus aquas euasit et hostem 225
et tibi uictricem, Galatea, immiscuit undam.
necnon qui potant Hypsamque Alabimque sonoro<s>
et perlucentem splendenti gurgite Achaten,
qui fontis, uage Chrysa, tuos et pauperis aluei
Hipparin ac facilem superari gurgite parco 230
Pantagian rapidique colunt uada flaua Syma<e>thi.
litora Thermarum, prisca dotata camena,
armauere suos, qua mergitur Himera ponto
Aeolio. nam diuiduas se scindit in oras
nec minus occasus petit incita quam petit ortus. 235
Nebrodes gemini nutrit diuortia fontis,
quo mons Sicania non surgit ditior umbrae.
Henna deum lucis sacra<s> dedit ardua dextra<s>.
hic specus ingentem laxans telluris hiatum
caecum iter ad manis tenebroso limite pandit, 240
qua nouus ignotas Hymenaeus uenit in oras,
hac Stygius quondam stimulante cupidine rector
ausus adire diem, maestoque Acheronte relicto
egit in inlicitas currum per inania terras.
tum rapta praeceps Hennaëa uirgine flexit 245
attonitos caeli uisus lucemque pauentis
in Styga rursus equos et praedam condidit umbris.
Romanos Petraea duces, Romana petiuit
foedera Callipolis lapidosique Engyon arui,
Hadrantum Ergetiumque simul telaque superba 250
lanigera Melite et litus piscosa Calacte,
quaeque procelloso Cephaloedias ora profundo
caeruleis horret campis pascentia cete,
et qui correptas sorbentem uerticis haustu
atque iterum e fundo iaculantem ad sidera puppis 255
Tauromenitana cernunt de sede Charybdim.
haec Latium manus et Laurentia signa fouebat.

Cetera Elissaeis aderat gens Sicana uotis.
mille Agathy<r>na dedit perflataque Trogilos Austris,
mille Thoanteae sedes Phacelina Dianae. 260
tergemino uenit numero fecunda Panhormos,

seu siluis sectere feras seu retibus aequor
uerrere seu caelo libeat traxisse uolucrum.
non Herbesos iners, non Naulocha pigra pericli
sederunt, non frondosis Morgentia campis 265
abstinuit Marte infido. comitata Menaeis
uenit Amastra uiris et paruo nomine Tisse
et Netum et Mutyce pubesque liquentis Achaeti.
Sidonios Drepane atque undae clamosus Helorus
et mox seruili uastata Triocala bello, 270
Sidonios Arbela ferox et celsus Ietas
et bellare Tabas docilis Cossyraque parua
nec maior~ Megara iunctae concordibus ausis
iuuere et strato Gaulum spectabile ponto,
cum sonat alcyones cantu nidosque natantis 275
immota gestat sopitis fluctibus unda.
ipsa Syracusae patulos urbs inclita muro<s>
milite collecto uariisque impleuerat armis.
ductores facilem impelli laetamque tumultus
uaniloquo plebem furiabant insuper ore: 280
numquam hoste intratos muros et quattuor arces,
et Salaminiacis quantam Eoisque tropaeis
ingenio portus urbs inuia fecerit umbram,
spectatum proauis: ter centum ante ora triremes
unum naufragium, mersasque impune profundo 285
clade pharetrigeri subnixas regis Athenas.
flamabant uulgum geniti Carthagine fratres,
Poeni matre genus, sed quos, sub crimine pulsus
urbe Syracosia, Libycis eduxerat oris
Trinacrius genitor, geminaque a stirpe parentum 290
astus miscebant Tyrios leuitate Sicana.

Quae cernens ductor, postquam immedicabile uisum
seditio, atque ultro bellum surgebat ab hoste,
testatus diuos Siculorum amnesque lacusque
et fontis, Arethusa, tuos, ad bella uocari 295
inuitum (quae sponte diu non sumpserit, hostem
induere arma sibi), telorum turbine uasto
adgreditur muros atque armis intonat urbi.
par omnis simul ira rapit, certantque ruuntque.
turris multiplici surgens ad sidera tecto 300
exibat, tabulata decem cui crescere Graius
fecerat et multas nemorum consumpserat umbras.
armatam hinc igni pinum et deuoluere saxa
certabant calidaeque picis diffundere pestem.
huic procul ardentem iaculatus lampada Cimber 305

conicit et lateri telum exitiabile figit.
pascitur adiutu<s> Vulcanus turbine uenti,
gliscentemque trahens turris per uiscera labem
perque altam molem et totiens nascentia tecta
scandit ouans rapidusque uorat crepitantia flammis 310
ro<bo>ra et, ingenti simul exundante uapore
ad caelum, uictor nutantia culmina lambit.
implentur fumo et nebula caliginis atrae,
nec cuiquam euasisse datur, ceu fulminis ictu
correptae rapido in cineres abi<e>re ruinae. 315

Par contra pelago miseris fortuna carinis.
namque ubi se propius tectis urbique tulere,
qua portus muris pacatas adplicat undas,
improvisa nouo pestis conterruit astu.
trabs fabre teres atque erasis undique nodis 320
nauali similis malo praefixa gerebat
uncae tela manus: ea celso ex aggere muri
bellantis curui rapiebat in aera ferri
unguibus et mediam reuocata ferebat in urbem.
nec solos uis illa uiros, quin saepe triremem 325
belligerae rapuere trabes, cum desuper actum
incuterent puppi chalybem morsusque tenacis.
qui, simul adfixo uicina in robora ferro
sustulerant sublime ratem, miserabile uisu,
per subitum rursus laxatis arte catenis 330
tanta praecipitem reddebant mole profundo
ut totam haurirent undae cum milite puppem.
his super insidiis angusta foramina murus
arte cauata dabat, per quae c<l>am fundere tela
tutum erat, opposito mittentibus aggere ualli. 335
<nec> sine fraude labos, arta ne rursus eodem
spicula ab hoste uia uicibus contorta redirent.
calliditas Graia atque astus pollentior armis
Marcellum tantasque minas terraeque marique
arcebat, stabatque ingens ad moenia bellum. 340

Vir fuit Isthmiacis decus immortale colonis,
ingenio facile ante alios telluris alumnos,
nudus opum, sed cui caelum terraeque paterent.
ille, nouus pluuias Titan ut proderet ortu
fuscatis tristis radiis, ille, haereat anne 345
pendeat instabilis tellus, cur foedere certo
hunc adfusa globum Tethys circumliget undis
nouerat atque una pelagi lunaeque labores,
et pater Oceanus qua lege effunderet aestus.

non illum mundi numerasse capacis harenas 350
uana fides. puppis etiam constructaque saxa
feminea traxisse ferunt contra ardua dextra.

Hic dum Italum ductorem astu Teucrosque fatigat,
adnabat centum late Sidonia uelis
classis subsidio et scindebat caerula rostris. 355
erigitur subitas in spes Arethusia proles
adiungitque suas portu progressa carinas.
nec contra Ausonius tonsis aptare lacertos
addubitat mersisque celer fodit aequora remis.
uerberibus torsere fretum: salis icta frequenti 360
albescit pulsu facies, perque aequora late
spumat canenti sulcatus gurgite limes.
insultant pariter pelago, ac Neptunia regna
tempestate noua trepidant. tum uocibus aequor
personat, et clamat scopulis clamoris imago. 365
ac iam diffusus uacua bellator in unda
cornibus ambierat patulos ad proelia fluctus,
nauali claudens umentem indagine campum:
ac simili curuata sinu diuersa ruebat
classis et artabat lunato caerula gyro. 370
nec mora: terrificis saeuae stridoribus aeris,
per uacuum late cantu resonante profundum,
inc<r>epuere tubae, quis excitus aequore Triton
expauit tortae certantia murmura conchae.
uix meminere maris: tam uasto ad proelia nisu 375
incumbunt proni positisque in margine puppis
extremae plantis nutantes spicula torquent.
sternitur effusis pelagi media area telis,
celsaque anhelatis exurgens ictibus alnus
caerula nigranti findit spumantia sulco. 380
Ast aliae latere atque incussi roboris ictu
detergent remos, aliae per uiscera pinus
tramissis ipso retinentur uulnere rostris
quo retinent. medias inter sublimior ibat
terribilis uisu puppis, qua nulla per omne 385
egressa est Libycis maior naualibus aeuum.
sed quater haec centum numeroso remige pontum
pulsabat tonsis, ueloque superba capaci
cum rapidum hauriret Borean et cornibus omnis
colligeret flatus, lento se robore agebat, 390
intraret fluctus solis ce<u> pulsa lacertis:
procurrunt leuitate agili docilesque regentis
audiuisse manum Latio cum milite puppes.

Has ut per laeuum uenientis aequor Himilco
in latus obliquas iussamque incurrere proram 395
conspexit, propere diuis in uota uocatis
aequoris, intento uolucrum de more sagittam
adsignat neruo, utque oculis librauit in hostem
et calamo monstrauit iter, diuersa relaxans
brachia deduxit uultu comitante per auras 400
in uulnus telum ac residentis puppe magistri
adfixit plectro dextram. nec deinde regenda
puppe manus ualuit flectenti immortalis clauo.
dumque ad opem accurrit ceu capta nauita puppe,
ecce iterum fatoque pari neruoque sagitta 405
in medium perlapsa globum transuerberat ictu
orba gubernaculi subeuntem munera Taurum.

Inrumpit Cumana ratis, quam Corbulo ductor
lectaque complebat Stabiarum litore pubes.
numen erat celsae puppis uicina Dione. 410
sed superingestis propior quia subdita telis
bella capessebat, media subsedit in unda
diuisitque fretum. clamantum spumeus ora
Nereus implet aquis, palmaeque, trahente profundo,
luctantum frustra summis in fluctibus extant. 415
hic audax ira magno per caerula saltu
Corbulo transgressus (nam textam robore turrim
appulerant nexae ferri compage triremes)
euadit tabulata super flammaque comantem
multifida pinum celso de culmine quassat. 420
inde atros alacer pastosque bitumine torquet,
ammentante Noto, Poenorum aplustribus ignes.
intrat diffusos pestis Vulcania passim
atque implet dispersa foros: trepidatur omisso
summis remigio, sed enim tam rebus in artis 425
fama mali nondum tanti penetrarat ad imos.
at rapidus feruor, per pinguis unguine taedas
inlapsus, flammis uictricibus insonat alueo.
qua nondum tamen intulerat uim Dardana lampas
parcebatque uapor, saxorum grandine dirus 430
arcebat fatumque ratis retinebat Himilco.
hic miser, igniferam dum uentilat aere pinum,
murali saxo per lubrica sanguine transtra
uoluitur in fluctus Lycchaei uulnere Cydnus.
fax nidore graui foedauit comminus auras 435
ambusto instridens pelago. ferus inde citatum
missile adorata contorquet Sabratha puppe

(Hammon numen erat Libycae gentile carinae
cornigeraque sedens spectabat caerulea fronte):
'Fer, pater, afflictis, fer,' ait 'Garamantice uates, 440
rebus opem inque Italos da certa effundere tela.'
has inter uoces tremulo uenit agmine cornus
et Neptunicolae transuerberat ora Telonis.

Urgebant nihilo leuius iam in limine mortis,
quos fuga praecipitis partem glomerarat in unam 445
puppis, adhuc uacuam taedae. sed, proxima cursu
fulmineo populatus, inuitabilis ardor
correptam flammis inuoluit ouantibus alnum.
primus, ope aequorei funis delapsus in undas,
qua nondum Stygios glomerabat Mulciber aestus, 450
ambustus socium remis aufertur Himilco.
proxima nudarunt miserandi fata Batonis
desertam ductore ratem. bonus ille per artem
crudo luctari pelago atque exire procellas.
idem, quid Boreas, quid uellet crastinus Auster, 455
anteibat, nec peruigilem tu fallere uultum
obscurum quamuis cursu, Cynosura, ualeres.
is, postquam aduersis nullus modus, 'Accipe nostrum,
Hammon, sanguinem,' ait 'spectator cladis iniquae.'
atque, acto in pectus gladio, dextra inde cruorem 460
excipit et large sacra inter cornua fundit.

Hos inter Daphnis, deductum ab origine nomen
antiqua, fuit infelix, cui linquere saltus
et mutare casas infido marmore uisum.
at princeps generis quanto maiora parauit 465
intra pastorem sibi nomina! Daphnin amarunt
Sicelides Musae, dexter donauit auena
Phoebus Castalia et iussit, proiectus in herba
si quando caneret, laetos per prata, per arua
ad Daphnin properare greges riuosque silere. 470
ille ubi septena modulatus harundine carmen
mulcebat siluas, non umquam tempore eodem
Siren adsuetos effudit in aequore cantus,
Scyllaei tacuere canes, stetit atra Charybdis,
et laetus scopulis audiuit iubila Cyclops. 475
progeniem hauserunt et nomen amabile flammae.

Innatat ecce super transtris fumantibus asper
Ornytos ac longam sibimet facit aequore mortem,
qualis Oiliades, fulmen iaculante Minerua,
surgentis domuit fluctus ardentibus ulnis. 480
transigitur ualida medius, dum se adleuat, alni

cuspidē Marmarides Sciron. pars subnatat unda
membrorum, pars extat aquis totumque per aequor
portatur, rigido, miserandum, immortua rostro.
accelerant puppes utrimque atque ora ruentum 485
sanguinei feriunt remorum aspergine rores.
ipse adeo senis ductor Rhoeteius ibat
pulsibus et ualido superabat remige uentos.
quam rapidis puppem manibus frenare Lilaëus
dum temptat, saeua truncatur membra bipenni, 490
ac fert haerentis trabibus ratis incita palmas.

Sicania Aeoliden portabant transtra Podaetum.
hic, aeuo quamquam nondum excessisset ephebos,
nec sat maturus laudum, seu feruida corda
seu laeui traxere dei, bellique cupido, 495
arma puer niueis aptarat picta lacertis
et freta gaudebat celsa turbare Chimaera.
iamque super Rutula, super et Garamantide pinu
ibat ouans, melior remo meliorque sagitta,
et iam turrigerum demerserat aequore Nessum. 500
heu puero malesuada rudi noua gloria pugnae!
dum cristam galeae trucidis exuuiasque precatur
de duce Marcello superos temerarius, hasta
excepit raptim uulnus letale remissa,
pro qualis! seu splendentem sub sidera nisu 505
exigeret discum, iaculo seu nubila supra
surgeret, aligeras ferret seu puluere plantas
uix tacto, uel dimens spatia improba campi
transiret uelox saltu, decuere labores.
sat prorsus, sat erat decoris discrimine tuto, 510
sat laudis. cur facta, puer, maiora petebas?
illum, ubi labentem pepulerunt tela sub undas,
ossa Syracosio fraudatum naufraga busto,
fleuerunt freta, fleuerunt Cyclopia saxa
et Cyane et Anapus et Ortygie Arethusa. 515

Parte alia Perseus (puppem hanc Tiberinus agebat)
quaue uehebatur Crantor Sidonius Io
concurrunt. iniecta ligant hinc uincula ferri
atque illinc, steteruntque rates ad proelia nexae.
nec iaculo aut longe certatur harundine fusa: 520
comminus et gladio terrestria proelia miscent.
perpumpunt Itali, qua caedes prima reclusit
monstrauitque uiam; uasta sed mole catenas
hortatur socios et uincla abrumpere ferri
ac parat hostili resoluta puppe receptos 525

auehere et paribus pelago diducere ab armis —
Aetnaeo Polyphemus erat nutritus in antro
atque inde antiquae nomen feritatis amabat.
ubera praebuerat paruo lupa, corporis alti
terribilis moles, mens aspera, uultus in ira 530
semper et ad caedes Cyclopia corde libido.
isque relaxatis membrorum pondere uinclis
impulerat puppim et mergebat gurgite tonsas
duxissetque ratem, pressa Laronius hasta
ni prope duro nitentem exurgere uelox 535
adfixet transtro. uix morte incepta remittit:
namque manus seruat dum suetos languida ductus,
ignauum summo traxit super aequore remum.

Perculsi cuneo Poeni densentur in unum,
quod caret hoste, latus, subito cum pondere uictus, 540
insiliente mari, summergitur alueus undis.
scuta uirum cristaeque et inertis spicula ferro
tutelaque deum fluitant. hic robore fracto
pugnat inops chalybis seseque in proelia rursus
armat naufragio, remis male feruidus ille 545
festinat spoliare ratem, discrimine nullo
nautarum interdum conuulsa sedilia torquens.
non plectro ratis aut frangendae in uulnera prorae
parcitur, et pelago repetuntur nantia tela.
uulneribus patulis intrat mare. mox sua ponto 550
singultante anima propulsa refunditur unda.
nec desunt, qui correptos complexibus artis
immergant pelago et, iaculis cessantibus, hostem
morte sua perimant. remeantum gurgite mentes
crudescunt, ac pro ferro stat fluctibus uti. 555
haurit sanguineus contorta cadauera uertex.
hinc clamor, gemitus illinc mortesque fugaeque
remorumque fragor flictuque sonantia rostra.
perfusum bello feruet mare. fessus acerbis
terga fuga celeri Libyae conuertit ad oras 560
exigua sese furatus Himilco carina.

Concessere mari tandem Graiusque Libysque,
et iam captivae uinclis ad litora longo
ordine ducuntur puppes. flagrantibus alto
stant aliae taedis. splendet lucente profundo 565
Mulciber, et tremula uibratur imagine pontus.
ardet nota fretis Cyane pennataque Siren,
ardet et Europe, niuei sub imagine tauri
uecta Ioue ac presso tramittens aequora cornu,

et quae fusa comas curuum per caerula piscem 570
Nereis umenti moderatur roscida freno.
uritur undiuagus Python et corniger Hammon
et, quae Sidonios uultus portabat Elissae,
bis ternis ratis ordinibus grassata per undas.
at uinclis trahitur cognata in litora Anapus 575
Gorgoneasque ferens ad sidera Pegasus alas.
ducitur et Libyae puppis signata figuram
et Triton captiuus et ardua rupibus Aetne,
spirantis rogos Enceladi, Cadmeaque Sidon.

Nec mora tum trepidos hac clade inrumpere muros 580
signaque ferre deum templis iam iamque fuisset,
ni subito importuna lues inimicaque pestis,
inuidia diuum pelagique labore parata,
polluto miseris rapuisset gaudia caelo.
criniger aestiferis Titan feruoribus auras 585
et patulam Cyanen lateque palustribus undis
stagnantem Stygio Cocyti oppleuit odore
temporaque autumnii laetis florentia donis
foedauit rapidoque accendit fulminis igni.
fumabat crassus nebulis caliginis aer, 590
squaiebat tellus uitiatu feruida dorso
nec uictum dabat aut ullas languentibus umbras,
atque ater picea uapor expirabat in aethra.
uim primi sensere canes. mox nubibus atris
fluxit deficiens penna labente uolucris. 595
inde ferae siluis sterni. tum serpere labes
Tartarea atque haustis populari castra manipulis.
arebat lingua, et gelidus per uiscera sudor
corpore manabat tremulo. descendere fauces
abnuerant siccae iussorum alimenta ciborum. 600
aspera pulmonem tussis quatit, et per anhela
igneus efflatur sitientum spiritus ora.
lumina ferre grauem uix sufficientia lucem
unca nare iacent, saniesque immixta cruore
expuitur, membrisque cutis tegit ossa peresis. 605
heu dolor! insignis notis bellator in armis
ignauo rapitur leto. iactantur in ignem
dona superba uirum, multo Mauorte parata.
succubuit medicina malis. cumulantur aceruo
labentem et magno cineres sese aggere tollunt. 610
passim etiam deserta iacent inhumataque late
corpora, pestiferos tetigisse timentibus artus.
serpit pascendo crescens Acherusia pestis

nec leuiore quatit Trinacria moenia luctu
Poenorumque parem castris fert atra laborem. 615
aequato par exitio et communis ubique
ira deum atque eadem leti uersatur imago.

Nulla tamen Latios fregit uis dura malorum,
incolumi ductore, uiros, clademque rependit
unum inter strages tutum caput. ut grauis ergo 620
primum letiferos repressit Sirius aestus,
et minuere auidae mortis contagia pestes,
ceu, sidente Noto cum se maria alta reponunt,
propulsa inuadit piscator caerula cumba,
sic tandem ereptam morbis grassantibus armat 625
Marcellus pubem, lustratis rite manipulis.
circumstant alacres signa auditisque tubarum
respirant laeti clangoribus. itur in hostem,
et, si fata ferant, iuuat inter proelia ferro
posse mori. socium miseret, qui sorte pudenda 630
in morem pecudum effudere cubilibus atris
inlaudatam animam. tumulos inhonoraque busta
respiciunt, et uel nullo iacuisse sepulcro
quam debellari morbis placet. ardua primus
ad muros dux signa rapit. tenuata iacendo 635
et macie in galeis abscondunt ora, malusque,
ne sit spes hosti, uelatur casside pallor.
infundunt rapidum conuulsis moenibus agmen
condensique ruunt: tot bellis inuia tecta
tot<que> uno introitu capiuntur militis arces. 640

Totum, qua uehitur Titan, non ulla per orbem
tum sese Isthmiacis aequassent oppida tectis.
tot delubra deum totque intra moenia portus,
adde fora et celsis suggesta theatra columnis
certantisque mari moles, adde ordine longo 645
innumeras spatium domos aequare superbas
rura. quid, inclusos porrecto limite longis
porticibus sacros iuuenum certamine lucos?
quid tot captiuis fulgentia culmina rostris
armaque fixa deis, aut quae Marathonius hostis 650
perdidit aut Libya quae sunt aduecta subacta?
hic Agathocleis sedes ornata tropaeis,
hic mites Hieronis opes; hic sancta uetustas
artificum manibus. non usquam clarior illo
gloria picturae saeclo; non aera iuuabat 655
~quem scire Ephyren; fuluo certauerit auro
uestis spirantis referens subtemine uultus —

quae radio caelat Babylon uel murice picto
laeta Tyros, quaeque Attalicis uariata per artem
aulaeis scribuntur acu aut Memphitide tela. 660
iam simul argento fulgentia pocula, mixta
quis gemma quaesitus honos, simulacra deorum
numen ab arte datum seruantia; munera Rubri
praeterea ponti depexaque uellera ramis,
femineus pudor. His tectis opibusque potitus 665

Ausonius ductor, postquam sublimis ab alto
aggere despexit trepidam clangoribus urbem,
inque suo positum nutu, stent moenia regum
an nullos oriens uideat lux crastina muros,
ingemuit nimio iuris tantumque licere 670
horruit et propere reuocata militis ira
iussit stare domos, indulgens templa uetustis
incolere atque habitare deis. sic parcere uictis
pro praeda fuit, et sese contenta nec ullo
sanguine pollutis plaussit Victoria pennis. 675
tu quoque ductoris lacrimas, memorande, tulisti,
defensor patriae, meditantem in puluere formas
nec turbatum animi tanta feriente ruina.
ast relicum uulgus resoluta in gaudia mente
certarunt uicti uictoribus. aemulus ipse 680
ingenii superum seruando condidit urbem.
ergo extat saeculis stabitque insigne tropaeum
et dabit antiquos ductorum noscere mores.

Felices populi, si, quondam ut bella solebant,
nunc quoque inexhaustas pax nostra relinqueret urbes! 685
at, ni cura uiri qui nunc dedit otia mundo
effrenum arceret populandi cuncta furorem,
nudassent auidae terrasque fretumque rapinae.

LIBER XV

At noua Romuleum carpebat cura senatum,
quis trepidas gentes Martemque subiret Hiberum
atritis rebus. geminus iacet hoste superbo
Scipio, belligeri, Mauortia pectora, fratres.
hinc metus, in Tyrias ne iam Tartessia leges
concedat tellus propioraque bella pauescat.
anxia turba patrum quasso medicamina maesti
imperio circumspectant diuosque precantur
qui laceris ausit ductor succedere castris.
Absterret iuuenem patrios patruique piare
optantem manes tristi conterrita luctu
et reputans annos cognato sanguine turba.
si gentem petat infaustam, inter busta suorum
decertandum hosti, qui fregerit arma duorum,
qui consulta, ducum ac flagret meliore Gradiuo.
nec promptum teneris immania bella lacertis
moliri regimenque rudi deposcere in aeuo.
Has lauri residens iuuenis uiridante sub umbra
aedibus extremis uoluebat pectore curas,
cum subito adsistunt dextra laeuaque per auras
allapsae, haud paulum mortali maior imago,
hinc Virtus, illinc uirtuti inimica Voluptas.
altera Achaemenium spirabat uertice odorem
ambrosias diffusa comas et ueste refulgens
ostrum qua fuluo Tyrium suffuderat auro;
fronte decor quaesitus acu, lasciuaque crebras
ancipiti motu iaciebant lumina flammis.
alterius dispar habitus: frons hirta nec umquam
composita mutata coma, stans uultus, et ore
incessuque uiro propior laetique pudoris
celsa umeros niueae fulgebat stamine pallae.
Occupat inde prior promissis fisa Voluptas:
“quis furor hic, non digne puer, consumere bello
flore aevi? Canaene tibi grauiorque palude
Maeonius Stygia lacus excessere Padusque?
quem tandem ad finem bellando fata lacesses?
tunc etiam temptare paras Atlantica regna
Sidoniasque domos? moneo, certare periculis
desine et armisonae caput obiectare procellae.
ni fugis hos ritus, Virtus te saeua iubebit
per medias uolitare acies mediosque per ignes.

haec patrem patruumque tuos, haec prodiga Paulum,
haec Decios Stygias Erebi detrussit ad undas
dum cineri titulum memorandaque nomina bustis
praetendit nec sensurae, quod gesserit, umbrae.
at si me comitere, puer, non limite duro
iam tibi decurrat concessi temporis aetas.
haud umquam trepidos abrumpet bucina somnos,
non glaciem Arctoam, non experiere furentis
ardorem Cancri nec mensas saepe cruento
gramine compositas. aberunt sitis aspera et haustus
sub galea pulvis plenique timore labores.
sed current albusque dies horaeque serенаe,
et molli dabitur uictu sperare senectam.
quantas ipse deus laetos generavit in usus
res homini plenaque dedit bona gaudia dextra!
atque idem, exemplar lenis mortalibus aevi,
imperturbata placidus tenet otia mente.
illa ego sum, Anchisae Venerem Simoentis ad undas
quae iunxi, generis uobis unde editus auctor.
illa ego sum, uerti superum quae saepe parentem
nunc auis in formam, nunc torui in cornua tauri.
huc aduerte aures. currit mortalibus aeuum,
nec nasci bis posse datur. fugit hora, rapitque
Tartareus torrens ac secum ferre sub umbras,
si qua animo placuere, negat. quis luce suprema
dimisisse meas sero non ingemit horas?”
Postquam conticuit finisque est addita dictis,
tum Virtus “quasnam iuuenem florentibus” inquit
“pellicis in fraudes annis uitaeque tenebras,
cui ratio et magnae caelestia semina mentis
munere sunt concessa deum? mortalibus alti
quantum caelicolae, tantundem animalibus isti
praececellunt cunctis. tribuit namque ipsa minores
hos terris Natura deos; sed foedere certo
degeneres tenebris animas damnauit Auernis.
at quis aetherii seruatur seminis ortus,
caeli porta patet. referam quid cuncta domantem
Amphitryoniaden? quid, cui, post Seras et Indos
captiuo Liber cum signa referret ab Euro
Caucaseae currum duxere per oppida tigres?
quid suspiratos magno in discrimine nautis
Ledaeos referam fratres uestrumque Quirinum?
nonne uides, hominum ut celsos ad sidera uultus
sustulerit deus ac sublimia finxerit ora

cum pecudes uolucrumque genus formasque ferarum
segnem atque obscenam passim strauisset in aluum?
ad laudes genitum, capiat si munera diuum
felix ad laudes hominum genus. huc, age, paulum
aspice (nec longe repetam), modo Roma minanti
impar Fidenae contentaque crescere asylo
quo sese extulerit dextris; idem aspice, late
florentes quondam luxus quas uerterit urbes.
quippe nec ira deum tantum nec tela nec hostes,
quantum sola nocēs animis illapsa, Voluptas.
Ebrietas tibi foeda comes, tibi Luxus et atris
circa te semper uolitans Infamia pennis;
mecum Honor ac Laudes et laeto Gloria uultu
et Decus ac niueis Victoria concolor alis.
me cinctus lauro producit ad astra Triumphus.
casta mihi domus et celso stant colle penates;
ardua saxoso perducit semita cliuo.
asper principio (neque enim mihi fallere mos est)
prosequitur labor. annitendum intrare uolenti,
nec bona censendum, quae Fors infida dedisse
atque eadem rapuisse ualeat. mox celsus ab alto
infra te cernes hominum genus. omnia contra
experienda manent, quam spondet blanda Voluptas.
stramine proiectus duro patiēre sub astris
insomnes noctes frigusque famemque domabis.
idem iustitiae cultor, quaecumque capesses,
testes factorum stare arbitrabere diuos.
tunc, quotiens patriae rerumque pericula poscent,
arma feres primus, primus te in moenia tolles
hostica nec ferro mentem uincere nec auro.
hinc tibi non Tyrio uitiatas murice uestes
nec donum deforme uiro fragrantis amomi,
sed dabo, qui uestrum saeuo nunc Marte fatigat
imperium, superare manu laurumque superbam
in gremio Iouis excisis deponere Poenis.”
Quae postquam cecinit sacrato pectore Virtus,
exemplis laetum uultuque audita probantem
conuertit iuuenem. sed enim indignata Voluptas
non tenuit uoces. “nil uos iam demoror ultra”
exclamat; “uenient, uenient mea tempora quondam,
cum docilis nostris magno certamine Roma
seruiet imperiis et honos mihi habebitur uni.”
sic quassans caput in nubes se sustulit atras.
At iuuenis plenus monitis ingentia corde

molitur iussaeque calet uirtutis amore.
ardua rostra petit nullo fera bella uolente
et grauiā aicipitis deposcit munera Martis.
arrecti cunctorum animi. pars lumina patris,
pars credunt toruos patrui reuirescere uultus.
sed quamquam instinctis tacitus tamen aegra pericli
pectora subrepat terror, molemque pauentes
expendunt belli, et numerat fauor anxius annos.
Dumque ea confuso percenset murmure uulgus,
ecce per obliquum caeli squalentibus auro
effulgens maculis ferri inter nubila uisus
anguis et ardenti radiare per aera sulco
quaque ad caeliferi tendit plaga litus Atlantis,
perlabi resonante polo. bis terque coruscum
addidit augurio fulmen pater, et uaga late
per subitum moto strepuere tonitrua mundo.
tum uero capere arma iubent genibusque salutant
summissi augurium: hac iret, qua ducere diuos
perspicuum et patrio monstraret semita signo.
Certatim comites rerum bellicae ministros
agglomerant sese atque acres sociare labores
exposcunt, laudumque loco est isdem esse sub armis.
tum noua caeruleum descendit classis in aequor.
it comes Ausonia atque in terras transit Hiberas,
ut, cum saeua fretis immisit proelia, Corus
Isthmon curuata sublime superiacit unda
et spumante ruens per saxa gementia fluctu
Ionium Aegaeo miscet mare. celsus in arma
emicat ac prima stans Scipio puppe profatur:
“diue tridentipotens, cuius maria ire per alta
ordimur, si iusta paro, decurrere classi
da, pater, ac nostros ne sperne iuuare labores.
per pontum pia bella ueho.” leuis inde secunda
aspirans aura propellit carbasa flatus.
iamque agiles, Tyrrhena sonant qua caerulea, puppes
Ausonium euasere latus Ligurumque citatis
litora tramittunt proris. hinc gurgite ab alto
tellurem procul irrumpentem in sidera cernunt,
aeris Alpes. occurrunt moenia Graeis
condita Massiliae. populis haec cincta superbis,
barbarus immani cum territet accola ritu,
antiquae morem patriae cultumque habitumque
Phocais armiferas inter tenet hospita gentes.
hinc legit Ausonius sinuatos gurgite ductor

anfractus pelagi. nemoroso uertice celsus
apparet collis, fugiuntque in nubila siluae
Pyrenes, tunc Emporiae ueteresque per ortus
Graiorum uulgi, tunc hospita Tarraco Baccho.
considunt portu. securae gurgite clauso
stant puppes, positusque labor terrorque profundus.
Nox similes morti dederat placidissima somnos.
uisa uiro stare effigies ante ora parentis
atque hac aspectu turbatum uoce monere:
“nate, salus quondam genitoris, nate, parentis
et post fata decus, bellorum dira creatrix
euastanda tibi tellus, et caede superbi
ductores Libyae cauta uirtute domandi,
qui sua nunc trinis diducunt agmina castris.
si conferre manum libeat coeantque uocatae
hinc atque hinc acies, ualeat quis ferre ruentes
tergemina cum mole uiros? absiste labore
incipiti, sed nec segnis potiora capesse.
urbis colitur Teucro quondam fundata uetusto,
nomine Carthago. Tyrius tenet incola muros.
ut Libyae sua, sic terris memorabile Hiberis
haec caput est. non ulla opibus certauerit auri,
non portu celsae situ, non dotibus arui
uberis aut agili fabricanda ad tela uigore.
inuade auersis, nate, hanc ductoribus urbem.
nulla acies famae tantum praedaeue pararit.”
Talia monstrabat genitor propiusque monebat,
cum iuuenem sopor et dilapsa reliquit imago.
surgit et infernis habitantia numina lucis
ac supplex patrios compellat nomine manes:
“este duces bello et monstratam ducite ad urbem!
uobis ultor ego et Sarrano murice fulgens
inferias mittam fuscis insignis Hiberis
et tumulis addam sacros certamine ludos.”
praegreditur celeratque uias et corripit agmen
pernici rapidum cursu camposque fatigat.
sic, ubi prosiluit Pisaeo carcere praeceps,
non solum ante alios, sed enim, mirabile dictu,
ante suos it uictor equus, currumque per auras
haud ulli durant uisus aequare uolantem.
Iamque Hyperionia lux septima lampade surgens
sensim attollebat propius subeuntibus arces
urbis et admoto crescebant culmina gressu.
at pelago uectus seruata Laelius hora,

quam dederat ductor subigendae ad moenia classi,
a tergo affusis cingebat tecta carinis.
Carthago impenso naturae adiuta fauore
excelsos tollit pelago circumflua muros.
artatas ponti fauces modica insula claudit,
qua Titan ortu terras aspergit Eoo.
at qua prospectat Phoebi iuga sera cadentis,
pigram in planitiem stagnantes egerit undas,
quas auget ueniens refluusque reciprocatur aestus.
sed gelidas a fronte sedet sublimis ad Arctos
urbs imposta iugo pronumque excurrit in aequor
et tuta alterno defendit moenia fluctu.
Audax, ceu plano gradiens uictricia campo
ferret signa, iugum certabat scandere miles.
Aris, ductor erat qui contra, amplexus in artis
auxilium atque excelsa loci, praesaepserat arcem.
pugnabat natura soli, paruoque superne
bellantum nisu passim per prona uoluti
truncato instabiles fundebant corpore uitam.
uerum ubi concessit pelagi reuolubilis unda
et fluctus rapido fugiebat in aequora lapsu,
quaque modo excelsae sulcarant caerula puppes,
hac impune dabat Nereus transcurrere planta,
hinc tacite nitens informidatus adire
ductor Dardanius subitam trahit aequore pubem
perque undas muris pedes aduolat. inde citati
a tergo accelerant, qua fisis fluctibus Aris
incustoditam sine milite liquerat urbem.
tum prostratus humi, miserandum, uicta catenis
Poenus colla dedit populumque addixit inermem.
hanc oriens uidit Titan, cum surgeret, urbem
uallari castris captamque aspexit eandem
ocius Hesperio quam gurgite tingeret axem.
Aurora ingrediens terris exegerat umbras
principio statuunt aras. cadit ardua taurus
uictima Neptuno pariter pariterque Tonanti.
tum merita aequantur donis, ac praemia uirtus
sanguine parta capit. phaleris hic pectora fulget,
hic torque aurato circumdat bellica colla,
ille nitet celsus muralis honore coronae.
Laelius ante omnes, cui dextera clara domusque,
ter dena boue et aequorei certaminis alto
donatur titulo Poenique recentibus armis
rektoris. tunc hasta uiris, tunc Martia cuique

uexilla, ut meritum, et praedae libamina dantur.
Postquam perfectae laudes hominumque deumque,
captivae spectantur opes digestaque praeda:
hoc aurum patribus, bello haec Martique talenta,
hoc regum donis, diuum hoc ante omnia templis,
cetera bellantum dextrae pulchroque labori.
quin etiam accitus populi regnator Hiberi,
cui sponsa et sponsae defixus in ossibus ardor.
hanc notam formae concessit laetus ouansque
indelibata gaudenti uirgine donum.
tum uacui curis uicino litore mensas
instituant festoque agitant conuiuia ludo.
Laelius effatur: “macte, o uenerande, pudici,
ductor, macte animi. cedat tibi gloria lausque
magnum heroum celebrataque carmine uirtus.
mille Mycenaeas qui traxit in aequora proras
rector, et Inachiis qui Thessala miscuit arma,
femineo socium uiolarunt foedus amore,
nullaque tum Phrygio steterunt tentoria campo,
captiuus non plena toris; tibi barbara soli
sanctius Iliaca seruata est Phoebade uirgo.”
haec atque his paria alterno sermone serebant,
donec Nox atro circumdata corpus amictu
nigrantes inuexit equos suasitque quietem.
Emathio interea tellus Aetola tumultu
feruebat Macetum subitis perculsa carinis.
proximus hinc hosti dextras iungebat Acarnan.
causa noui motus Poenis regique Philippo
in bellum Ausonium sociatae foedere uires.
hic gente egregius ueterisque ab origine regni
Aeacidum sceptris proauoque tumebat Achille.
ille et nocturnis conterritus Oricon armis
quaque per Illyricum Taulantius incola litus
exiguos habitat non ullo nomine muros,
turbidus incessit telis, ille aequore uectus
nunc et Phaeacum Thesprotiaque arua lacessens
Epirum cassis lustrabat futilis ausis,
nunc et Anactoria signa ostentauit in ora
Ambraciosque sinus Olpaeaque litora bello
perfudit rapido. pepulit uada feruida remis
Leucatae et Phoebi uidit citus Actia templa.
nec portus Ithacae, Laertia regna, Samenque
liquit inaccessam fluctuque sonantia cano
saxa Cephallenum et scopulos Neriton aruis.

ille etiam Pelopis sedes et Achaica adire
moenia praegaudens tristem Calydon Dianae
Oeneasque domos, Curetica tecta, subibat
promittens contra Hesperiam sua proelia Grai-
tum lustrata Ephyre Patraeque et regia Pleuron
Parnasusque biceps Phoeboque loquentia saxa.
ac saepe ad patrios bello reuocante penates,
cum modo Sarmaticus regna infestaret Orestis,
aspera nunc Dolopum uis exundasset in agros,
incepto tamen haud facilis desistere uano
belli per Graias umbram circumtulit oras,
donec nunc pelago, nunc terra exutus omisit
spem positam in Tyriis et supplex foedera sanxi.
Dardana nec legem regno accepisse refugit.
Tunc et Tyndarei Latias fortuna Tarenti
auxit opes laudemque simul. nam perfida tandem
urbs Fabio deuicta seni, postremus in armis
ductoris titulus cauti. sollertia tutum
tum quoque adepta decus captis sine sanguine muris.
namque ut compertum, qui Punica signa regebat
feminea exuri flamma, tacitusque quietae
exin uirtuti placuit dolus, ire sorori
(nam castris erat in Rutulis) germanus amatae
cogitur et magnis muliebria uincere corda
pollicitis, si reclusas transmittere portas
concedat Libycus rector, uotique potitus
euicto Fabius Poeno circumdata telis
incustodita penetrauit moenia nocte.
Sed quisnam auersos Phoebum tunc iungere ab urbe
Romulea dubitaret equos, qui tempore eodem
Marcellum acciperet letum oppetiisse sub armis?
moles illa uiri calidoque habitata Gradiuo
pectora et haud ullis umquam tremefacta periclis,
heu quantum Hannibalem clara factura ruina,
procubuere. iacet campis Carthaginis horror
forsan Scipiadae confecti nomina belli
rapturus, si quis paulum deus adderet aeuo.
Collis Agenoreum dirimebat ab aggere uallum
Ausonio (Dauni Mauors consederat aruis).
curarum comes et summi Crispinus honoris
Marcello socius communia bella ciebat.
ad quem Marcellus: “gestit lustrare propinquas
mens siluas medioque uiros imponere monti,
ne Libys occultis tumulum prior occupet ausis.

si cordi est, te participem, Crispine, laboris
esse uelim. numquam desunt consulta duobus.”
haec ubi sedere, arduos attollere sese
iam dudum certant in equos. Marcellus, ut arma
aptantem natum aspexit laetumque tumultu
“uincis” ait “nostros mirando ardore uigores.
sit praematurus felix labor. urbe Sicana
qualem te uidi, nondum permetteret aetas
cum tibi bella, meo tractantem proelia uultu!
huc, decus, huc, nostrum, lateri te iunge paterno
et me disce nouum Martem temptare magistro.”
tum pueri colla amplectens sic pauca precatur:
“summe deum, Libyco faxis de praeside nunc his,
his umeris tibi opima feram.” nec plura, sereno
sanguineos fudit cum Iuppiter aethere rores
atque atris arma aspersit non prospera guttis.
uixdum finitis intrarant uocibus artas
letiferi collis fauces, cum turba uolucris
inuadunt Nomades iaculis nimboque feruntur
aetherio similes caeca fundente latebra
armatos in bella globos. circumdata postquam
nil restare uidet uirtus, quod debeat ultra
iam superis, magnum secum portare sub umbras
nomen mortis auct. tortae nunc eminens hastae
altius insurgit, nunc saeuit comminus ense.
forsan et enasset rapidi freta saeua pericli,
ni telum aduersos nati uenisset in artus.
tum patriae tremuere manus, laxataque luctu
fluxerunt rigidis arma infelicia palmis.
obuia nudatum tramittit lancea pectus,
labensque impresso signauit gramina mento.
At postquam Tyrius saeua inter proelia ductor
infixum aduerso uidit sub pectore telum,
immane exclamat: “Latias, Carthago, timere
desine iam leges. iacet exitiabile nomen,
Ausonii columen regni. sed dextera nostrae
tam similis non obscuras mittatur ad umbras.
magnanima inuidia uirtus caret.” alta sepulcri
protinus exstruitur caeloque educitur ara.
conuectant siluis ingentia robora. credas
Sidonium cecidisse ducem. tum tura dapesque
et fascis clipeusque uiri, pompa ultima, fertur.
ipse facem subdens “laus” inquit “parta perennis.
Marcellum abstulimus Latio. deponere forsan

gens Italum tandem arma uelit. uos ite superbae
exsequias animae et cinerem donate supremi
muneris officio; numquam hoc tibi, Roma, negabo.”
alterius par atque eadem fortuna laborum
consulis: exanimum sonipes ad signa reuexit.
Talia in Ausonia. sed non et talis Hiberis
armorum euentus campis. Carthaginis omnes
per subitum raptae pernix uictoria late
terruerat gentes. ducibus spes una salutis,
si socias iungant uires. ingentibus orsum
auspiciis iuuenem, ceu patria gestet in armis
fulmina, sublimi uallatam uertice montis
et scopulis urbem, cumulatam strage uirorum
non toto rapuisse die, qua Martius ille
Hannibal in terra consumpto uerterit anno
nec pube aequandam nec opum ubertate Saguntum.
Proximus applicito saxosis aggere siluis
tendebat fratris spirans ingentia facta
Hasdrubal. hic robur mixtusque rebellibus Afris
Cantaber, hic uolucris Mauro perniciosior Astur;
tantaque maiestas terra rectoris Hibera,
Hannibalis quantus Laurenti terror in ora.
forte dies priscum Tyriis sollemnis honorem
rettulerat, quo primum orsi Carthaginis altae
fundamenta nouam coepere mapalibus urbem,
et laetus repetens gentis primordia ductor
festa coronatis agitabat gaudia signis
pacificans diuos. fraternum laena nitebat
demissa ex umeris donum, quam foederis arti
Trinacrius Libyco rex inter munera pignus
miserat, Aeoliis gestatum insigne tyrannis.
aurata puerum rapiebat ad aethera penna
per nubes aquila intexto librata uolatu.
antrum ingens iuxta, quod acus simulauit in ostro,
Cyclopus domus. hic recubans manantia tabo
corpora letifero sorbet Polyphemus hiatu.
circa fracta iacent excussaue morsibus ossa.
ipse manu extenta Laertia pocula poscit
permiscetque mero ructatos ore cruores.
Conspicuus Siculi Tyrius subteminis arte
gramineas pacem superum poscebat ad aras.
ecce inter medios hostilia nuntius arma
quadrupedante inuectus equo aduentare ferebat.
turbatae mentes, imperfectusque deorum

cessit honos. ruptis linquunt altaria sacris.
clauduntur uallo, tenuemque ut roscida misit
lucem Aurora polo, rapiunt certamina Martis.
audax Scipiadae stridentem Sabbura cornum
excepit, geminaeque acies uelut omine motae.
exclamat Latius ductor: "prima hostia uobis,
sacrati manes, campo iacet. en age, miles,
in pugnam et caedes, qualis spirantibus ire
adsueras ducibus, talis rue." dumque ea fatur,
incumbunt. Myconum Laenas Cirtamque Latinus
et Thysdrum Maro et incestum Catilina Nealcen
germanae thalamo obtruncat. cadit obuius acri
Cartalo Nasidio, Libycae regnator harenae.
te quoque Pyrenes uidit conterrita tellus
permixtum Poenis et uix credenda furem,
magnum Dardaniae, Laeli, decus, omnia felix
cui natura dedit nullo renuente deorum.
ille foro auditus, cum dulcia soluerat ora,
aequabat Pyliae Neleia mella senectae,
ille, ubi suspensi patres et curia uocem
posceret, ut cantu ducebat corda senatus;
idem, cum subitum campo perstrinxerat aures
murmur triste tubae, tanto feruore ruebat
in pugnam atque acies, ut natum ad sola liqueret
bella. nihil uitae peragi sine laude placebat.
tunc effurtiua tractantem proelia luce
deiecit Galam. sacris Carthaginis illum
supposito mater partu subduxerat olim;
sed stant nulla diu deceptis gaudia diuis.
tunc Alabim Maurumque Dracen demisit ad umbras,
femineo clamore Dracen extrema rogantem.
huius ceruicem gladio inter uerba precesque
amputat. absciso durabant murmura collo.
At non ductori Libyco par ardor in armis.
frondosi collis latebras ac saxa capessit
auiam, nec caedes extremae damna mouebant
agminis. Italiam profugus spectabat et Alpes,
praemia magna fugae. tacitum dat tessera signum
dimissa in colles pugna siluasque ferantur
dispersi et summam, quicumque euaserit, arcem
Pyrenes culmenque petat. tum primus honore
armorum exuto et parma celatus Hibera
in montes abit atque uolens palantia linquit
agmina. desertis Latius uictricia signa

immittit miles castris (non urbe recepta
plus ulla partum praedae) tenuitque moratas
a caede, ut Libycus ductor prouiderat, iras,
fluminei ueluti deprensus gurgitis undis
auulsa parte inguinibus causaque pericli
enatat intento praedae fiber auius hoste.
Impiger occultis Poenus postquam abditur umbris
saxosae fidens siluae, maiora petuntur
rursus bella retro et superari certior hostis.
Pyrenes tumulo clipeum cum carmine figunt:
HASDRVBALIS SPOLIVM GRADIVO SCIPIO VICTOR.
Terrore interea posito trans ardua montis
Bebrycia populos armabat Poenus in aula
mercandi dextras largus belloque parata
prodigere in bellum facilis. praemissa feroces
augebant animos argenti pondera et auri
parta metalliferis longo discrimine terris.
hinc noua complerunt haud tardo milite castra
uenales animae, Rhodani qui gurgite gaudent,
quorum serpit Arar per rura pigerrimus undae.
iamque hieme affecta mitescere coeperat annus.
inde iter ingrediens rapidum per Celtica rura
miratur domitas Alpes ac peruia montis
ardua et Herculeae quaerit uestigia plantae
germanique uias diuinis comparat ausis.
Vt uero uentum in culmen castrisque resedit
Hannibalis, “quos Roma,” inquit “quos altius, oro,
attollit muros, qui post haec moenia fratri
uicta meo stent incolumes? sit gloria dextrae
felix tanta precor, neue usque ad sidera adisse
inuideat laeuus nobis deus.” agmine celso
inde alacer, qua munitum decluius ab alto
agger monstrat iter, properatis deuolat armis.
non tanto strepuere metu primordia belli.
nunc geminum Hannibalem, nunc iactant bina coire
hinc atque hinc castra et pastos per prospera bella
sanguine ductores Italo coniungere Martem
et duplicare acies. uenturum ad moenia cursu
hostem praecipiti et uisurum haerentia porta
spicula Elissaeis nuper contorta lacertis.
His super infrendens sic secum Oenotria Tellus:
“tantone (heu superi!) spernor contempta furore
Sidoniae gentis, quae quondam sceptrata timentem
nati Saturnum nostris considerare in oris

et regnare dedi? decima haec iam uertitur aestas,
ex quo proterimur. iuuenis, cui sola supersunt
in superos bella, extremo de litore rapta
intulit arma mihi temeratisque Alpibus ardens
in nostros descendit agros. quot corpora texi
caesorum stratis totiens deformis alumnis!
nulla mihi floret bacis felicibus arbor
immatura seges rapido succiditur ense
culmina uillarum nostrum delapsa feruntur
in gremium foedantque suis mea regna ruinis.
hunc etiam, uastis qui nunc sese intulit oris,
perpetiar miseras quaerentem exurere belli
reliquias? tum me scindat uagus Afer aratro,
et Libys Ausoniis commendet semina sulcis
ni cuncta, exsultant quae latis agmina campis,
uno condiderim tumulo.” dum talia uersat
et thalamos claudit Nox atra deumque hominumque,
tendit Amyclaei praeceps ad castra nepotis.
is tum Lucanis cohibentem finibus arma
Poenum uicini seruabat caespite ualli.
hic iuuenem aggreditur Latiae telluris imago:
“Clausorum decus atque erepto maxima Romae
spes Nero Marcello, rumpe atque expelle quietem.
magnum aliquid tibi, si patriae uis addere fatis,
audendum est, quod depulso quoque moenibus hoste
uictores fecisse tremant. fulgentibus armis
Poenus inundauit campos, qua Sena relictum
Gallorum a populis seruat per saecula nomen.
ni propere alipedes rapis ad certamina turmas,
serus deletae post auxiliabere Romae.
surge, age, fer gressus. patulos regione Matauri
damnaui tumulis Poenorum atque ossibus agros.”
his dictis abit atque abscedens uisa pauentem
attrahere et fractis turmas propellere portis.
Rumpit flammato turbatus corde soporem
ac supplex geminas tendens ad sidera palmas
Tellurem Noctemque et caelo sparsa precatur
astra ducemque uiae tacito sub lumine Phoeben.
inde legit dignas tanta ad conamina dextras,
quaque iacet superi Larinas accola ponti,
qua duri bello gens Marrucina fidemque
exuere indocilis sociis Frentanus in armis,
tum qua uitiferos domitat Praetutia pubes
laeta laboris agros, et penna et fulmine et undis

hibernis et Achaemenio uelocior arcu
euolat. hortator sibi quisque “age, perge, salutem
Ausoniae ancipites superi et, stet Roma cadatne,
in pedibus posuere tuis” clamantque ruuntque.
hortandi genus acer habet praecedere ductor.
illum augent cursus annisi aequare sequendo
atque indefessi noctemque diemque feruntur.
At Roma aduersi tantum et mala gliscere belli
accipiens trepidare metu nimiumque Neronem
sperauisse queri atque uno sibi uulnere posse
auferri restantem animam. non arma nec aurum
nec pubem nec, quem fundat, superesse cruorem.
scilicet Hasdrubalem inuadat, qui ad proelia soli
Hannibali satis esse nequit? iam rursus, ubi arma
auertisse suo cognorit deuia uallo,
haesurum portis Poenum. uenisse, superbo
qui fratri certet, cui maxima gloria cedat
urbis deletae. fremit amens corde sub imo
ordo patrum ac magno interea meditatur amore
seruandi decoris, quonam se fine minanti
seruitio eripiat diuosque euadat iniquos.
hos inter gemitus obscuro noctis opacae
succedit castris Nero, quae coniuncta feroci
Liuius Hasdrubali uallo custode tenebat.
belliger is quondam scitusque accendere Martem
floruerat primo clarus pugnator in aeuo.
mox falso laesus non aequi crimine uulgi
secretis ruris tristes absconderat annos.
sed postquam grauior moles terrorque periclo
poscebat propiore uirum, reuocatus ad arma
tot caesis ducibus patriae donauerat iram.
At non Hasdrubalem fraudes latuere recentum
armorum, quamquam tenebris nox texerat astus.
pulueris in clipeis uestigia uisa mouebant
et, propen signum accursus, sonipesque uirique
substricti corpus. bis clarum, bucina, signum
praeterea gemino prodebat iuncta magistro
castra regi. uerum fratri si uita supersit,
qui tandem licitum socias coniungere uires
consulibus? sed enim solum, dum uera patecant,
cunctandi restare dolum Martemque trahendi.
nec consulta fugae segni formidine differt.
Nox, somni genetrix, mortalia pectora curis
purgarat, tenebraeque horrenda silentia alebant.

erepit suspensa ferens uestigia castris
et muta elabi tacito iubet agmina passu.
illunem nacti per rura tacentia noctem
accelerant uitantque sonos; sed percita falli
sub tanto motu Tellus nequit. implicat actas
caeco errore uias umbrisque fauentibus arto
circumagit spatium sua per uestigia ductos.
nam qua curuatas sinuosas flexibus amnis
obliquat ripas refluoque per aspera lapsu
in sese redit, hac casso ducente labore
exiguum inuoluunt frustratis gressibus orbem,
inque errore uiae tenebrarum munus ademptum.
Lux surgit panditque fugam. ruit acer apertis
turbo equitum portis, atque omnes ferrea late
tempestas operit campos. nondum arma manusque
permixtae, iam tela bibunt praemissa cruorem.
hinc iussae Poenum fugientem sistere pennae
Dictaeae uolitant, hinc lancea turbine nigro
fert letum cuicumque uiro, quem prenderit ictus.
deponunt abitus curam trepidique coactas
constituunt acies et spes ad proelia uertunt.
Ipse inter medios (nam rerum dura uidebat)
Sidonius ductor tergo sublimis ab alto
quadrupedantis equi tendens uocemque manusque:
“per decora extremo uobis quaesita sub axe,
per fratris laudes oro, uenisse probemus
germanum Hannibalis. Latio Fortuna laborat
aduersis documenta dare atque ostendere, quantus
uerterit in Rutulos domitor telluris Hiberiae
suetus ad Herculeas miles bellare columnas.
forsitan et pugnas ueniat germanus in ipsas.
digna uiro, digna, obtestor, spectacula pleno
corporibus properate solo. quicumque timeri
dux bello poterat, fratri iacet. unica nunc spes,
e poena ac latebris infracto Liuius aeuo,
damnatum, offertur uobis, caput. ite agite, oro,
sternite ductorem, cum quo concurrere fratri
sit pudor, et turpi finem donate senectae.”
At contra Nero: “quid cessas cluisse labores
ingentis belli? pedibus tibi gloria, miles,
parta ingens. nunc accumula coepta ardua dextra.
heu temere abducto liquisti robore castra,
nunc factum absoluit uictoria. praecipe laudem.
aduentu cecidisse tuo memorabitur hostis.”

Parte alia insignis nudatis casside canis
Liuius: “huc, iuuenes, huc me spectate ruentem
in pugnas, quantumque meus patefecerit ensis,
tantum intrate loci et tandem praecludite ferro
iam nimium patulas Poenis grassantibus Alpes.
quod ni ueloci prosternimus agmina Marte
et fulmen subitum Carthaginis Hannibal adsit,
qui deus infernis quemquam nostrum eximat umbris?”
hinc galea capite accepta dicta horrida ferro
sancit et obtectus senium fera proelia miscet.
illum per cuneos et per densissima campi
corpora tot dantem leto, quot spicula torsit,
turbati fugere Macae, fugere feroces
Autololes Rhodanique comas intonsa iuuentus.
Fatidicis Nabis ueniens Hammonis harenis
improba miscebat securus proelia fati
ceu tutante deo ac patriis spolia Itala templis
fixurum uano tumidus promiserat ore.
ardebat gemma Garamantide caerulea uestis,
ut cum sparsa micant stellarum lumina caelo,
et gemmis galeam clipeumque accenderat auro.
casside cornigera dependens infula sacros
prae se terrores diuumque ferebat honorem.
arcus erat pharetraeque uiro atque incocta cerastis
spicula et armatus peragebat bella ueneno.
necnon cornipedis tergo de more repostus
sustentata genu per campum pondera conti
Sarmatici prona aduersos urgebat in hostes.
tum quoque transfixum telo per membra, per arma
consulis ante oculos magno clamore Sabellum
asportabat ouans et ouans Hammona canebat.
non tulit hanc iram tantosque in corde tumores
barbarico senior telumque intorsit et una
praedam animamque simul uictori uictor ademit.
Adsilit audito tristis clamore ruinae
Hasdrubal et coeptantem Arabum raptare perempto
gemmiferi spoliū cultus auroque rigentes
exuias iaculum a tergo perlibrat ad ossa.
Iam correpta miser geminis uelamina palmis
carpebat propere et trepidos nudauerat artus:
concidit ac sacras uestes atque aurea fila
reddidit exanimo spoliatum lapsus in hostem.
at Canthus Rutilum, Canthus possessor harenae,
qua celebre inuicti nomen posuere Philaeni,

ditem ouium Rutilum obruncat, cui mille sub altis
lanigeræ balant stabulis. ipse otia molli
exercens cura gelido nunc flumine soles
frangebat nimios pecori, nunc laetus in herba
tondebat niueæ splendentia uellera lanæ
aut, pecus e pastu cum sese ad tecta referret,
noscentes matres spectabat ouilibus agnos.
occubuit clipei transfixo proditus aere
et sero ingemuit stabulis exisse paternis.
Acrius hoc Italum pubes incurrit et urget,
ut torrens, ut tempestas, ut flamma corusci
fulminis, ut Borean pontus fugit, ut caua currunt
nubila, cum pelago caelum permiscuit Eurus.
« proceræ stabant, Celtarum signa, cohortes,
prima acies. hos impulsu cuneoque feroci
laxat uis subita, et fessos errore uiarum
nec soli faciles longique laboris anhelos
auertit patrius genti pauor. addere tergo
hastas Ausonius teloque instare sequaci
nec donare fugam. cadit uno uulnere Thyrmis,
non uno Rhodanus, profligatumque sagittæ
lancea deturbat Morinum et iam iamque cadentem.
cedentes urget totas largitus habenas
Liuius acer equo et turmis abeuntibus infert
cornipedem. tunc auersi surgentia colla
disicit ense Mosæ. percussit pondere terram
cum galea ex alto lapsum caput; at residentem
turbatus rapuit sonipes in proelia truncum.
hic Cato (nam medio uibrabat et ipse tumultu)
“si, primas” inquit “bello cum amissimus Alpes,
hic iuueni oppositus Tyrio foret! ei mihi quanta
cessauit Latio dextra, et quot funera Poenis
donarunt prauis suffragia tristia campi!”
Iamque inclinabant acies, cunctisque pauorem
Gallorum induerat pauor, et Fortuna ruebat
Sidonia: ad Rutulos Victoria uerterat alas.
celsus ceu prima refflorescente iuuenta
ibat consul ouans, maior maiorque uideri.
ecce trahens secum canentem puluere turmam
ductor Agenoreus subit intorquensque lacertis
tela sonat: “cohibete fugam. cui cedimus hosti?
nonne pudet? conuersa senex marcentibus annis
agmina agit. nunc, quaeso, mihi nunc dextera in armis
degenerat, nostrique piget? mihi Belus aurum

principium, mihi cognatum Sidonia Dido
nomen et ante omnes bello numerandus Hamilcar
est genitor, mihi, cui cedunt montesque lacusque
et campi atque amnes, frater. me magna secundum
Carthago putat Hannibali, me Baetis in oris
aequant germano passae mea proelia gentes.”
taliam dum memorat medios ablatus in hostes,
ut noua conspecti fulserunt consulis arma,
hastam praepropero nisu iacit. illa per oras
aerati clipei et loricae tegmina summo
incidit haud felix umero parceque petitum
perstrinxit corpus nec multo tincta cruore,
uana sed optanti promisit gaudia Poeno.
Turbati Rutuli, confusaque pectora uisu
terrifico. tunc increpitans conamina consul:
“femineis laesum uana inter proelia corpus
unguibus aut palmis credas puerilibus ictum.
ite, docete, uiri, Romanae uulnera suerint
quanta afferre manus.” tum uero effunditur ingens
telorum uis, et densa sol uincitur umbra.
iamque per extentos alterna strage uirorum
corpora fusa iacent campos demersaque in undam
iunxerunt cumulo crescente cadauera ripas,
ut, cum uenatu saltus exercet opacos
Dictynna et laetae praebet spectacula matri
aut Pindi nemora excutiens aut Maenala lustrans
(omnis Naiadum plenis comitata pharetris
turba ruit, striduntque sagittiferi coryti),
tum per saxa ferae perque ipsa cubilia fusae,
per ualles fluuiosque atque antra uirentia musco
multa strage iacent; exsultat uertice montis
gratam perlustrans oculis Latonia praedam.
Audito ante alios senioris uulnere rumpit
per medios Nero saeuus iter uisaeque uirorum
aequali pugna “quid enim, quid deinde relictumst
Italiae fatis? hunc si non uincitis hostem,
Hannibalem uincetis?” ait. ruit ocius amens
in medios, Tyriumque ducem inter prima frementem
agmina ut aspexit, rabidi ceu belua ponti
per longum sterili ad pastus iactata profundo,
cum procul in fluctu piscem male saucia uidit,
aestuat et lustrans nantem sub gurgite praedam
absorbet late permixtum piscibus aequor,
non telo mora, non dictis. “haud amplius” inquit

“elabere mihi. non hic nemora auia fallent
Pyrenes, nec promissis frustrabere uanis,
ut quondam terra fallax deprensus Hibera
euasti nostram mentito foedere dextram.”
Haec Nero et intorquet iaculum, nec futilis ictus.
nam latere extremo cuspis librata resedit.
inuadit stricto super haec interritus ense
collapsique premens umbone trementia membra
“si qua sub extremo casu mandata referri
germano uis forte tuo, portabimus” inquit.
contra Sidonius: “leto non terreor ullo.
utere Marte tuo, dum nostris manibus adsit
actutum uindex. mea si suprema referre
fratri uerba paras, mando Capitolia uictor
exurat cinerique Iouis permisceat ossa
et cineres nostros.” cupientem annectere plura
feruentemque ira mortis transuerberat ense
et rapit infidum uictor caput. agmina fuso
sternuntur duce non ultra fidentia Marti.
Iamque diem solisque uices nox abstulit atra,
cum uires parco uictu somnoque reducant,
ac nondum remeante die uictricia signa,
qua uentum, referunt clausis formidine castris.
tum Nero procera sublimia cuspide portans
ora ducis caesi “Cannas pensauimus,” inquit
“Hannibal, et Trebiam et Thrasymenni litora tecum
fraterno capite. i, duplica nunc perfida bella
et geminas accerse acies. haec praemia restant,
qui tua tramissis optarint Alpibus arma.”
compressit lacrimas Poenus minuitque ferendo
constanter mala et inferias in tempore dignas
missurum fratri clauso commurmurat ore.
tum castris procul amotis aduersa quiete
dissimulans dubia exclusit certamina Martis.

LIBER XVI

Bruttia maerentem casus patriaeque suosque
Hannibalem accepit tellus. hic aggere saeptus
in tempus posita ad renouandum bella coquebat:
abditus ut silua, stabulis cum cessit adeptis,
amisso taurus regno gregis auia clauso 5
molitur saltu certamina iamque feroci
mugitu nemora exterret perque ardua cursu
saxa ruit, sternit siluas rupesque lacessit
irato rabidus cornu: tremit omnis ab alto
prospectans scopulo pastor noua bella parantem. 10
sed uigor hausurus Latium, si cetera Marti
adiumenta forent, praua obtrectante suorum
inuidia, reuocare animos ac stare negata
cogebatur ope et senio torpescere rerum.
pata tamen formido manu et tot caedibus olim 15
quaesitus terror uelut inuiolabile telis
seruabant sacrumque caput, proque omnibus armis
et castrorum opibus dextrisque recentibus unum
Hannibalis sat nomen erat. tot dissona lingua
agmina, barbarico tot discordantia ritu 20
corda uirum mansere gradu, rebusque retusis
fidus ductoris tenuit reuerentia mentes.

Nec uero Ausonia tantum se laetus agebat
Dardanidis Mauors: iam terra cedit Hibera
auriferis tandem Phoenix depulsus ab aruis, 25
iam Mago exutus castris agitante pauore
in Libyam propero tramisit caerula uelo.
ecce aliud decus haud uno contenta fauore
nutribat Fortuna duci. nam concitus Hannon
aduentabat, agens crepitantibus agmina caetris 30
barbara, et indigenas serus raptabat Hiberos.
non ars aut astus belli uel dextera deerat,
si non Scipiadae concurreret. omnia ductor
magna adeo Ausonius maiori mole premebat:
ut Phoebe stellas, ut fratri<s> lumina Phoeben 35
exuperant montisque Atlas et flumina Nilus,
ut pater Oceanus Neptunia caerula uincit.
uallantem castra (obscurum nam uesper Olympo
fundere non aequam trepidanti coeperat umbra<m>)
adgreditur Latius rector, subitoque tumultu 40
caeduntur passim coepti munimina ualli

imperfecta super. contexere herbida lapsos
pondera, et in tumuli concessit caespes honorem.

Vix uni mens digna uiro, nouisse minores
quam deceat pretiumque operis sit tradere famae. 45
Cantaber ingenio membrorum et mole timeri
uel nudus telis poterat Larus. hic fera gentis
more securigera miscebat proelia dextra
et, quamquam fundi se circum pulsa uideret
agmina, deleta gentilis pube cateruae 50
caesorum implebat solus loca: seu foret hostis
comminus, expleri gaudebat uulnere frontis
aduersae, seu laeua acies in bella uocaret,
obliquo telum reflexum Marte rotabat.
at, cum pone ferox auersi in terga ueniret 55
uictor, nil trepidans retro iactare bipennem
callebat, nulla belli non parte timendus.
huic ducis inuicti germanus turbine uasto
Scipio contorquens hastam, cudone comantis
disiecit crinis. namque altius acta cucurrit 60
cuspis et elata procul est eiecta securi.
at iuuenis, cui telum ingens accesserat ira,
barbaricam adsiliens magno clamore bipennem
incutit. intremuere acies, sonuitque per auras
pondere belligero pulsati tegminis umbo, 65
haud impune quidem. remeans nam dextera ab ictu
decisa est gladio ac dilecto immortua telo.
qui postquam murus miseris ruit, agmina concors
auertit fuga confestim dispersa per agros.
nec pugnae species, sed poenae tristis imago 70
illa erat, hinc tantum caedentum atque inde ruentum.
per medios Hannon palmas post terga reuinctus
ecce trahebatur lucemque (heu dulcia caeli
lumina!) captius lucem inter uincla petebat.
cui rector Latius: ‘Tanta, en, qui regna reposcant, 75
quis cedat toga et armiferi gens sacra Quirini.
seruitio si tam faciles, cur bella refertis?’

Haec inter celerare gradum, coniungat ut arma,
Hasdrubalem ignarum cladis praenuntius adfert
explorator eques. raptat dux obuia signa 80
ac, postquam optatam laetus contingere pugnam
uidit et ad letum magno uenientia cursu
agmina, suspiciens caelum ‘Nil amplius’ inquit
‘uos hodie posco, superi. protraxitis ad arma
quod profugos, satis est: in dextra cetera nobis 85

uota, uiri. rapite, ite, precor. uocat ecce furentis
hinc pater, hinc patruus. gemina o mihi numina belli,
ducite, adeste, sequor. dignas spectabitis, aut me
praescia mens fallit, uestro iam nomine caedes.
nam quis erit tandem campis telluris Hiberæ 90
bellandi modus? en umquam lucebit in orbe
ille dies, quo te armorum, Carthago, meorum
aspiciam sonitus admotaque bella trementem?’

Dixerat, et raucus stridenti murmure clangor
increpuit: tonuere feris clamoribus astra. 95
concurrunt, quantumque rapit uiolentia ponti
et Notus et Boreas et inexorabilis Auster,
cum mergunt plenas tumefacta sub aequora classes,
aut cum letiferos accendens Sirius ignis
torret anhelantem saeuis ardoribus orbem, 100
tantum acies hominumque ferox discordia ferro
demetit. haud ullus terrarum aequarit hiatus
pugnarum damna, aut strages per inhospita lustra
umquam tot dederit rabies horrenda ferarum.
iam campi uallesque madent, hebetataque tela. 105
et Libys occubuere et amantes Martis Hiberi.
stat tamen una loco perfossis debilis armis
luctaturque acies, qua concutit Hasdrubal hastam.
nec finem daret ille dies animosaque uirtus,
ni perlapsa uiro loricae tegmen harundo 110
et parco summum uiolasset uulnere corpus
suasissetque fugam. rapido certamina linquit
in latebras euectus equo noctisque per umbram
ad Tartessiacos tendit per litora portus.

Proximus in pugna ductori Marte manuque 115
regnator Nomadum fuerat, mox foedere longo
cultuque Aeneadum nomen Masinissa superbum.
huic fesso, quos dura fuga et nox suaserat atra,
carpenti somnos subitus rutilante coruscum
uertice fulsit apex, crispamque inuoluere uisa est 120
mitis flamma comam atque hirta se spargere fronte.
concurrunt famuli et serpentis tempora circum
festinant gelidis restinguere fontibus ignis;
at grandaeva deum praenoscens omina mater
‘Sic, sic, caelicolae, portentaque uestra secundi 125
condite:’ ait ‘dure<t> capiti per saecula lumen.
ne uero, ne, nate, deum tam laeta pauesce
prodigia aut sacras metue inter tempora flammæ.
hic tibi Dardaniae promittit foedera gentis,

hic tibi regna dabit regnis maiora paternis 130
ignis et adiunget Latiis tua nomina fati.
sic uates, iuuenisque animum tam clara mouebant
monstra, nec a Poenis ulli uirtutis honores,
Hannibal ipse etiam iam iamque modestior armis.

Aurora obscuri tergebat nubila caeli 135
uixque Atlantiadum rubefecerat ora sororum:
tendit in Ausonios et adhuc hostilia castra.
atque, ubi se uallo intulerat, ductorque benigno
accepit Latius uultu, rex talibus inquit:
‘Caelestum monita et sacrae responsa parentis 140
disque tua, o Rutulum rector, gratissima uirtus
auulsum Tyriis huc me duxere uolentem.
si tibi non segnes tua contra fulmina saepe
uisi stare sumus, dignam te, nate Tonantis,
adferimus dextram. nec nos aut uana subegit 145
incertae mentis leuitas et mobile pectus,
aut spes et laeti sectamur praemia Martis:
perfidiam fugio et periuram ab origine gentem.
tu, quando Herculeis finisti proelia metis,
nunc ipsam belli nobiscum inuade parentem. 150
ille tibi, qui iam gemino Laurentia lustrum
possedit regna et scalas ad moenia Romae
admouet, in Libyam flammis ferroque trahendus.’

Sic Nomadum ductor. tunc dextra Scipio dextram
amplexus: ‘Si pulchra tibi Mauorte uidetur, 155
pulchrior est gens nostra fide. dimitte bilinguis
ex animo socios. magna hinc te praemia clarae
uirtutis, Masinissa, manent, citiusque uel armis
quam gratae studio uincetur Scipio mentis.
cetera quae Libyam portari incendia suades, 160
expedit tempus. nec enim sunt talia rerum
non meditata mihi, et mentem Carthago fatigat.’
hinc iuueni dona insignem uelamine picto
dat chlamydem stratumque ostro, quem ceperat ipse
deiecto uictor Magone animique probarat, 165
cornipedem, tum, qua diuum libabat ad aras
Hasdrubal, ex auro pateram galeamque comantem.
exin firmato sociali foedere regis
uertendas agit at iam nunc Carthaginis arces.

Massylis regnator erat ditissimus oris 170
nec nudus uirtute Syphax, quem iura petebant
innumerae gentes extremaque litore Tethys.
multa uiro terra ac sonipes et belua, terror

bellorum, nec non Marti delecta iuuentus.
nec foret, aut ebore aut solido qui uinceret auro 175
Gaetulisue magis fucaret uellus aenis.
has adiungere opes audius reputansque laborem,
si uertat rex ad Poenos, dare uela per altum
imperat atque animo iam tum Africa bella capessit.
uerum ubi peruentum, et portus tenuere carinae, 180
iam trepida fugiens per proxima litora puppe
Hasdrubal adflctis aderat noua foedera quaerens
rebus et ad Tyrios Massylia signa trahebat.

Audito pariter populorum in regna duorum
aduenisse duces, qui tota mole laborent 185
disceptentque armis terrarum uter imperet orbi,
celsus mente Syphax acciri in tecta benigne
imperat et tanto regni se tollit honore.
tum laetos uoluens oculos aduersa per ora,
sic Latium adfatur iuuenem ac prior incipit ultro: 190
'Quam te, Dardanide pulcherrime, mente serena
accipio intueorque libens! quamque ora recordor
laetus Scipiadae! reuocat tua forma parentem.
nam repeto, Herculeas Erythia ad litora Gades
cum studio pelagi et spectandis aestibus undae 195
uenissem, magnos uicina ad flumina Baetis
ductores miro quodam me cernere amore.
tum mihi dona uiri praeda delecta tulere,
arma simul regnoque meo tum cognita primum
cornipedum frena atque arcus, quis cedere nostra 200
nunc norunt iacula, et ueteris tribuere magistros
militiae, qui dispersas sine lege cateruas
uestro formarent ritu ad certamina Martis.
ast ego, cum contra, nostris quae copia regnis,
nunc auri ferrem, niuei nunc munera dentis, 205
nil ualui precibus. solos sibi cepit uterque,
quos cohibebat ebur uaginae sectilis, enses.
quare, age, laetus haue nostros intrare penatis
ac, mea quando adfert Libycum fortuna per undas
ductorem, facili, quae dicam, percipe mente. 210
et uos, qui Tyriae regitis Carthaginis arces,
Hasdrubal, huc aures, huc quaeso aduertite sensus.
quanta per Ausonios populos torrentibus armis
tempestas ruat et Latio suprema minetur,
utque bibant Tyrium bis quinos saeua per annos 215
Sicana nunc tellus, nunc litora Hibera cruorem,
cui nescire licet? quin ergo tristia tandem

considunt bella, et deponitis arma uolentes?
tu Libya, tu te Ausonia cohibere memento.
haud deformis erit uobis ad foedera uersis 220
pacator mediusque Syphax.’ subiungere plura
non passus, gentis morem arbitriumque senatus
Scipio demonstrat, uanique absistere coepti
spe iubet et patres docet haec expendere solos.
suadendi modus hic, quodque est de parte diei 225
exacti super ad mensas et pocula uertunt,
atque, epulis postquam finis, dant corpora somno
et dura in noctem curarum uincula soluunt.

Iamque nouum terris pariebat limine primo
egrediens Aurora diem, stabulisque subibant 230
ad iuga solis equi, necdum ipse ascenderat axem,
sed prorupturis rutilabant aequora flammis:
exigit e stratis corpus uultuque sereno
Scipio contendit Massyli ad limina regis.
illi mos patrius fetus nutrire leonum 235
et catulis rabiem atque iras expellere alendo.
tum quoque fulua manu mulcebat colla iubasque
et fera tractabat ludentum interritus ora.
Dardanium postquam ductorem accepit adesse,
induitur chlamydem, regnique insigne uetusti 240
gestat laeua decus. cinguntur tempora uitta
albente, ac lateri de more adstringitur ensis.
hinc in tecta uocat, secretisque aedibus hospes
sceptribus cum rege pari sub honore residunt.

Tum prior his infit terrae pacator Hiberæ: 245
‘Prima mihi, domitis Pyrenes gentibus, ire
ad tua regna fuit properantem et maxima cura,
o sceptri uenerande Syphax. nec me aequore saeuus
tardauit medio pontus. non ardua regnis
quaesumus aut inhonora tuis: coniunge Latinis 250
unanimum pectus sociusque accede secundis.
non tibi Massylæ gentes extentaque tellus
Syrtribus et latis proauita potentia campis
amplius attulerint decoris, quam Romula uirtus
certa iuncta fide et populi Laurentis honores. 255
cetera quid referam? non ullus scilicet ulli
aecus caelicolum, qui Dardana laeserit arma.’

Audiuit laeto Massylus et adnuit ore
complexusque uirum ‘Firmemus prospera’ dixit
‘omina, nec uotis superi concordibus absint, 260
cornigerumque Iouem Tarpeiumque ore uocemus.’

et simul exstructis caespes surrexerat aris
uictimaque admotae stabat subiecta bipenni,
cum subito abruptis fugiens altaria taurus
exiit uinculis mugituque excita late 265
impleuit tecta et fremitu suspiria rauco
congemmans trepida terrorem sparsit in aula.
uitaue, maiorum decoramen, fronte sine ullo
delapsa attactu nudauit tempora regis.
taliam caelicolae casuro tristia regno 270
signa dabant, saeuique aderant graui omnia fati.
hunc fractum bello regem solioque reuulsum,
tempus erit, cum ducet agens ad templa Tonantis
qui tunc orabat socialia foedera supplex.
his actis repetit portum puppesque secundo 275
dat uento et notis reddit se Scipio terris.

Concurrere auidae gentes, uariosque subacta
Pyrene misit populos. mens omnibus una:
concordes regem appellant regemque salutant.
scilicet hunc summum norunt uirtutis honorem. 280
sed, postquam miti reiecit munera uultu,
Ausonio non digna uiro, patriosque uicissim
edocuit ritus et Romam nomina regum
monstrauit nescire pati, tum uersus in unam,
quae restat, curam, nullo super hoste relicto, 285
et Latios simul et uulgum Baetisque Tagique
conuocat ac medio in coetu sic deinde profatur
‘Quando ita caelicolum nobis propensa uoluntas
adnuit, extremo Libys ut deiectus ab orbe
aut his occideret campis, aut axe relicto 290
Hesperio patrias exul lustraret harenas:
iam uestra tumulos terra celebrare meorum
est animus pacemque dare exposcentibus umbris.
mente fauete pari atque aures aduertite uestras.
septima cum solis renouabitur orbita caelo, 295
quique armis ferroque ualent, quique arte regendi
quadriiugos pollent currus, quis uincere planta
spes est, et studium iaculis impellere uentos,
adsint ac pulchrae certent de laude coronae.
praemia digna dabo, e Tyria spolia incluta praeda, 300
nec quisquam nostri discedet muneris expers.’
sic donis uulgum laudumque cupidine flammat.

Iamque dies praedicta aderat, coetuque sonabat
innumero campus, simulatasque ordine iusto
exequias rector lacrimis ducebat obortis. 305

omnis Hiber, omnis Latio sub nomine miles
dona ferunt tumulisque super flagrantibus addunt.
ipse, tenens nunc lacte, sacro nunc plena Lyaeo
pocula, odoriferis aspergit floribus aras.
tum manis uocat excitos laudesque uirorum 310
cum fletu canit et ueneratur facta iacentum.

Inde refert sese circo et certamina prima
incohat ac rapidos cursus proponit equorum.
fluctuat aequoreo fremitu rabieque fauentum,
carceribus nondum reseratis, mobile uulgus 315
atque fores oculis et limina seruat equorum.
iamque, ubi prolato sonuere repagula signo
et toto prima emicuit uix ungula cornu,
tollitur in caelum furiali turbine clamor,
pronique ac similes certantibus ore secuntur 320
quisque suos currus magnaue uolantibus idem
uoce locuntur equis. quatitur certamine circus
<s>pectantum, ac nulli mentem non abstulit ardor:
instant praeceptis et equos clamore gubernant.
fuluus, harenosa surgens tellure, sub auras 325
erigitur globus atque operit caligine densa
cornipedumque uias aurigarumque labores.
hic studio furit acris equi, furit ille magistri.
hos patriae fauor, hos accendit nobile nomen
antiqui stabuli. sunt quos spes grata fatiget 330
et noua ferre iugum ceruix. sunt, cruda senectus
quos iuuat et longo sonipes spectatus in aeuo.

Euolat ante omnis rapidoque per aera curru
Callaicus Lampon fugit atque ingentia tranat
exultans spatia et uentos post terga relinquit. 335
conclamant plausuque fremunt uotique peractam
maiores credunt praerepto limite partem.
at, quis interior cura et prudentia circi
altior, effusas primo certamine uires
damnare et cassis longe increpitare querelis 340
indispensato lassantem corpora nisu:
'Quo nimius, quo, Cyrne, ruis?' (nam Cyrnus agebat)
'uerbera dimitte et reuoca moderatus habenas.'
heu surdas aures! fertur securus equorum
nec meminit, quantum campi decurrere restet. 345

Proximus, a primo distans, quantum aequore currus
occupat ipse, loci tantum, sed proximus ibat
Astur Panchates: patrium frons alba nitebat
insigne et patrio pes omnis concolor albo.

ingentes animi, membra haud procera decusque 350
corporis exiguum, sed tum sibi fecerat alas
concitus atque ibat campo indignatus habenas:
crescere sublimem atque augeri membra putares.
Cinyphio rector cocco radiabat Hiberus.

Tertius aequata currebat fronte Peloro 355
Caucasus. ipse asper, nec qui ceruicis amaret
adplausae blandos sonitus clausumque cruento
spumeus admorsu gauderet mandere ferrum.
at docilis freni et melior parere Pelorus
non umquam effusum sinuabat deuius axem, 360
sed laeuo interior stringebat tramite metam,
insignis multa ceruice et plurimus idem
ludentis per colla iubae. mirabile dictu,
nullus erat pater: ad Zephyri noua flamina campis
Vettonum eductum genetrix effuderat Harpe. 365
nobilis hunc Durius stimulabat in aequore currum,
Caucasus antiquo fidebat Atlante magistro.
ipsum Aetola, uago Diomedii condita, Tyde
miserat: exceptum Troiana ab origine equorum
tradebant, quos Aeneae Simoentos ad undas 370
uictor Tydides magnis abduxerat ausis.
iamque fere medium euecti certamine campum
in spatio addebant, nisusque adprendere primos
Panchates animosus equos super altior ire
et praecedentem iam iamque ascendere currum 375
pone uidebatur, curuatisque ungula prima
Callaicum quatiens pulsabat calcibus axem.

At postremus Atlas, sed non et segnior ibat
postremo Durio: pacis de more putares
aequata fronte et concordii currere freno. 380
sensit ut exhaustas, qui proximus ibat, Hiberus
Callaicas Cynni uires, nec ut ante salire
praecipitem currum, et fumantis uerbere cogi
adsiduo uiolenter equos, ceu monte procella
cum subita ex alto ruit, usque ad colla repente 385
cornipedum protentus et in capita ardua pendens
concitatur ardentem, quod ferret lora secundus,
Panchatem uocesque addit cum uerbere mixtas:
'Tene, Astur, certante feret quisquam aequore palmam
erepto? consurge, uola, perlabere campum 390
adsuetis uelox pennis. decrescit anhelo
pectore consumptus Lampon, nec restat hianti,
quem ferat ad metas, iam spiritus.' haec ubi dicta,

tollit se sonipes, ceu tunc e carcere primo
corriperet spatium, et nitentem opponere curuos 395
aut aequare gradus Cyrnum post terga relinquit.
confremit et caelum et percussus uocibus altis
spectantum circus. fertur sublime per auras
altius attollens ceruicem uictor ouantem
Panchates sociosque trahit prior ipse iugalibus. 400

At postremus Atlas, Durius postremus in orbem
exercent artis: laeuos nunc adpetit ille
conatus, nunc ille premit certatque subire
dexter, et alterni nequiquam fallere temptant:
donec confisus primaevae flore iuuentae 405
oblicum Durius conuersis pronus habenis
opposuit currum atque euersum propulit axem
Atlantis senio inualidi, sed iusta querentis:
'Quo ruis? aut quinam hic rabidi certaminis est mos?
et nobis et equis letum commune laboras.' 410
dumque ea proclamat, perfracto uoluitur axe
cernuus, ac pariter fusi, miserabile, campo
discordes sternuntur equi. quatit aequore aperto
lora suis uictor, mediaque Pelorus harena
surgere nitentem fugiens Atlanta reliquit. 415
nec longum Cyrni defessos prendere currus.
hunc quoque cunctantem et sero moderamina equorum
discentem rapido praeteruolat incitus axe.
impellit currum clamor uocesque fauentum,
iamque etiam dorso atque umeris trepidantis Hiberi 420
ora superposuit sonipes, flatusque uapore
terga premi et spumis auriga calescere sentit.
incubuit campo Durius misitque citatos
uerbere quadrupedes, nec frustra: aequare uidetur,
aut etiam aequauit iuga praecedentia dexter. 425
attonitus tum spe tanta: 'Genitore, Pelore,
te Zephyro eductum nunc nunc ostendere tempus.
discant, qui pecudum ducunt ab origine nomen,
quantum diuini praeceat seminis ortus.
uictor dona dabis statuesque altaria patri.' 430
et, ni successu nimio laetoque pauore
proditus elapso foret inter uerba flagello,
forsan sacrasset Zephyro, quas uouerat, aras.
tum uero infelix, ueluti delapsa corona
uictoris capiti foret, in se uersus ab ira 435
auratam medio discindit pectore uestem,
ac lacrimae simul et questus ad sidera fusi.

nec iam subducto parebat uerbere currus.
pro stimulis dorso quatiuntur inania lora.

Interea metis certus iam laudis agebat 440
sese Panchates et praemia prima petebat
arduus. effusas lenis per colla, per armos
uentilat aura iubas, tum mollia crura superbi
attollens gressus magno clamore triumphat.
par donum solido argento caelata bipennis 445
omnibus, at uario distantia cetera honore.
primus ecum uolucrum, Massyli munera regis
haud spernenda, tulit. tulit hinc uirtute secundus
e Tyria, quae multa iacet, duo pocula, praeda,
aurifero perfusa Tago. uillosa leonis 450
terga feri et cristis horrens Sidonia cassis
tertius inde honor est. postremo munere Atlantem,
quamuis perfracto senior subsederat axe,
accitum donat ductor, miseratus et aeuum
et sortem casus. famulus florente iuuenta 455
huic datur, adiuncto gentilis honore galeri.

His actis ductor laeta ad certamina plantae
inuitat positisque accendit pectora donis:
'Hanc primus galeam (hac acies terrebat Hiberas
Hasdrubal), hunc ense, cui proxima gloria cursus, 460
accipiet: caeso pater hunc detraxit Hyempsae.
tertius extremam tauro solabere palmam.
cetera contenti discedent turba duobus
quisque ferox iaculis, quae dat gentile metallum.'

Fulgentes pueri Tartessos et Hesperos ora 465
ostendere simul uulgi clamore secundo.
hos Tyria misere domo patria inclita Gades.
mox subit aspersus prima lanugine malas
Baeticus: hoc dederat puero cognomen ab amne
Corduba et haud paruo certamina laeta fouebat. 470
inde comam rutilus, sed cum fulgore niuali
corporis, impleuit caueam clamoribus omnem
Eurytus: excelso nutritum colle creat
Saetabis, atque aderant trepidi pietate parentes.
tum Lamus et Sicoris, proles bellacis Ilerdae, 475
et Theron, potator aquae, sub nomine Lethes
quae fluit immemori perstringens gurgite ripas.

Qui postquam arrecti plantis et pectora proni
pulsantesque aestu laudum exultantia corda
acceperunt tuba spatium, exiluisse per auras 480
ocius effusis neruo exturbante sagittis.

diuersa et studia et clamor, pendentque fauentes
unguibus atque suos, ut cuique est gratia, anhel
nomine quemque cient. grex inclitus aequore fertur
nullaque tramissa uestigia signat harena, 485
omnes primaevi flauentiaque ora decori,
omnes ire leues atque omnes uincere digni.

Extulit incumbens medio iam limite gressum
Eurytus et primus breuibus, sed primus, abibat
praecedens spatiis. instat non segnius acer 490
Hesperos ac prima stringit uestigia planta
praegressae calcis. satis est huic esse priori,
huic sperare sat est fieri se posse priorem.
acrius hoc tendunt gressus animique uigore
corpora agunt. auget pueris labor ipse decorem. 495
ecce leui nisu postremoque agmine currens,
postquam sat uisus sibi concepisse uigoris,
celsus inexhaustas effundit turbine uires
non expectato subitusque erumpit et auras
praeuehitur Theron: credas Cyllenida plantam 500
aetherio nexis cursu talaribus ire.
iamque hos iamque illos, populo mirante, relinquit
et, modo postremus, nunc ordine tertia palma,
Hesperon infestat sua per uestigia pressum.
nec iam, quem sequitur tantum, sed prima coronae 505
spes trepidat tantis uenientibus Eurytus alis.
quartus sorte loci, sed, si tres ordine seruent
inceptos cursus, nequiquam uana laborans,
Tartessos fratrem medio Therone premebat.
nec patiens ultra tollit sese aequore Theron 510
igneus et plenum praeteruolat Hesperon irae.
unus erat super, et metae propioribus aegros
urebat finis stimulis; quascumque reliquit
hinc labor, hinc penetrans pavor in praecordia uires,
dum sperare licet, breuia ad conamina uterque 515
aduocat: aequantur cursus, pariterque ruebant.
et forsán gemina meruissent praemia palma,
peruecti simul ad metas, ni, terga secutus
Theronis, fusam late per lactea colla
Hesperos ingenti tenuisset saeuus ab ira 520
traxissetque comam. tardato laetus ouansque
Eurytus euadit iuvene atque ad praemia uictor
emicat et galeae fert donum insigne coruscae.
cetera promisso donata est munere pubes
intonsasque comas uiridi redimita corona 525

bina tulit patrio quatiens hastilia ferro.

Hinc grauiora uirum certamina, comminus ensis
detractus bellique feri simulacra cientur.

nec, quos culpa tulit, quos crimina noxia uitae,
sed uirtus animusque ferox ad laudis amorem, 530

hi creuere pares ferro; spectacula digna
Martigena uulgo suetique laboris imago.

hos inter gemini (quid iam non regibus ausum?
aut quod iam regni restat scelus?) impia circo

innumero fratres, cauea damnante furorem, 535
pro sceptro armatis inierunt proelia dextris.

is genti mos dirus erat, patriumque petebant
orbati solium lucis discrimine fratres.

concurrere animis, quantis conflare par est
quos regni furor exagitat, multoque cruore 540

exsatiata simul portantes corda sub umbras
occubuere. pari nisu per pectora adactus

intima descendit mucro; superaddita saeuis
ultima uulneribus uerba; et, conuicia uoluens,

dirus in inuitas effugit spiritus auras. 545

nec manes pacem passi. nam corpora iunctus
una cum raperet flamma rogos, impius ignis

dissiluit, cineresque simul iacuisse negarunt.
cetera distincto donata est munere turba,

ut uirtus et dextra fuit. duxere iuuenos 550

impressis dociles terram proscindere aratris,
duxere aduetos lustra exagitare ferarum

uenatu iuuenes, quos dat Maurusia praeda.

necnon argenti necnon insignia uestis

captivae pretia et sonipes et crista nitenti 555

insurgens cono, spolia exuuiarumque Libyssae.

Tum iaculo petiere decus, spectacula circi
postrema, et metae certarunt uincere finem

Burnus auis pollens, quem misit ripa ~metalli
qua Tagus auriferis pallet turbatus harenis, 560

et Glagus insignis uentos anteire lacerto,

et, cuius numquam fugisse hastilia cerui

praerapida potuere fuga, uenator Aconteus,

Indibilisque, diu laetus bellare Latinis,

iam socius, uolucresque uagas deprendere nube 565

aduetus iaculis, idem et bellator, Ilrdes.

laus Burni prima, infixit qui spicula metae:

est donum serua albens inuertere lanas

murice Gaetulo docta. at, quem proxima honorant

praemia, uicinam metae qui propulit hastam, 570
accepto laetus puero discessit Ilerdes,
cui ludus nullam cursu non tollere dammam.
tertia palma habuit geminos insignis Aconteus
nec timidos agitare canes latratibus aprum.

Quos postquam clamor plaususque probauit honores, 575
germanus ducis atque effulgens Laelius ostro
nomina magna uocant laeti manesque iacentum
atque hastas simul effundunt. celebrare iuuabat
sacratos cineres atque hoc decus addere ludis.
ipse etiam mentis testatus gaudia uultu 580
ductor, ut aequauit meritis pia pectora donis,
et frater thoraca tulit multiplicis auri,
Laelius Asturica rapidos de gente iugales,
contorquet magnis uictricem uiribus hastam
consurgens umbrisque dari testatur honorem. 585
hasta uolans, mirum dictu, medio incita campo
substitit ante oculos et terrae infixi cohaesit.
tum subitae frondes celsoque cacumine rami
et latam spargens quercus, dum nascitur, umbram.
ad maiora iubent praesagi tendere uates: 590
id monstrare deos atque hoc portendere signis.

Quo super augurio, pulsus de litore cunctis
Hesperio Poenis, ultor patriaeque domusque
Ausoniam repetit Fama ducente triumphum.
nec Latium curis ardet flagrantius ullis, 595
quam iuueni Libyam et summos permittere fascas.
sed non par animis nec bello prospera turba
ancipiti senior temeraria coepta uetabant
magnosque horrebant cauta formidine casus.

Ergo, ubi delato consul sublimis honore 600
ad patres consulta refert deturque potestas
orat delendae Carthaginis, altius orsus
hoc grandaeva modo Fabius pater ora resoluit:
'Haud equidem metuisse queam, satiatus et aui
et decoris, cui iam superest et gloria et aetas, 605
ne credat nos inuidiae certamine consul
laudibus obtrectare suis. satis inclita nomen
gestat fama meum, nec egent tam prospera laude
facta noua. uerum et patriae, dum uita manebit,
deesse nefas animumque nefas scelerare silendo. 610
bella noua in Libyae moliris ducere terras?
hostis enim deest Ausoniae, nec uincere nobis
est satis Hannibalem. petitur quae gloria maior

litore Elissaeo? stimuli si laudis agunt nos,
hanc segetem mete. composuit propioribus ausis 615
dignum te Fortuna parem. uult Itala tellus
ductoris saeui, uult tandem, haurire cruorem.
quo Martem aut quo signa trahis? restinguere primum est
ardentem Italiam. tu fessos auis hostis
deseris ac septem denudas proditor arces. 620
an, cum tu Syrtim ac sterilis uastabis harenas,
non dira illa lues notis iam moenibus urbis
adsiliet uacuumque Iouem sine pube, sine armis
inuadet? quanti, ut cedas Romamque relinquas,
emerit! et tanto percussi fulmine belli 625
sicine te, ut nuper Capua est accitus ab alta
Fuluius, aequoreis Libyae reuocabimus oris?
uince domi et trinis maerentem funera lustris
Ausoniam purga bello. tum tende remotos 630
in Garamantas iter Nasamonicosque triumphos
molire. angustae prohibent nunc talia coepta
res Italiae. pater ille tuus, qui nomina uestrae
addidit haud segnis genti, cum consul Hiberi
tenderet ad ripas, reuocato milite primus
descendenti auide superatis Alpibus ultro 635
opposuit sese Hannibali. tu consul abire
a uictore paras hoste atque auellere nobis
scilicet hoc astu Poenum? si deinde sedebit
impavidus nec te in Libyam tuaque arma sequetur,
capta damnabis consulta improuida Roma. 640
sed fac turbatum conuertere signa tuaeque
classis uela sequi. nempe idem erit Hannibal, idem
cuius tu uallum uidisti e moenibus urbis.’
haec Fabius, seniorque manus paria ore fremebat.

Tum contra consul: ‘Caesis ductoribus olim 645
magnanimis gemino leto, cum tota subisset
Sidonium possessa iugum Tartessia tellus,
non Fabio, non, quis eadem est sententia cordi,
quoquam ad opem uerso, fateor, primoribus annis
excepi nubem belli solusque ruenti 650
obieci caelo caput atque in me omnia uerti.
tum grandaeva manus puero male credita bella
atque idem hic uates temeraria coepta canebat.
dis grates laudemque fero, sub numine quorum
gens Troiana sumus: puer ille et futtilis aetas 655
imbellesque anni necdum maturus ad arma
Scipio restituit terras inlaesus Hiberas

Troiugenis, pepulit Poenos, solisque secutus
extremas ad Atlanta uias, exegit ab orbe
Hesperio nomen Libyae nec rettulit ~auri 660
signa prius, quam fumantis circa aequora uidit
Romano Phoebum soluentem litore currus.
asciuit reges idem. nunc ultimus actis
restat Carthago nostris labor. hoc sator aeu
Iuppiter aeterni monet. Hannibali ecce senectus 665
intremit aut aegros simulat mentita timores,
ne finem longis tandem peperisse ruinis
sit noster titulus. certe iam dextera nobis
experta, et robur florentibus auximus annis.
ne uero fabricate moras, sed currere sortem 670
hanc sinite ad ueterum delenda opprobria cladum
quam mihi serua<ue>re dei. sat gloria cauto
non uinci pulchra est Fabio, peperitque sedendo
omnia Cunctator. nobis nec Mago nec Hannon
nec Gisgone satus nec Hamilcare terga dedisset, 675
si segnes clauso traheremus proelia uallo.
Sidoniusne puer uix pubescente iuuenta
Laurentis potuit populos et Troia adire
moenia flauentemque sacro cum gurgite Thybrim
et potuit Latium longo depascere bello: 680
nos Libyae terris tramittere signa pigebit
et Tyrias agitare domos? segura pericli
litora lata patent, et opima pace quieta
stat tellus. timeat tandem Carthago timeri
adsueta, et nobis, quamuis Oenotria nondum 685
Hannibale arua uacent, superesse intellegat arma.
illum ego, quem uosmet cauti consultaque uestra
in Latio fecere senem, cui tertia large
fundenti nostrum ducuntur lustra cruorem,
illum ego ad incensas trepidantem et sera pauentem 690
aduertam patriae sedes. an Roma uidebit
turpia Agenoreae muris uestigia dextrae:
Carthago immunis nostros segura labores
audiet interea et portis bellabit apertis?
tum uero pulset nostras iterum improbus hostis 695
ariete Sidonio turris, si templa suorum
non ante audierit Rutulis crepitantia flammis.’

Talibus accensi patres, fatoque uocante,
consulis adnuerunt dictis, faustumque precati
ut foret Ausoniae, tramittere bella dederunt.

LIBER XVII

Hostis ut Ausoniis decederet aduena terris,
fatidicae fuerant oracula prisca Sibyllae
caelicolum Phrygia genetricem sede petitam
Laomedontae sacrandam moenibus urbis:
aduectum exciperet numen, qui lectus ab omni 5
concilio patrum praesentis degeret aeui
optimus. en nomen melius maiusque triumphis!
iamque petita aderat Latia portante Cybebe
puppe, atque ante omnis magno cedente senatu
obuius accitis properabat Scipio sacris, 10
qui, genitus patruo ductoris ad Africa bella
tunc lecti, multa fulgebat imagine auorum.
isque ubi longinquo uenientia numina ponto
accepit supplex palmis Tuscique sonora
Thybridis adduxit sublimis ad ostia puppim, 15
femineae tum deinde manus subiere, per amnem
quae traherent celsam religatis funibus alnum.
circum arguta cauis tinnitibus aera, simulque
certabant rauco resonantia tympana pulsu,
semiuirique chori, gemino qui Dindyma monte 20
casta colunt, qui Dictaeo bacchantur in antro,
quique Idaea iuga et lucos nouere silentis.
hos inter fremitus ac laeto uota tumultu
substitit adductis renuens procedere uinclis
sacra ratis subitisque uadis immobilis haesit. 25
tum puppe a media magno clamore sacerdos:
'Parcite pollutis contingere uincula palmis
et procul hinc, moneo, procul hinc, quaecumque profanae,
ferre gradus nec uos casto miscete labori,
dum satis est monuisse deae. quod si qua pudica 30
mente ualet, si qua inlaesi sibi corporis astat
conscia, uel sola subeat pia munera dextra.'

Hic, prisca ducens Clausorum ab origine nomen,
Claudia, non aequa<e> populi male credita fama<e>,
in puppim uersis palmisque oculisque profatur: 35
'Caelicolum genetrix, numen, quod numina nobis
cuncta creas, cuius proles terramque fretumque
sideraque et manis regnorum sorte gubernant,
si nostrum nullo uiolatum est crimine corpus,
testis, diua, ueni et facili me absolve carina.' 40
tum secura capit funem, fremitusque leonum

audiri uisus subito, et grauiora per auris
nulla pulsa manu sonuerunt tympana diuae.
fertur prona ratis (uentos impellere credas)
contraque aduersas ducentem praeuenit undas. 45
extemplo maior cunctis spes pectora mulcet
finem armis tandem finemque uenire periclis.

Ipse alacer Siculo discedens Scipio terra
abscondit late propulsis puppibus aequor,
cui numen pelagi placauerat hostia taurus, 50
iactaque caeruleis innabant fluctibus exta.
tunc a sede deum purumque per aethera lapsae
armigerae Iouis ante oculos coepere uolucres
aequoreas monstrare uias ac ducere classem.
augurium clangor laetum dabat. inde secuti 55
tantum praegressos liquida sub nube uolatus
quantum non frustra speculantum lumina seruant,
litora Agenoreae tenuerunt perfida terrae.

Nec segnis tanta in semet ueniente procella
Africa terribilem magno sub nomine molem 60
regis opes contra et Massyla parauerat arma,
spesque Syphax Libycis una et Laurentibus unus
terror erat. campos pariter uallesque refusas
litora que implerat nullo decorare tapete
cornipedem Nomas adsuetus, densaeque per auras 65
condebant iaculis stridentibus aethera nubes.
immemor hic dextraeque datae iunctique per aras
foederis, et mensas testis atque hospita iura
fasque fidemque simul, prauo mutatus amore,
ruperat atque toros regni mercede pararat. 70
uirgo erat eximia specie claroque parente,
Hasdrubalis proles, thalamis quam cepit ut altis,
ceu face succensus prima taedae iugali,
uertit opes gener ad Poenos, Latiaeque soluto
foedere amicitiae dotalia transtulit arma. 75

Sed non Ausonio curarum extrema Syphacem
ductori monuisse fuit, missique minantur:
stet regno, reputet superos, pacta hospita seruet:
longe coniugia ac longe Tyrios hymenaeos
inter Dardanias acies fore. sanguine quippe, 80
si renuat, blando nimium facilique marito
statura obsequia et thalami flagrantis amores.

Sic Latius permixta minis, <s>ed cassa monebat
ductor. nam surdas coniunx obstruxerat aures.
ergo, asper monitis frustra nitentibus, enses 85

aduocat et castas polluti foederis aras
testatus uaria Martem mouet impiger arte.
castra, leui calamo cannaque intacta palustri,
qualia Maurus amat dispersa mapalia pastor,
adgreditur, furtum armorum tutantibus umbris, 90
ac tacita spargit celata incendia nocte.
inde, ubi collecti rapidam diffundere pestem
coeperunt ignes et se per pinguia magno
pabula ferre sono, clare expatiantur in auras
et fumos uolucris propellunt lumine flammae. 95
it totis inimica lues cum turbine castris,
atque alimenta uorat strepitu Vulcanus anhelus
arida, et ex omni manant incendia tecto.
sentitur plerisque prius, quam cernitur, ignis
excitis somno, multorumque ora uocantum 100
auxilium inuadunt flammae. fluit undique uictor
Mulciber et rapidis amplexibus arma uirosque
corripit: exundat pestis, semustaque castra
albenti uolitant per nubila summa fauilla.
ipsius ingenti regis tentoria saltu 105
lugubre increpitans late circumuolat ardor,
hausissetque uirum, trepidus ni clade satellites
e somno ac stratis rapuisset inulta precantem.

Verum ubi mox iuncto sociarant aggere uires
Massylus Tyriusque duces, accitaeque regno 110
lenierat pubes infaustae uulnera noctis,
ira pudorque dabant et coniunx, tertius ignis,
immanis animos, adflataque barbarus ora
castrorum flammis et se uelamine nullo
uix inter trepidas ereptum ex hoste cateruas 115
frendebat minitans: sed enim non luce Syphacem
nec claro potuisse die nec sole tuente
a quoquam uinci. iactarat talia uecors,
sed iam claudebat flatus nec plura sinebat
Atropos et tumidae properabat stamina linguae. 120
namque, ubi prosiluit castris, ceu turbidus amnis,
qui siluas ac saxa trahens per deuia praeceps
uoluitur et ripas spumanti gurgite laxat,
ante omnis praeuectus equo trahit agmina uoce.
contra naua manus Rutuli celsusque ruebat 125
uiso rege procul raptis exercitus armis,
ac sibi quisque: 'Videsne? uidesne, ut in agmine primo
Massylus uolitet deposcens proelia rector?
fac nostrum hoc, mea dextra, decus. uiolauit et aras

caelicolum et casti ductoris foedera rupit. 130
sit satis hunc castris semel effugisse crematis.’
sic secum taciti et certatim spicula fundunt.
prima in cornipedis sedit spirantibus ignem
naribus hasta uolans erexitque ore cruento
quadrupedem elatis pulsanter calcibus auras. 135
corrui asper ecus confixaque cuspide membra
huc illuc iactans rectorem prodidit hosti.
inuadunt uanumque fugae atque attollere fessos
adnitentem artus reuocato a uulnere telo
corripiunt, tum uincla uiro manicaeque, pudendu<m>, 140
addita, et, exemplum non umquam fidere laetis,
sceptriferas arta palmas uinxere catena.
ducitur ex alto deiectus culmine regni,
qui modo sub pedibus terras et sceptrata patensque
litora ad Oceani sub nutu uiderat aequor. 145
prostratis opibus regni Phoenissa metuntur
agmina, et inuisus Marti notusque fugarum
uertit terga citus damnatis Hasdrubal ausis.

Stabat Carthago, truncatis undique membris,
uni <in>nixa uiro, tantoque fragore ruentem 150
Hannibal absenti retinebat nomine molem.
id relicum fessos opis auxiliique ciere
rerum extrema iubent, huc confugere pauentes,
postquam se superum desertos numine cernunt.
nec mora: propulsa sulcant uada salsa carina, 155
qui reuocent patriaeque ferant mandata monentis,
ne lentus nullas uideat Carthaginis arces.

Quarta Aurora ratem Dauni deuexerat oras,
et fera ductoris turbabant somnia mentem.
namque grauis curis carpit dum nocte quietem, 160
cernere Flaminium Gracchumque et cernere Paulum
uisus erat simul aduersos mucronibus in se
dstrictis ruere atque Italia depellere terra,
omnisque a Cannis Trasimennique omnis ab undis
in pontum impellens umbrarum exercitus ibat. 165
ipse fugam cupiens notas euadere ad Alpes
quaerebat terraeque ulnis amplexus utrisque
haerebat Latiae, donec uis saeua profundo
truderet et rapidis daret asportare procellis.

His agrum uisis adeunt mandata ferentes 170
legati patriaeque extrema pericula pandunt:
Massyla ut ruerint arma, ut ceruice catenas
regnator tulerit Libyae, letoque negato

seruetur noua pompa Ioui, Carthago laboret
ut trepidi Hasdrubalis, qui rerum agitarit habenas, 175
non una concussa fuga. se, triste profatu,
uidisse, arderent cum bina in nocte silenti
castra, et luceret sceleratis Africa flammis.
praerapidum iuuenem minitari, Bruttia seruet
litora dum Poenus, detracturum ignibus atris, 180
in quam se referat, patriam suaque inclita facta.
haec postquam dicta, et casus patuere metusque,
effundunt lacrimas dextramque ut numen adorant.

Audiuit toruo obtutu defixus et aegra
expendit tacite cura secum ipse uolutans 185
an tanti Carthago foret. sic deinde profatur:
‘O dirum exitium mortalibus! o nihil umquam
crescere nec magnas patiens exurgere laudes
inuidia! euersam iam pridem excindere Romam
atque aequasse solo potui, traducere captam 190
seruitum gentem Latioque imponere leges.
dum sumptus dumque arma duci fessosque secundis
summisso tirone negant recreare maniplos,
dumque etiam Cerere et uictu fraudasse cohortis
Hannoni placet, induitur tota Africa flammis, 195
pulsat Agenoreas Rhoeteia lancea portas.
nunc patriae decus et patriae nunc Hannibal unus
subsidium, nunc in nostra spes ultima dextra.
uertentur signa, ut patres statuere, simulque
et patriae muros et te seruabimus, Hannon.’ 200

Haec ubi detonuit, celsas e litore puppes
propellit multumque gemens mouet aequare classem.
non terga est ausus cedentum inuadere quisquam,
non reuocare uirum: cuncti praestare uidentur,
quod sponte abscedat, superi, tandemque resoluat 205
Ausoniam. uentos optant, et litora ab hoste
nuda uidere sat est: ceu flamina comprimit Auster
cum fera et abscedens reddit mare, nauita parco
interea uoto non auras poscit amicas
contentus caruisse Noto, pacemque quietam 210
pro facili cursu reputat satis. omnis in altum
Sidonius uisus conuerterat undique miles:
ductor defixos Italia tellure tenebat
intentus uultus, manantesque ora rigabant
per tacitum lacrimae, et suspiria crebra ciebat, 215
haud secus ac patriam pulsus dulcisque penatis
linqueret et tristis exul traheretur in oras.

Vt uero adfusus puppes procedere uentis
et sensim coepere procul subsidere montes,
nullaque iam Hesperia et nusquam iam Daunia tellus, 220
hic secum infrendens: 'Mentisne ego compos et hoc nunc
indignus reditu, qui memet finibus umquam
amorem Ausoniae? flagrasset subdita taedis
Carthago, et potius cecidisset nomen Elissae.
quid? tunc sat compos, qui non ardentia tela 225
a Cannis in templa tuli Tarpeia, Iouemque
detraxi solio? sparsissem incendia montis
per septem bello uacuos gentique superbae
Iliacum exitium et proauorum fata dedissem.
cur porro haec angant? nunc, nunc inuadere ferro 230
quis prohibet rursumque ad moenia tendere gressus?
ibo et, castrorum relegens monumenta meorum,
qua uia nota <uoca>t, remeabo Anienis ad undas.
flectite in Italiam proras, auertite classem:
faxo ut uallata reuocetur Scipio Roma.' 235

Talibus ardentem furiis Neptunus ut alto
prospexit uertique rates ad litora uidit,
quassans caeruleum genitor caput aequora fundo
eruit et tumidum mouet ultra litora pontum.
extemplo uentos imbresque et rupe procellas 240
concitat Aeolias ac nubibus aethera condit.
tum, penitus telo molitus regna tridenti
intima, ab occasu Tethyn impellit et ortu
ac totum Oceani turbat caput. aequora surgunt
spumea et inlisu scopulus tremit omnis aquarum. 245
primus se attollens Nasamonum sedibus Auster
nudauit Syrtim correpta nubilus unda.
insequitur sublime ferens nigrantibus alis
abruptum Boreas ponti latus. intonat ater
discordi flatu et partem rapit aequoris Eurus. 250
hinc rupti reboare poli, atque hinc crebra micare
fulmina, et in classem ruere implacabile caelum.
consensere ignes nimbiue et fluctus et ira
uentorum, noctemque freto imposuere tenebrae.
ecce, intorta Noto ueniensque a puppe procella 255
antennae immugit (stridorque immite rudentum
sibilat) ac similem monti nigrante profundo
ductoris frangit super ora trementia fluctum.
exclamat uoluens oculos caeloque fretoque:
'Felix o frater diuisque aequae cadendo, 260
Hasdrubal! egregium fortis cui dextera in armis

pugnanti peperit letum, et cui fata dedere
Ausoniam extremo tellurem adprendere morsu.
at mihi Cannarum campis, ubi Paulus, ubi illae
egregiae occubuere animae, dimittere uitam 265
non licitum, uel, cum ferrem in Capitolia flammas,
Tarpeio Iouis ad manis descendere telo.’

Talia dum maeret, diuersis flatibus acta
in geminum ruit unda latus puppimque sub atris
aequoris aggeribus tenuit, ceu turbine mersam. 270
mox nigris alte pulsa exundantis harenae
uerticibus ratis aetherias remeauit ad auras
et fluctus supra uento librante pependit.
at geminas Notus in scopulos atque horrida saxa
dura sorte rapit, miserandum et triste, biremis. 275
increpuere ictu prorae. tum murice acuto
dissiliens sonuit rupta compage carina.
hic uaria ante oculos facies: natat aequore toto
arma inter galeasque uirum cristasque rubentis
florentis Capuae gaza et seposta triumpho 280
Laurens praeda ducis, tripodes mensaeque deorum
cultaque nequiquam miseris simulacra Latinis.
tum Venus emoti facie conterrita ponti
talibus adloquitur regem maris: ‘Hoc satis irae
interea, genitor: satis ad maiora minarum. 285
cetera parce, precor, pelago, ne tollat acerba
hoc Carthago decus, nullo superabile bello
progenuisse caput, nostrosque in funera Poeni
Aeneadas undis totoque eguisse profundo.’

Sic Venus. et tumidi considunt gurgite fluctus. 290

290a

obuiaque aduersis propellunt agmina castris.

Dux, uetus armorum scitusque accendere corda
laudibus, ignifero mentes furiabat in iram
hortatu decorisque urebat pectora flammis:
‘Tu mihi Flaminii portas rorantia caesi 295
ora ducis: nosco dextram. tu primus in ictus
ingentis Pauli ruis ac defigis in ossa
mucronem. tibi pugnacis gestantur opima
Marcelli, Gracchusque cadens tibi proluit ense.
ecce manus, quae pulsanter te, belliger Appi, 300
moenia sublimis Capuae de culmine muri
excelso fusa moribundum perculit hasta.
ecce aliud fulmen dextrae, quo nobile nomen
Fulius excepit non unum pectore uulnus.

huc prima te siste acie, cui consul in armis 305
Crispinus cecidit. me tu comitare per hostis,
qui nobis, memini, ad Cannas laetissimus irae
Seruili fers ora ducis suffixa ueruto.
cerno flagrantis oculos uultumque timendum
non ipso minus ense tuum, fortissime Poenum 310
o iuuenis, qualem uidi, cum flumine saeuo
insignis Trebiae complexum ingentibus ulnis
mersisti fundo luctantem uana tribunum.
at tu, qui gelidas Ticini primus ad undas
Scipiadae patris tinxisti sanguine ferrum, 315
incepta exequere et nati mihi redde cruorem.
horrescamne ipsos, ueniant si ad proelia, diuos,
cum stetis, turmae, uidi contermina caelo
quas iuga calcantis summas uolitare per Alpis,
cum uideam, quorum ferro manibusque capaces 320
arsere Argyripae campi? num segnior ibis
nunc mihi, qui primus torques in moenia telum
Dardana, nec nostrae facilis concedere laudi?
te<n>‘ uero, tene extimulem, qui, fulmina contra
et nimbos tonitrusque ac summi numinis iras 325
cum starem, perferre sonos ac uana iubebas
nubila et ante ducem Capitolia celsa petebas?
quid uos, quis claro deletum est Marte Saguntum,
exhorter, quos nobilitant primordia belli?
ut meque et uobis dignum, defendite, quaeso, 330
praeteritas dextrae laudes. diuum ipse fauore
uincendoque senex patriam post trina labantem
lustra et non uisos tam longa aetate penatis
ac natum et fidae iam pridem coniugis ora
confisus uobis repeto. non altera restat 335
iam Liby<a>e, nec Dardaniis pugna altera restat.
certatus nobis hodie dominum accipit orbis.’
Hannibal haec. sed non patiens remorantia uerba
Ausonius miles, quotiens dux coeperat ora
soluere ad effatus, signum pugnamque petebant. 340

Haec procul aeria speculantem nube sororem
ut uidit diuum genitor maestosque sub acri
obtutu uultus, sic ore effatus amico est:
‘Qui te mentis edunt morsus? da noscere coniunx.
num Poeni casus ducis et Carthaginis angit 345
cura tuae? sed enim reputa tecum ipsa furores
Sidonios. gentem contra et fatalia regna
Teucrorum quis erit, quaeso, germana, rebelli

fractis foederibus populo modus? ipsa malorum
non plus Carthago tulit exhaustitque laboris, 350
quam pro Cadmea <s>u<bi>isti exercita gente.
turbasti maria ac terras iuuenemque ferocem
immisti Latio. tremuerunt moenia Romae,
perque bis octonos primus fuit Hannibal annos
humani generis. tempus componere gentes. 355
ad finem uentum, et claudenda est ianua belli.'

Tum supplex Iuno: 'Neque ego, haec mutare laborans
quis est fixa dies, pendenti nube resedi,
nec reuocare acies bellumue extendere quaero.
quae donare potes, quoniam mihi gratia languet 360
et cecidit iam primus amor, nil fila sororum
aduersus posco: uertat terga Hannibal hosti,
ut placet, et cineres Troiae Carthagine reg<n>ent.
illud te gemini per mutua pignora amoris
et soror et coniunx oro: tranare pericla 365
magnanimum patiare ducem uitamque remittas
neue sinas captum Ausonias perferre catenas.
stent etiam contusa malis mea moenia, fracto
nomine Sidonio, et nostro seruentur honori.'

Sic Iuno, et contra breuiter sic Iuppiter orsus: 370
'Do spatium muris, ut uis, Carthaginis altae.
stent lacrimis precibusque tuis. sed percipe, coniunx,
quatenus indulsisse uacet. non longa supersunt
fata urbi, uenietque pari sub nomine ductor,
qui nunc seruatas euertat funditus arces. 375
aetherias quoque, uti poscis, trahat Hannibal auras,
ereptus pugnae. miscere hic sidera ponto
et terras implere uolet redeuntibus armis:
noui feta uiri bello praecordia. sed lex
muneris haec esto nostri: Saturnia regna 380
ne post haec uideat, repetat neue amplius umquam
Ausoniam. nunc instanti raptum auehe leto
ne, latis si miscebit fera proelia campis,
Romulei nequeas iuuenis subducere dextrae.'

Dum statuit fata Omnipotens urbique ducique, 385
inuadunt acies pugnam et clamore lacesunt
sidera. non alio grauiores tempore uidit
aut populos tellus aut, qui patria arma mouerent,
maioris certare duces. discriminis alta
in medio merces, quicquid tegit undique caelum. 390
ibat Agenoreus praefulgens ductor in ostro,
excelsumque caput penna nutante leuabat

crista rubens. saeuus magno de nomine terror
praecedat, Latioque micat bene cognitus ensis.
at contra ardenti radiabat Scipio cocco, ³⁹⁵
terribilem ostentans clipeum, quo patris et una
caelarat patrui spirantis proelia dira
effigies: flammam ingentem frons alta uomebat.
sub tanta cunctis ui telorumque uirumque
in ducibus stabat spes et uictoria solis. ⁴⁰⁰
quin etiam, fauor ut subigit plerosque metusue,
Scipio si Libycis esset generatus in oris,
sceptrum ad Agenoreos credunt uentura nepotes,
Hannibal Ausonia genitus si sede fuisset,
haud dubitant terras Italia in ditione futuras. ⁴⁰⁵

Contremuere auras, rapido uiibrantibus hastis
turbine, et horrificam traxere per aethera nubem.
inde ensis propiorque acies et comminus ora
admota ac dira flagrantia lumina flamma.
sternitur, in medium contemptrix turba periculi ⁴¹⁰
quae primis se praecipitem tulit obuia telis,
gentilemque bibit tellus inuita cruorem.
feruidus ingenii Masinissa et feruidus aeuus
in primas Macetum turmas immania membra
infert et iaculo circumuolat alite campum. ⁴¹⁵
caerulus haud aliter, cum dimicat, incola T<h>yles
agmina falcigero circumuenit arta couinno.
Graia phalanx patrio densarat more cateruas
iunctisque astabat nulli penetrabilis hastis.
immemor has pacti post foedus in arma Philippus ⁴²⁰
miserat et quassam refouebat Agenoris urbem.
rarescit multo laxatus uulnere miles
atque aperit patulas prostrato corpore late
inter tela uias. inrumpit mole ruinae
Ausonius globus et periuria Graia resignat. ⁴²⁵
Archemorum Rutilus, Teucrum Norbanus (et ambo
Mantua pubenti genetrix dimiserat aeuo),
obtruncat Samium bellacis dextra Caleni,
at Clytium Selius, Pellaeum et uana tumentem
ad nomen patriae Clytium: sed gloria Pellae ⁴³⁰
haud ualuit misero defendere Daunia tela.

Saeuior his Latius uastabat Bruttia signa
Laelius increpitans: 'Adeone Oenotria tellus
detestanda fuit, quam per maria aspera perque
insanos Tyrio fugeritis remige fluctus?' ⁴³⁵
sed fugisse satis fuerit. Latione cruore

insuper externas petitis perfundere terras?’
haec dicens Silarum meditantem in proelia telo
praeuenit. hasta uolans imo sub gutture sedit
et uitae uocisque uias simul incita clausit. 440
Vergilio Caudinus, acerbo Laus Amano
sternitur. accendunt iras uultusque uirorum
armorumque habitus noti et uox consona linguae.
quos ubi nudantis conspexit Hamilcare cretus
terga fuga, ‘State ac nostram ne prodite gentem’ 445
uociferans subit et conuertit proelia dextra:
qualis in aestiferis Garamantum feta ueneno
attollit campis feruenti pastus harena
colla Paraetionius serpens lateque per auras
undantem torquet perfundens nubila tabem. 450
continuo infesta portantem cuspide uulnus
impedit anteuolans Herium, cui nobile nomen
Marrucina domus clarumque Teate ferebat.
atque illi magnum nitenti et laudibus hostis
arrecto capuli ad finem manus incita sedit, 455
quaerebatque miser morienti lumine fratrem,
cum iuuenis subit et leto stimulatus acerbo
Pleminius saeuum mucronem ante ora coruscat
ac fratrem magno minitans clamore reposcit.
huic proles Barcae: ‘Germanum reddere uero 460
si placet, haud renuo. maneant modo foedera nostra:
Hasdrubalem reuocate umbris. egone aspera ponam
umquam in Romanos odia, aut mansuescere corda
nostra sinam, parcamque uiro quem terra crearit
Itala? tum manes inimico<s> sede repellat 465
aeterna socioque abigat me frater Auerno.’
sic ait et clipei propulsum pondere toto,
lubrica qua tellus lapsantis sanguine fratris
fallebat nisus, prosternit et occupat ense.
extendit labens palmas, Heriumque iacentem 470
amplexus, iuncta leniuit morte dolores.
tum Libys inuadit mixtae certamina turbae
conuertitque ruens per longum hostilia terga,
ut cum fulminibus permixta tonitrua mundum
terrificant, summique labat domus alta parentis: 475
omne hominum terris trepidat genus, ipsaque ob ora
lux atrox micat, et praesens astare uiritim
creditur intento percussis Iuppiter igne.

Parte alia, ceu sola forent discrimina campo
quo mis<c>eret agens truculentum Scipio Martem, 480

aspera pugna nouas uaria sub imagine leti
dat formas. hic ense iacet prostratus adacto,
hic saxo perfracta gemit lacrimabilis ossa,
ast hos, turpe, pauor fusos proiecit in ora,
horum aduersa dedit Gradiuo pectora uirtus. 485
ipse super strages ductor Rhoeteius instat,
qualis apud gelidum currus quatit altior Hebrum
et Geticas soluit feruenti sanguine Mauors
laetus caede niues, glaciemque Aquilonibus actam
perrumpit stridens sub pondere belliger axis. 490
iamque ardore truci lustrans fortissima quaeque
nomina obit ferro. claris spectata per orbem
stragibus occumbit late inter tela iuuentus:
qui muros rapuere tuos miserasque nefandi
principium belli fecere, Sagunte, ruinas, 495
qui sacros, Trasimenne, lacus, Phaethontia quique
polluerant tabo stagna, ac fiducia tanta
quos tulit, ut superum regi soliumque domosque
irent direptum: mactantur comminus uno
exitio, redduntque animas, temerata ferebat 500
qui secreta deum et primo<s> reserasse negatas
gressibus humanis Alpibus. formidinis huius
plena acies propere retro exanimata ruebat:
haud secus ac tectis urbis Vulcania pestis
cum sese infudit, rapidusque incendia flatus 505
uentilat et uolucris spargit per culmina flammam,
attonitum erumpit subita formidine uulgus,
lateque ut capta passim trepidatur in urbe.

Verum ubi cunctari taedet dispersa uirorum
proelia sectantem et leuiori Marte teneri, 510
omnes in causam belli auctoremque malorum
uertere iam uires tandem placet. Hannibal unus
dum restet, non, si muris Carthaginis ignis
subdatur caesique cadant exercitus omnis,
profectum Latio. contra, si concidat unus, 515
nequiquam fore Agenoreis cuncta arma uirosque.
illum igitur lustrans circumfert lumina campo
rimaturque ducem. iuuat in certamina summa
ferre gradum, cuperetque uiro concurrere, tota
spectante Ausonia. celsus clamore feroci 520
prouocat increpitans hostem et noua proelia poscit.

Quas postquam audiuit uoces conterrita Iuno,
ne Libyci ducis impaudas ferrentur ad aures,
effigiem informat Latiam propereque coruscis

attollit cristis, addit clipeumque iubasque 525
Romulei ducis atque umeris imponit honorem
fulgentis saguli, dat gressum habitusque cientis
proelia et audacis adicit sine corpore motus.
tum par effigies fallacis imagine uana
cornipedis moderanda cito per deuia passu 530
belligeræ datur ad speciem certaminis umbræ.
sic Poeni ducis ante oculos exultat et ultro
Scipio Iunoni simulatus tela coruscat.
at, uiso laetus rectore ante ora Latino
et tandem propius sperans ingentia, Poenus 535
quadrupedi citus imponit uelocia membra
et iacit aduersam properati turbinis hastam.
dat terga et campo fugiens uolat ales imago
tramittitque acies. tum uero, ut uictor et alti
iam compos uoti, ferrata calce cruentat 540
cornipedem et largas Poenus quatit asper habenas:
‘Quo fugis, oblitus nostris te cedere regnis?
nulla tibi Libyca latebra est, o Scipio, terra.’
haec ait et stricto sequitur mucrone uolantem,
donec longinquo frustratum duxit in arua 545
diuersa spatio procul a certamine pugnae.
tum fallax subito simulacrum in nubila cessit.
fulmineus ductor ‘Quisnam se numine caeco
composuit nobis’ inquit ‘deus? aut latet idem
cur monstro? tantumne obstat mea gloria diuis? 550
sed non auelles umquam, quicumque secundus
caelicolum stas Ausoniae, non artibus hostem
eripies uerum nobis.’ frena inde citati
conuertit furibundus equi campumque petebat,
cum subito occultae pestis conlapsa tremore 555
cornipedis moles ruit atque effluit anhelu
pectore Iunonis curis in nubila uitam.
tum uero impatiens ‘Vestra est haec altera, uestra
fraus,’ inquit ‘superi: non fallitis. aequore mersum
texissent scopuli, pelagusque hausisset et undae! 560
anne huic seruabar leto? mea signa secuti,
quis pugnae auspiciu dedimus, caeduntur, et absens
accipio gemitus uocesque ac uerba uocantum
Hannibalem. quis nostra satis delicta piabit
Tartareus torrens?’ simul haec fundebat et una 565
spectabat dextram ac leti feruebat amore.

Tunc Iuno, miserata uirum, pastoris in ora
uertitur ac siluis subito procedit opacis

atque his adloquitur uersantem ingloria fata:
'Quaenam te siluis accedere causa subegit 570
armatum nostris? num dura ad proelia tendis,
magnus ubi Ausoniae reliquos domat Hannibal armis?
si uelox gaudes ire et compendia grata
sunt tibi, uicino in medios te tramite ducam.'
adnuit atque onerat promissis pectora largis 575
pastoris patresque docet Carthaginis altae
magna repensuros, nec se leuiora daturum.
praecipitem et uasto superantem proxima saltu
circumagit Iuno ac fallens regione uiarum
non gratam inuito seruat celata salutem. 580

Interea Cadmea manus, deserta pauensque,
non ullum Hannibalem, nusquam certamina cernit
saeui nota ducis. pars ferro occumbere credunt,
pars damnasce aciem et diuis cessisse sinistris.
ingruit Ausonius uersosque agit aequore toto 585
rektor. iamque ipsae trepidant Carthaginis arces:
impletur terrore uago cuncta Africa puls
agminibus, uolucrique fuga sine Marte ruentes
tendunt attonitos extrema ad litora cursus
ac Tartessiacas profugi sparguntur in oras; 590
pars Batti petiere domos, pars flumina Lagi.
sic ubi, ui caeca tandem deuictus, ad astra
euomuit pastos per saecula Vesbius ignis
et pelago et terris fusa est Vulcania pestis,
uidere Eoi, monstrum admirabile, Seres 595
lanigeros cinere Ausonio canescere lucos.

At fessum tumulo tandem regina propinquo
sistit Iuno ducem, facies unde omnis et atrae
apparent admota oculis uestigia pugnae.
qualem Gargani campum Trebiaeque paludem 600
et Tyrrhena uada et Ph^aet^hontis uiderat amnem
strage uiru^m undantem, talis, miserabile uisu,
prostratis facies aperitur dira maniplis.
tunc superas Iuno sedes turbata reuiscit.
iamque propinquabant hostes tumuloque subibant, 605
cum secum Poenus: 'Caelum licet omne soluta
in caput hoc compage ruat terraeque dehiscant,
non ullo Cannas abolebis, Iuppiter, aeuo,
decedesque prius regnis, quam nomina gentes
aut facta Hannibalis sileant. nec deinde relinquo 610
securam te, Roma, mei, patriaeque superstes
ad spes armorum uiuam tibi. nam modo pugna

praecellis, resident hostes: mihi satque superque
ut me Dardaniae matres atque Itala tellus,
dum uiuam, expectent nec pacem pectore norint.’ 615
sic rapitur paucis fugientum mixtus, et altos
inde petit retro montis tutasque latebras.

Hic finis bello. reserantur protinus arces
Ausonio iam sponte duci. iura improba adempta
armaque, et incisae leges, opibusque superbis 620
uis fracta, et posuit gestatas belua turris.
excelsae tum saeua rates spectacula Poenis
flammiiferam acceperere facem, subitaque procella
arserunt maria, atque expauit lumina Nereus.

Mansuri compos decoris per saecula rector, 625
deuictae referens primus cognomina terrae,
securus sceptri, repetit per caerula Romam
et patria inuehitur sublimi tecta triumpho.
ante Syphax feretro residens captiua premebat
lumina, et auratae seruabant colla catenae, 630
hic Hannon clarique genus Phoenissa iuuenta
et Macetum primi atque incocti corpora Mauri,
tum Nomades notusque sacro, cum lustrat harenas,
Hammoni Garamas et semper naufraga Syrtis.
mox uictas tendens Carthago ad sidera palmas 635
ibat et effigies orae iam lenis Hiberæ,
terrarum finis Gades ac laudibus olim
terminus Herculeis Calpe Baetesque lauare
solis equos dulci consuetus fluminis unda,
frondosumque apicem subigens ad sidera mater 640
bellorum fera Pyrene nec mitis Hiberus,
cum simul inlidit ponto, quos attulit, amnes.
sed non ulla magis mentesque oculosque tenebat,
quam uisa Hannibalis campis fugientis imago.
ipse astans curru atque auro decoratus et ostro 645
Martia praebebat spectanda Quiritibus ora,
qualis odoratis descendens Liber ab Indis
egit pampineos frenata tigride currus;
aut cum Phlegraeis, confecta mole Gigantum,
incessit campis tangens Tirynthius astra. 650
salue, inuicte parens, non concessure Quirino
laudibus ac meritis non concessure Camillo:
nec uero, cum te memorat de stirpe deorum,
prolem Tarpei mentitur Roma Tonantis.

Biographical Pieces



Ruins at Aphrodisias, ancient Caria, modern day western Anatolia, Turkey — Silius became proconsul of Asia in c. AD 77, as attested by an inscription in Aphrodisias, describing his activities in maintaining the institutions of the city.

LETTER TO CANINIUS RUFUS by Pliny the Younger



BOOK 3. VII.

Translated by John B. Firth

News has just come that Silius Italicus has starved himself to death at his villa near Naples. Ill-health was the cause assigned. He had an incurable corn, which made him weary of life and resolved him to face death with a determination that nothing could shake, yet to his last day he was prosperous and happy, save that he lost the younger of his two children. The elder and the better of the two still survives him in prosperous circumstances and of consular rank. During Nero's reign Silius had injured his reputation, for it was thought that he voluntarily informed against people, but he had conducted himself with prudence and courtesy as one of the friends of Vitellius; he had returned from his governorship of Asia covered with glory, and he had succeeded in obliterating the stains on his character, caused by his activity in his young days, by the admirable use he made of his retirement. He ranked among the leading men of the State, though he held no official position and excited no man's envy. People paid their respects to him and courted his society, and, though he spent much of his time on his couch, his room was always full of company who were no mere chance callers, and he passed his days in learned and scholarly conversation, when he was not busy composing. He wrote verses which show abundant pains rather than genius, and sometimes he submitted them to general criticism by having them read in public.

At last he retired from the city, prompted thereto by his great age, and settled in Campania, nor did he stir from the spot, even at the accession of the new Emperor. A Caesar deserves great credit for allowing a subject such liberty, and Italicus deserves the same for venturing to avail himself of it. He was such a keen virtuoso that he got the reputation of always itching to buy new things. He owned a number of villas in the same neighbourhood, and used to neglect his old ones through his passion for his recent purchases. In each he had any quantity of books, statues and busts, which he not only kept by him but even treated with a sort of veneration, especially the busts of Virgil, whose birthday he kept up far more scrupulously than he did his own, principally at Naples, where he used to approach the poet's monument as though it were a temple. In these peaceful surroundings he completed his seventy-fifth year, his health being delicate rather than weak, and just as he was the last consul appointed by Nero, so too in him died the sole survivor of all the consuls appointed by that Emperor. It is also a curious fact that, besides

his being the last of Nero's consuls, it was in his term of office that Nero perished. When I think of this, I feel a sort of compassion for the frailty of humanity. For what is so circumscribed and so short as even the longest human life? Does it not seem to you as if Nero were alive only the other day? Yet of all those who held the consulship during his reign not one survives at the present moment.

But, after all, what is there remarkable in that? Not so long ago Lucius Piso, the father of the Piso who was must shamefully put to death in Africa by Valerius Festus, used to say that he did not see a single soul in the Senate of all those whom he had called upon to speak during his consulship. Within such narrow limits are the powers of living of even the mightiest throng confined that it seems to me the royal tears are not only excusable but even praiseworthy. For the story goes that when Xerxes cast his eyes over his enormous host, he wept to think of the fate that in such brief space would lay so many thousands low. But that is all the more reason why we should apply all the fleeting, rushing moments at our disposal, if not to great achievements — for these may be destined for other hands than ours — at least to study, and why, as long life is denied us, we should leave behind us some memorial that we have lived. I know that you need no spurring on, yet the affection I have for you prompts me even to spur a willing horse, just as you do with me. Well, it is a noble contention when friends exhort one another to work and sharpen one another's desires to win an immortal name. Farewell.

EPIGRAMS CONCERNING SILIUS ITALICUS by Martial



Translated by Walter C. A. Ker

XIV

SILIUS, the pride of the Castalian Sisters, who with your mighty tones crush the perjuries of barbaric frenzy, and compel Hannibal's false wiles and the faithless Carthaginians to yield to the great Africani, awhile lay aside your mien austere, what time December, idling amid alluring hazard, rings on this side and on that with risky dice-box, and tropa sports with the licentious knuckle-bone. Lend thy leisure to my Muse, and read with a smooth, not frowning brow, poems steeped in wanton quips. So belike tender Catullus ventured to send his Sparrow to great Maro.

LXIV

ALTHOUGH you are not born of the stern Fabian race, nor are such a one as Curius' wife, taken in labour while she was carrying his midday meal to him at the plough, brought forth under a shaggy oak, but the son of a father shorn in front of a mirror and of a harlot mother, and though your own wife might well call you wife, you take upon yourself to amend my poems that Fame knows well, and to carp at my happy triflings — these triflings, I say, to which the chief men of state and courts of law do not disdain to turn an attentive ear; these which the bookcases of immortal Silius think worthy of them, and Regulus with eloquent tongue repeats so often, and Sura commends, he who views hard by the struggles of the mighty Circus, Sura, the neighbour of Aventine Diana; these which our lord, though he bears so vast a weight of empire, does not disdain twice and thrice to unroll, Caesar himself. But you have more understanding, Minerva sharpened your mind to a keener point, and subtle Athens shaped your intellect! May I hang if there is not fuller flavour in that heart which, together with protruding guts, and huge hoof, and gory lights, decayed and a terror to the nose, the unfeeling butcher carries from street to street. You dare besides to write against me your paltry verses, which no one will know of, and to spoil your wretched paper. But if the heat of my wrath sets a brand upon you, that will remain and cling to you and be read all over the town, and Cinnamus, for all his cunning skill, will not efface the marks. Nay, take pity on yourself, and do not, lost man, tempt with your rabid tooth the foaming snout of a live bear. He may be gentle and lick your fingers and your hands, yet if pain, and wrath, and righteous anger compel

him, he will be a bear. Weary out your fangs on an empty hide, and look out for some flesh to gnaw that cannot reply.

LXIII

YOU WHO read the undying works of immortal Silius, poems worthy of the Latin gown, think you the Muses' retreats only have delighted the bard, and Bacchic chaplets on poetic locks? Buskined Maro's sacred art he essayed not ere he had wrought to the full great Cicero's work ; the stately spear of the Hundred Court admires him still, of him many a client speaks in grateful tone. When, with the twice six axes, he had ruled the mighty year hallowed by the freedom of the world regained, his veteran years he gave in their turn to the Muses and to Phoebus, and, instead of his own forum, courts Helicon now.

LXVI

TO AUGUSTUS bring, ye Camenae, pious incense and victims on behalf of your Silius. Lo! by a son's consulship Caesar, our chief and only ward, bids the twice six axes return, and the door of the poet sire resound to the lictor's noble staff. Yet this remains for his joy to wish for, the blessed purple of a third consul. Though to Pompeius the senate, to his son-in-law Caesar, gave sacred honours, and peaceful Janus thrice enrolled their names, yet *this* would Silius rather reckon repeated consulships.

LXXXVI

BECAUSE Silius, the twofold master of the Latin tongue, was lamenting the early death of his Severus, I complained sadly to the Pierian band and to Phoebus. "I, too," said Apollo, "wept for my Linus." And he looked back to Calliope his sister, who stood next her brother, and said: "You, too, have your wound. Mark the Thunderer of the Tarpeian and him of the Palatine: Lachesis, daring a crime, has hurt either Jove. Forasmuch as you see that deities are subject to the inflexible Fates, of jealousy you may acquit the gods."

XLVIII

SILIUS, who possesses the land which was eloquent Cicero's, honours this monument of great Maro. As heir and owner of his tomb or dwelling no other would either Mavo or Cicero choose.

XLIX

TO HONOUR the ashes, now well-nigh abandoned, and the sacred name of Maro was there but one, and he was poor. Silius resolved to rescue the regretted dead: and Silius — no less himself a poet — honours the bard.

INTRODUCTION TO SILIUS ITALICUS by J. D. Duff



CONTENTS

PREFACE

I. LIFE OF SILIUS ITALICUS

II. THE POEM OF SILIUS ITALICUS

III. MANUSCRIPTS, EDITIONS, TRANSLATIONS

PREFACE

THE introduction deals first with the life of Silius Italicus, as it is described by Pliny and Martial, and then with his poem, the *Punica*, which deserves, in the translator's opinion, more respectful treatment than it has generally received in modern times. A short account is added of the manuscripts, editions, and translations.

The text follows, in the main, that of L. Bauer (Teubner, Leipzig, 1890); but many of the emendations proposed by Bentley, Bothe, Heinsius, and others, which Bauer includes in his apparatus, are here promoted to the text. The most important of these emendations are indicated in notes below the text.

In the translation I have tried to be true to the original and, at the same time, merciful to the English reader. The poem is so full of allusion that it seemed necessary to add a number of notes, elucidating points of biography, geography, history, and mythology. I have done my best to keep each note within compass. It should be understood that these notes refer to the translation only and not to the Latin text.

Silius is not, in general, an obscure writer. But his poem, like all ancient poems, includes corrupt or difficult passages, on which I have often applied for aid to two powerful allies, Professor A. E. Housman and Mr. W. T. Vesey, Fellow of Gonville and Caius College; it is a pleasure to record here my indebtedness to both these scholars.

J. D. DUFF.

July, 1933.

I. LIFE OF SILIUS ITALICUS

SILIUS ITALICUS lived to the age of seventy-five and died A.D. 101; he was therefore born A.D. 26. At the time of his birth Tiberius was emperor; and he lived to see Trajan succeed Nerva. His death did not come in the course of nature: he was afflicted by a chronic ailment and put an end to his sufferings by abstaining from food — a manner of death which was not regarded by the Romans of that age as a crime but as a brave and virtuous action.

Our knowledge of this fact and of his life in general is derived from a letter of Pliny's (iii. 7). Pliny regarded his friend as a fortunate man and happy down to the last day of his life. Of his two sons Silius had lost one; but the survivor was the more satisfactory son of the two and had even risen, in his father's life-time, to the dignity of the consulship.

Silius was not merely a poet. His poem was the work of his old age when he had retired from public affairs and was living in studious seclusion near Naples. He was consul himself A.D. 68 — the year of Nero's downfall and death; and he gained a high reputation when he governed the province of Asia as proconsul. Pliny hints that his political conduct during Nero's reign had been open to censure, but says that his later life atoned for any early indiscretions. We learn also from Martial that he was famous in his younger days as a pleader in the law-courts.

Silius was a rich man and was able to gratify expensive tastes. He bought one fine country-house after another, and filled them with books, pictures, and statues. Upon his busts of Virgil he set special value. He bought the site of Virgil's tomb at Naples, which had fallen into neglect, and restored it. He made pilgrimages to the spot, and kept Virgil's birthday, October 15, with more ceremony than his own. Another of his acquisitions was a house that had belonged to Cicero, whom Silius revered as the greatest of Roman orators.

His life of retirement was not a solitary life: he received many visitors, with whom he liked to converse on literary topics, generally lying on his sofa; and at times he entertained his guests by reading extracts from his poem, and asked for their criticism. (Pliny himself did not think highly of the poem: it was painstaking, he thought, but lacked genius.)

Thus Silius lived on, respected and courted, until he put an end to his life by his own act. The ailment from which he suffered is described by the word *clavus*; the name that modern medical science would give to this affliction is uncertain, but it was incurable; and, like a guest who had eaten his fill, he withdrew from the scene.

II. THE POEM OF SILIUS ITALICUS

The *Tunica*, of Silius Italicus is the longest Latin poem: it contains upwards of 12,000 verses. Its subject is the Second Punic War, the most critical period in the history of the Republic. Hannibal is the true hero of the story, though Silius evidently intended to cast Scipio for that part. The narrative begins with Hannibal's oath and ends with the battle of Zama. There are two long digressions: the first (of 500 lines) fills most of the Sixth Book and contains the story of Regulus which properly belongs to the First Punic War; and the second digression (in the Eighth Book) devotes 200 lines to the adventures of Anna, the sister of Dido, who has become the Nymph of an Italian river, so that her sympathies are, or ought to be, divided between the combatants. Otherwise, the narrative proceeds in orderly sequence from beginning to end. It was certainly based upon Livy's Third Decad. But Silius owes much more to Virgil's *Aeneid* than to any other source. He had soaked his mind in Virgil.

There are undoubtedly long stretches in the poem which no modern reader can enjoy. Silius gives ample space, too ample, to the six great battles of the war — Ticinus, Trebia, Lake Trasimene, Cannae, the Metaurus, and Zama; and the details of slaughter become in him, as they become in better poets, monotonous and repulsive. Then there are the catalogues. The Catalogue was an indispensable part of an ancient Epic, and Silius has many of them — a catalogue of the Carthaginian forces, a catalogue of the Italian contingents who fought at Cannae, a catalogue of Sicilian towns and rivers, and others as well; and these long lists of names and places, many of them quite obscure, are wearisome. Few poets have had the art to make catalogues interesting. Milton could do it; and a very different poet from Milton wrote an excellent catalogue — the first part of Macaulay's *Horatius*. "From lordly Volaterrae" and so on is a catalogue of the Tuscan cities, which the reader, especially the youthful reader, finds delightful.

But the *Punica* does not consist entirely of carnage and catalogues. What of the poem as a whole? Does it deserve its deplorable reputation?

Of some writers it is the custom to say that they are more praised than read; but no one ever said this of Silius. Of him it would be truer to say that he is more blamed than read. Even Madvig, who does not blame him, admits that he had only read the poem in parts and *celerrime*. There is no doubt about the verdict pronounced by modern critics and historians of Roman literature. They say very little about Silius, but they are all of one opinion — that he was a dull man who wrote a bad poem. And this is the view of the educated public. I believe myself that this judgement is much too summary, and that scholars would think better of the poem if they would condescend to read it.

We know that it was the work of an old man, and the fire and vigour of youth are not to be found in it; its merits are of another sort. The versification is in general pleasing, and much less monotonous than that of Lucan. Not that

Silius had a really fine ear for the beautiful arrangement of vowels and consonants: he is capable of beginning a line with *certatis fatis*, and ending another with *genitore Pelore*. Then too many of his verses end with a trochee; and the Latin hexameter verse, unlike the Greek in this respect, is shorn of its true majesty if the trochaic ending is used too often.

The chief fault of style in the poem is tautology. Silius evidently thought that a plain statement of fact was improved, if he repeated it over again in different words. Examples may be found on almost every page.

Then there is another peculiarity of expression which is decidedly disconcerting to the reader. I believe that Silius did himself serious injury by what might seem a trifling matter — his system of nomenclature. The subject of his poem, the struggle between Carthage and Rome, is stated in the first two lines. But the Romans are not there called *Romani*: they are called *Aeneadae*; and the “supremacy of Italy” is expressed by *Oenotria iura*, though *Oenotria* is not Italy but a name given by Greeks in early times to a district or kingdom in the southernmost part of Italy.

Silius evidently felt that *Romani* and *Itali* might recur too often, and that aliases must be found. Variety is good; but here it was carried to excess. The following list of variants for *Romani* may not be exhaustive, but is surely too long: *Aeneadae*, *Aurunci*, *Ausonidae* and *Ausonii*, *Dardanidae*, *Dardani* and *Dardanii*, *Dauni* and *Daunii*, *Evandrei*, *Hecioerei*, *Hesperii*, *Idaei*, *Iliad*, *Itali*, *Laomedontiadae*, *Latii* and *Latini*, *Laurentes*, *Martigenae*, *Oenotri*, *Phryges* and *Phrygii*, *Priamidae*, *Rhoetei*, *Saturnii*, *Sigei*, *Teucri*, *Troes*, *Troiugeneae*, and *Tyrrheni*. The Carthaginians also are called by nearly a dozen different names. I have thought it best not always to follow Silius in this particular.

The great Roman poets, Lucretius and Virgil, Catullus and Horace, have their place apart; and Silius has no claim to be ranked with these or near them. Yet, when defects are admitted and due qualifications made, the reader of the *Punica*, once he has surmounted the obstacles, will find much pleasant walking there. If anyone doubts whether Silius could write poetry, let him read the twenty- three lines in which the aspect and habits of the god Pan are described (xiii. 326-347). If Ovid had written these charming verses, every scholar would know them and critics would be eloquent in their praise. Silius is full of incidental narrative, and he tells a short story well, though it must be admitted that his main narrative is too apt to hang fire. And one quality he has which is a constant comfort and satisfaction to some at least of his readers. Though inferior to Statius in brilliance and far inferior to Lucan in intellectual force, he is almost entirely free from that misplaced ingenuity which pervades the whole of their works and makes the reader feel too often as if he were solving puzzles rather than reading poetry.

I shall end by referring to four passages (none of which seems to have been noticed by the contemptuous critics) as proofs of Silius's narrative power.

(i.) v. 344 foil. Silius describes how Mago, Hannibal's brother, was wounded; how Hannibal flew to the spot, conveyed the wounded man to the

camp, and summoned medical aid to dress the wound. For Hannibal had a famous physician, a descendant of Jupiter Ammon, in his train. (He had also a prophet, whose name was not, to our ears, a recommendation: he was called Bogus.)

(ii.) vii. 282 foil. This is a night scene and recalls the beginning of Matthew Arnold's "Sohrab and Rustum." Hannibal has been caught in a trap by Quintus Fabius, the famous Cunctator. Unable to sleep for anxiety, he rises and wakens his brother, Mago; they make a round of the camp together, and visit the chief captains, to suggest a plan of escape.

Both these extracts are vivid and swift pieces of narrative.

(iii.) The third passage (xvi. 229 foil.) has even higher merit. The scene is dramatic and picturesque; it is even romantic. The place is the palace of Syphax, king of Numidia, whose alliance Scipio was anxious to secure against Carthage. Scipio had crossed over from Spain to Africa for this purpose. We read how the Roman general, the conqueror of Spain, rose from his bed before sunrise and went to the palace, where he found the king playing with the lion-cubs that he kept as pets. Both were young men, and the younger of the two had a young man's generous hero-worship for his Roman visitor, and expresses it in the conversation that follows.

(iv.) ix. 401 foil. This is a scene from the battle of Cannae. It describes the friendship between Marius and Caper, two natives of Praeneste who fell side by side in the battle. There is no doubt that there were really no such persons, and that the entire incident, like many others, was invented by Silius. But the man who wrote these lines was certainly a poet; and I shall venture to say of them

μωμίζεταιί τις μάλλον ἢ μιμίζεται

III. MANUSCRIPTS, EDITIONS, TRANSLATIONS

(a) In 1416 or 1417, during the Council of Constance, Poggio, the learned Florentine who unearthed so many Latin authors, found, probably at St. Gall, a manuscript of Silius; a copy of this was taken by Poggio or one of his companions; and from that copy all the existing MSS. are descended. Neither the original MS. nor the original copy of it is now extant. Editors use the letter S to denote this MS., and C to denote another MS. which was once in the Cathedral library at Cologne; this MS. also is lost, and its readings are known only from notes made by two scholars towards the end of the sixteenth century. Of the extant MSS. four, all written in the fifteenth century, are thought to be better than the rest. Their readings are cited in the critical editions mentioned below.

(b) The two earliest editions were printed at Rome in 1471; many others followed, most of them printed in Italy and others in France and Germany. The Aldine edition of 1523 is important in the history of the text, because it offers 81 lines of the poem (viii. 145-225) which are found in no manuscript and in none of the previous editions, though some of the editors had pointed out that there must be a lacuna in the text. The source from which these verses are derived is a matter of dispute: some critics believe them to be the work of a forger; others hold that they were written by Silius and that the loss of them was due to some mutilation of S, the original MS. at St. Gall. It is certain that the verses fit in perfectly with the context, and that they are such as Silius might have written.

Of later editions the most important are those of G. A. Ruperti (Göttingen, 1795), F. H. Bothe (Stuttgart, 1855), L. Bauer (Leipzig, 1890), and W. C. Summers (London, 1905) in Postgate's *Corpus Poetarum Latinorum*.

Ruperti's edition (which was reprinted in a more convenient form by N. E. Lemaire, Paris, 1823) combines immense learning with a candour and simplicity that are most attractive. But he is not an ideal editor: too often he explains at great length what is perfectly clear already, and says nothing where explanation is needed. But his book is indispensable.

Bothe did not publish a text. He translated the whole poem into German hexameters, archaic both in vocabulary and style, and added below his version notes which deal both with text and interpretation. He is too ready to meddle with the text; but his brief business-like notes are most valuable. His translation is close and correct, and has fewer lines than the original, which is surely a remarkable feat of compression.

Bauer's text is the work of a competent and careful scholar. The revision by Professor W. C. Summers deserves the same praise and contains some important corrections, by himself and Postgate, of the text of Silius; and in punctuation it is much superior to any other text.

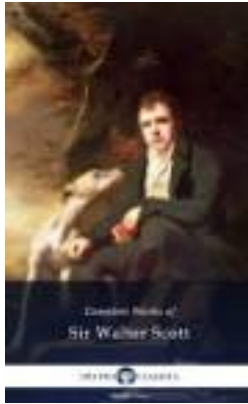
(c) Three translations of Silius are known to me. The earliest is by Thomas Ross, "Keeper of His Majesties' Libraries, and Groom of His most Honourable Privy-Chamber." The king was Charles II. The preface is dated at Bruges, November 18, 1657, and the work was published in London in 1672, twelve years after the Restoration. The translator added a supplement of his own in three books, carrying the story down to the death of Hannibal. The first book is dedicated to the King, the second to the Duke of York, afterwards James II., and the third to the memory of the Duke of Gloucester, the third son of Charles I. Ross was a fairly good scholar, but his versification is unpleasing. The rhyming heroic verse which he chose for his metre was still in its infancy: Dryden had not yet seriously taken it in hand. The second translation, by F. H. Bothe, is spoken of above. The third, printed below the Didot text, has little merit and many mistakes.

The Delphi Classics Catalogue



We are proud to present a listing of our complete catalogue of English titles, with [new titles](#) being added every month. Buying direct from our [website](#) means you can make great savings and take advantage of our instant Updates service. You can even purchase an entire series ([Super Set](#)) at a special discounted price.

Only from our website can readers purchase the special *Parts Edition* of our Complete Works titles. When you buy a Parts Edition, you will receive a folder of your chosen author's works, with each novel, play, poetry collection, non-fiction book and more divided into its own special volume. This allows you to read individual novels etc. and to know precisely where you are in an eBook. For more information, please visit our *Parts Edition* [page](#).



Series One

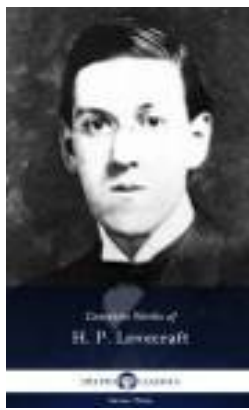
Anton Chekhov
Charles Dickens
D.H. Lawrence
Dickensiana Volume I
Edgar Allan Poe
Elizabeth Gaskell
Fyodor Dostoyevsky
George Eliot
H. G. Wells
Henry James
Ivan Turgenev
Jack London
James Joyce
Jane Austen
Joseph Conrad
Leo Tolstoy
Louisa May Alcott
Mark Twain
Oscar Wilde
Robert Louis Stevenson

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle
Sir Walter Scott
The Brontës
Thomas Hardy
Virginia Woolf
Wilkie Collins
William Makepeace Thackeray



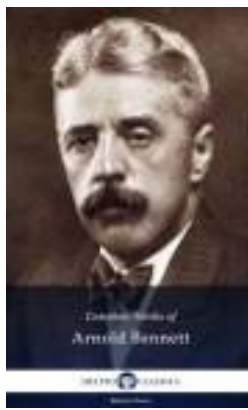
Series Two

Alexander Pushkin
Alexandre Dumas (English)
Andrew Lang
Anthony Trollope
Bram Stoker
Christopher Marlowe
Daniel Defoe
Edith Wharton
F. Scott Fitzgerald
G. K. Chesterton
Gustave Flaubert (English)
H. Rider Haggard
Herman Melville
Honoré de Balzac (English)
J. W. von Goethe (English)
Jules Verne
L. Frank Baum
Lewis Carroll
Marcel Proust (English)
Nathaniel Hawthorne
Nikolai Gogol
O. Henry
Rudyard Kipling
Tobias Smollett
Victor Hugo
William Shakespeare



Series Three

Ambrose Bierce
Ann Radcliffe
Ben Jonson
Charles Lever
Émile Zola
Ford Madox Ford
Geoffrey Chaucer
George Gissing
George Orwell
Guy de Maupassant
H. P. Lovecraft
Henrik Ibsen
Henry David Thoreau
Henry Fielding
J. M. Barrie
James Fenimore Cooper
John Buchan
John Galsworthy
Jonathan Swift
Kate Chopin
Katherine Mansfield
L. M. Montgomery
Laurence Sterne
Mary Shelley
Sheridan Le Fanu
Washington Irving



Series Four

Arnold Bennett
Arthur Machen
Beatrix Potter
Bret Harte
Captain Frederick Marryat
Charles Kingsley
Charles Reade
G. A. Henty
Edgar Rice Burroughs
Edgar Wallace
E. M. Forster
E. Nesbit
George Meredith
Harriet Beecher Stowe
Jerome K. Jerome
John Ruskin
Maria Edgeworth
M. E. Braddon
Miguel de Cervantes
M. R. James
R. M. Ballantyne
Robert E. Howard
Samuel Johnson
Stendhal
Stephen Crane
Zane Grey



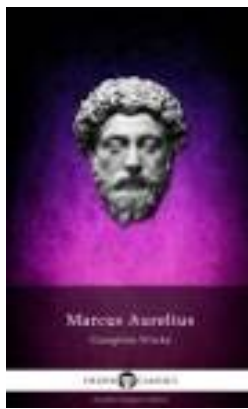
Series Five

Algernon Blackwood
Anatole France
Beaumont and Fletcher
Charles Darwin
Edward Bulwer-Lytton
Edward Gibbon
E. F. Benson
Frances Hodgson Burnett
Friedrich Nietzsche
George Bernard Shaw
George MacDonald
Hilaire Belloc
John Bunyan
John Webster
Margaret Oliphant
Maxim Gorky
Oliver Goldsmith
Radclyffe Hall
Robert W. Chambers
Samuel Butler
Samuel Richardson
Sir Thomas Malory
Thomas Carlyle
William Harrison Ainsworth
William Dean Howells
William Morris



Series Six

Anthony Hope
Aphra Behn
Arthur Morrison
Baroness Emma Orczy
Captain Mayne Reid
Charlotte M. Yonge
Charlotte Perkins Gilman
E. W. Hornung
Ellen Wood
Frances Burney
Frank Norris
Frank R. Stockton
Hall Caine
Horace Walpole
One Thousand and One Nights
R. Austin Freeman
Rafael Sabatini
Saki
Samuel Pepys
Sir Issac Newton
Stanley J. Weyman
Thomas De Quincey
Thomas Middleton
Voltaire
William Hazlitt
William Hope Hodgson



Ancient Classics

Aeschylus
Ammianus Marcellinus
Apollodorus
Apuleius
Apollonius of Rhodes
Aristophanes
Aristotle
Arrian
Bede
Cassius Dio
Catullus
Cicero
Demosthenes
Diodorus Siculus
Diogenes Laërtius
Euripides
Frontius
Herodotus
Hesiod
Hippocrates
Homer
Horace
Josephus
Julius Caesar
Juvenal
Livy
Longus
Lucan
Lucian
Lucretius
Marcus Aurelius
Martial
Nonnus
Ovid
Pausanias
Petronius

Pindar
Plato
Pliny the Elder
Pliny the Younger
Plotinus
Plutarch
Polybius
Propertius
Quintus Smyrnaeus
Sallust
Sappho
Seneca the Younger
Sophocles
Statius
Strabo
Suetonius
Tacitus
Terence
Theocritus
Thucydides
Tibullus
Virgil
Xenophon



Delphi Poets Series

A. E. Housman
Alexander Pope
Alfred, Lord Tennyson
Algernon Charles Swinburne
Andrew Marvell
Beowulf
Charlotte Smith
Christina Rossetti
D. H. Lawrence (poetry)
Dante Alighieri (English)
Dante Gabriel Rossetti
Delphi Poetry Anthology

Edgar Allan Poe (poetry)
Edmund Spenser
Edward Lear
Edward Thomas
Edwin Arlington Robinson
Elizabeth Barrett Browning
Emily Dickinson
Ezra Pound
Friedrich Schiller (English)
George Herbert
Gerard Manley Hopkins
Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
Isaac Rosenberg
Johan Ludvig Runeberg
John Clare
John Donne
John Dryden
John Keats
John Milton
John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester
Lord Byron
Ludovico Ariosto
Luís de Camões
Matthew Arnold
Michael Drayton
Percy Bysshe Shelley
Ralph Waldo Emerson
Robert Browning
Robert Burns
Robert Frost
Robert Southey
Rumi
Rupert Brooke
Samuel Taylor Coleridge
Sir Philip Sidney
Sir Thomas Wyatt
Sir Walter Raleigh
Thomas Chatterton
Thomas Gray
Thomas Hardy (poetry)
Thomas Hood
T. S. Eliot
W. B. Yeats
Walt Whitman
Wilfred Owen
William Blake
William Cowper
William Wordsworth



Masters of Art

Caravaggio
Claude Monet
Dante Gabriel Rossetti
Diego Velázquez
Eugène Delacroix
Gustav Klimt
J. M. W. Turner
Johannes Vermeer
John Constable
Leonardo da Vinci
Michelangelo
Paul Cézanne
Paul Klee
Peter Paul Rubens
Pierre-Auguste Renoir
Sandro Botticelli
Raphael
Rembrandt van Rijn
Titian
Vincent van Gogh
Wassily Kandinsky

www.delphiclassics.com

Is there an author or artist you would like to see in a series? Contact us at sales@delphiclassics.com (or via the social network links below) and let us know!

Be the first to learn of new releases and special offers:

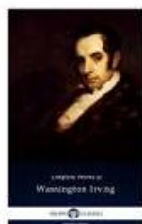
Like us on Facebook: <https://www.facebook.com/delphiebooks>

Follow our Tweets: <https://twitter.com/delphiclassics>

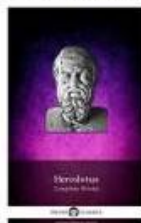
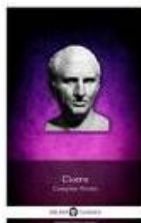
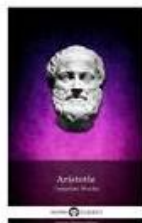
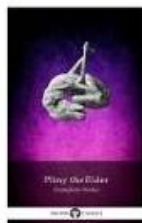
Explore our exciting boards at Pinterest: <https://www.pinterest.com/delphiclassics/>

Explore our many series of eBooks...

Main Series 1 to 6



Ancient Classics Series



Delphi Poets Series



Masters of Art Series



www.delphiclassics.com

Free downloads, Parts Editions and Super Sets at special discounted prices



Roman ruins in Campania — Silius Italicus spent his final days on his various estates in the Campania area of southern Italy. Stricken by an incurable tumour after the age of 75, he starved himself to death around AD 103, maintaining a cheerful countenance to the end, in keeping with his Stoic beliefs.